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MISCELLANIES

VOLUME I
CHIEFLY HISTORICAL

Relig.
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MISCELLANIES

In Two Volumes

VOLUME I
CHIEFLY HISTORICAL

BY

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THREE VOLUMES"; "OUTLINES OF SYSTEMATIC THEOLOGY";
"PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION"; "THE GREAT
POETS AND THEIR THEOLOGY"; "CHRIST IN
CREATION AND ETHICAL MONISM"

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9/7/12

THE GRIFFITH & ROWLAND PRESS
PHILADELPHIA
BOSTON CHICAGO ST. LOUIS TORONTO, CAN.

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Published May, 1912

PREFACE

AT the close of my forty years of teaching in the Rochester Theological Seminary I print the following addresses, sermons, and essays, with the hope that they may be found of sufficient value to justify my putting them into this permanent form. Many of the occasions on which they have been delivered may be fairly called historical; some of the essays are more properly theological; the first of these volumes represents in general the former, while the second represents the latter class of material. Yet they one and all express the convictions with regard to fundamental truth which have been growing and deepening in my mind during my long period of service as an instructor of students for the ministry. The one system of doctrine, which I regard as not only scriptural, but rational, gives unity and color to both volumes, and the variety of circumstances under which the several papers have been produced has permitted repetition of ideas and illustrations which would have been avoided in a more elaborate treatise. I am inclined to think that our Lord uttered more than once the same maxims and parables, and I would hide behind his example. At any rate, I commend these hitherto scattered productions to his keeping, and would add to them the motto of our seminary, *"Christo Deo Salvatori."*

AUGUSTUS H. STRONG.

ROCHESTER, April 1, 1912.

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I

OUR DENOMINATIONAL OUTLOOK[1]

A GREAT division of the Christian army halts to-day to hold a council of war. What has our Baptist host done thus far? Where do we now stand? What is our prospect for the future? These three questions, I take it, bring out the meaning of my subject. I have been asked to speak of "Our Denominational Outlook." I appreciate the honor thus conferred upon me. I appreciate even more my responsibility. Only an inspired prophet could adequately accomplish the task committed to me, for St. Bernard's *Respice, Aspice, Prospice*—"Look back, look around, look forward," or "View the Past, the Present, and the Future"—seems the demand of the hour. And I am no prophet. I can only remind you of past victories, point out present dangers, and encourage to future effort. Even in this attempt to discern the signs of the times, I need your sympathy and your prayers.

Yet, before I begin to tell what Baptists have done, are doing, and need to do, I must say what a Baptist is. What is the essential principle for which we contend? I maintain that we stand above all things for a spiritual church. The church is the body of Christ.

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[1] Address delivered at the general denominational meeting in connection with the Baptist Anniversaries at Cleveland, Ohio, Thursday morning, May 19, 1904, and at the joint request of the American Baptist Missionary Union, the American Baptist Publication Society, and the American Baptist Home Mission Society.

It properly consists only of those who have been renewed by the Spirit of God, and are joined to Christ by a living faith. This conception of a spiritual church carries with it all the other articles of our creed. The word "spiritual" suggests the deity of Christ, whose omnipotent Spirit is the source of the church's life. The word "church" suggests the outward expression of that life in the forms appointed by Christ himself. Thus a spiritual church implies a regenerate church-membership on the one hand, and the New Testament ordinances and polity on the other. Dependence on the Scriptures as the sufficient and only standard of faith and practice, and independence of the State in all matters of doctrine and government, while they are not the central truths, are yet logical corollaries of the Baptist faith.

It is the vision of a spiritual church which Baptists have ever had before them. Our insistence upon the proper subjects and the proper mode of baptism is not the essential, but only the incidental, of our belief. Because we hold that the church is the body of Christ, we cannot accept the statement of the Westminster Confession that the church consists of those who "profess the true religion, together with their children," for this includes in the church those who give no credible evidence of regeneration. Because we hold that immersion of the body in water was appointed by our Lord as the sign of his death and resurrection and of the believer's entrance into communion therewith, we cannot regard any body as a regularly constituted church of Christ which disobeys or ignores his command by the substitution of any other mode of baptism. But we oppose infant baptism only because it admits to the body of Christ those who do not belong to Christ; and we oppose sprinkling or pouring only because they do not set forth that entrance into the communion of Christ's death and resurrection, which is essential to a regularly constituted Christian church. The maintenance of a spiritual church furnishes the reason for our existence as Baptists. When we cease to "follow the gleam," we shall die, and we ought to die.

I. THE PAST

The church then is the body of Christ. It is a spiritual body, rightfully composed only of those who have been regenerated by Christ's Spirit and who have expressed this fact of regeneration in Christ's appointed way. To stand for this central truth in heart and life is to be a Baptist. We can now look backward and inquire what Baptists have been and have done. I can deal only, in a large way, with the facts of the past, and details must be left to others. In general, we must say that Baptist history began two hundred and fifty years ago. Before that time there were doubtless churches which held to some of the principles of the Baptist faith. But a clear recognition and confession of the great truth that the church is to be composed only of those who give credible evidence of regeneration, and who have expressed their faith by baptism in Christ's appointed way, is not furnished in modern times by any definite and organized body before the year 1640. About that time the Particular Baptists of London, and shortly afterward the

General Baptists of England, began to maintain that baptism belongs solely to believers, and also that nothing but immersion is baptism. But both these bodies saw in the outward ordinance the sign of a living union with Christ. They wished to build a spiritual church, a church separate from the world, a church after the pattern shown in the mount, a church spiritual because scriptural, a church in which Christ could dwell because it had been constituted according to his laws as they are laid down in the New Testament.

Other bodies have had the vision of a spiritual church, but they have not been obedient to the heavenly vision. The New Testament gives us a form as well as a substance; an outward means of expression as well as an inward truth to be expressed. Luther saw clearly that justification was wholly by faith, but he retained infant baptism, and thereby admitted to the church those who, if they had faith as he maintained, certainly could give no evidence of it, while he put the government of the church into the hands of princes instead of entrusting it to the whole congregation of believers. The Puritan Fathers aimed at the establishment of Christ's sole authority, but they identified that authority with that of the State, and it needed a Roger Williams to teach them that there could be a Church without a bishop, and a State without a king. But Baptists first in modern times furnish the example of a spiritual church organized after the New Testament model, self-governing and independent of the civil power, and expressing in both its ordinances the believer's communion with the death and resurrection of Christ.

The progress of Baptist principles has shown that they are not only adapted to human nature, but are also peculiarly blessed by God. It is doubtful whether any other religious denomination has grown more rapidly —only our Methodist brethren can claim as great a numerical increase. And this comparison teaches us that not simply doctrine, but life, counts in the rolling up of numbers. The heroic labor and sacrifice of pioneers, among Methodists and Baptists alike, were prompted by a vivid experience of sin and of redemption; and godly living gave proof that this inward experience was a reality. But we have had an advantage over even Methodists, in that we could always point for our polity to a "Thus saith the Lord," or to Scripture example and precedent. Where we have kept most closely to the New Testament model, we have prospered most; departures from it have been followed by spiritual and numerical decline. Hence, our statistics give us both encouragement and warning.

In 1640 the General Baptists of England claimed over twenty thousand members, and there was possibly half that number of Particular Baptists—say a total of thirty thousand. Macaulay estimates the population of England at that time as something above five millions. During the century from 1640 to 1740—the century of Charles II and the Deists, a century of both ethical and religious declension—Baptists in Great Britain were subject to bitter persecution. They did not greatly increase in numbers, though such Baptists as John Bunyan, in spite of fines and imprisonment, confessed their faith and opposed a barrier to the growing corruption of the times. In 1740 they probably had no more than fifty thousand members, though the population had increased to eight or nine millions. In 1840, when the population was fifteen million nine hundred and fourteen thousand one hundred and forty-eight, the Baptists numbered at least one hundred and fifty thousand, their large growth due to the Wesleyan revival on the one hand, and to the missionary impulse of William Carey and Andrew Fuller on the other. In 1870, with a population of twenty-two million seven hundred and twelve thousand two hundred and sixty-six in England and Wales, Baptists had increased to two hundred and forty-three thousand three hundred and ninety-five. In the decades from 1870 to 1900, however, the numbers have been two hundred and ninety-five thousand and thirty-five, three hundred and thirty thousand one hundred and sixty-three, three hundred and sixty-five thousand six hundred and seventy-eight; an increase of twenty-one per cent in 1880; of twelve per cent in 1890; and of 10.7 per cent in 1900; while it is only at the rate of 6.2 per cent a decade, for the three years from 1900 to 1903. In 1890 the population of England and Wales was twenty-nine million eighty-two thousand five hundred and eighty-five, when the number of Baptists in Great Britain was three hundred and thirty thousand one hundred and sixty-three. In 1900 the population of England and Wales was thirty-two millions, and the number of Baptists was three hundred and sixty-five thousand six hundred and seventy-eight. In 1903, with a probable population of forty millions, Baptists number only three hundred and seventy-two thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight.

The average rate of increase in population per decade in Great Britain is 13.86 per cent for eight decades.[2] Before 1880 Baptists in Great Britain increased much faster than the population. But since 1880 there has been a rate of increase slower than that of the population, and this decline has gone on until the fourteen per cent increase in population has over against it a Baptist increase of only a trifle over six per cent. Two facts are made plain by these English statistics. The first is that times of religious revival, of doctrinal earnestness, and of missionary enterprise are marked by great accessions to our numbers, while laxity of belief, worldliness of life, and indifference to missions are accompanied by numerical diminution. The second fact is that the last quarter century has witnessed a comparative setback, in which the exceedingly rapid growth of the preceding century has been checked, and the figures indicate some deeply working causes of decline.

What is true of the Baptist body in Great Britain is also true of our denomination in the United States. Our early rate of increase was astonishing, but in later years it has been steadily diminishing. In 1784 we are credited with only thirty-five thousand members, and in 1800 with only one hundred thousand. But by 1880 the number had reached two million one hundred and thirty-three thousand and forty-four; by 1890, three million sixty-five thousand three hundred and sixty-seven; by 1900, four million one hundred and eighty-one thousand six hundred and eighty-six; and by 1904, four million five hundred and six thousand seven hundred and forty-seven (estimated). While the five millions (5,308,483) of population which the country had in 1800 have increased fifteenfold (or to 75,994,575), the number of Baptists has increased fortyfold (or to 4,181,686). But I must add that this great increase belongs to the first three-quarters, and more exactly to the first nine decades of the past century, rather than to the last ten to twenty-five years. Or to speak more specifically: from 1800 to 1880 our numbers doubled in every twenty years; and in the single decade from 1870 to 1880 we increased seventy-four per cent (74.64; population, 29.74). But from 1880 to 1890 the increase was but forty-three per cent (43.70; population, 25.36); from 1890 to 1900 only thirty-six per cent (36.41; population, 21); and from 1900 to 1904 we are increasing at the rate, for a whole decade, of only nineteen per cent (19.44).

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[2] In the United States the increase of population has varied from 35.1 per cent (1800 to 1810) to 20.7 per cent (1890 to 1900). The average per decade (1870 to 1900) is 25.2 per cent.

Is this check to our progress only a temporary eddy in the current, which can be attributed to the diverting influence of trade and war? That there has been a progressive diminution for more than three decades seems to indicate some more radical evil; and we are summoned to self-examination with regard to our doctrinal faithfulness and our practical consecration. I would not too hastily impugn the soundness or the generosity of the great Baptist host to which I belong. Two encouraging facts may be set over against this relative slowness of increase during the past thirty years. The first is the great additions that have been made to our educational equipment. Whereas, in 1880, the total property and endowments of our Baptist seminaries, universities, colleges, and academies in the United States amounted to only $16,661,079, and in 1890 to $19,659,864; they amounted in 1900 to $39,434,392, and in 1904 to $51,158,368. The world may be challenged to show a like rapidity of increase, and the only drawback to our claim is the fact that so large a part of this increase has been due to the liberality of a single giver.

The second reason for encouragement is to be found in the growing interest of our churches in the foreign field, and in the great success in our home-missionary work. In 1840 the receipts of our Missionary Union were $65,761, and the members of our mission churches numbered two thousand five hundred. In 1850 we gave $87,537, and had eleven thousand nine hundred and fifty-eight members; in 1860, $132,426, and had twenty-five thousand four hundred and eight members; in 1870, $200,953, and had forty-six thousand nine hundred and sixty-four members; in 1880, $290,851, and had eighty-five thousand three hundred and eight members; in 1890, $410,974, and had one hundred and thirty-eight thousand two hundred and ninety-three members; in 1900, $500,455, and had two hundred and six thousand seven hundred and forty-six members; in 1904, $779,594, and had two hundred and twenty-six thousand and fifty-eight members. During this same period the work of home missions has been correspondingly prosecuted and prospered. In 1850 the total receipts of our American Baptist Home Mission Society were only $26,443; in 1860 they amounted to $57,777; in 1870 they were $183,828; in 1880 they were $192,356, but in 1890 they more than doubled, being $449,444; in 1900 they rose to $581,609; in 1903 they again rose to $614,223; and in 1904 they are $635,396. Our American Baptist Publication Society furnishes an exhibit which is an almost exact parallel. In 1850 the receipts from all sources were $24,539; in 1860, $66,556; in 1870, $304,999; in 1880, $349,564; in 1890, $651,605; in 1900, $867,066; and in 1904, $934,923.

Our Women's Foreign Missionary Societies were organized so late as 1871, yet their aggregate receipts for a year, as reported in our last "Year-Book," had reached $188,019; while the Women's Home Mission Societies, organized only in 1877, collected and expended in a single year $134,612. A great new force was called into effective operation when the women of our denomination gave themselves to this missionary work. And so we may believe that an instrument of equal future possibilities was raised up when the Baptist Young People's Union of America was constituted in 1891. That over $60,000 should have been paid into its treasury in a single year, when the Union was only twelve years old, gives great promise for the future.

These figures prove that, in some respects at least, we have made surprising progress. They show that the comparative apathy in church extension at home has been accompanied by remarkable increase in our educational facilities, and by a growth both in home and in foreign missions for which it would be hard to find a parallel.

Our congratulations in these two respects need to be tempered by the unpleasing consideration that the growth we have had at home has not been so great in the settled and older States as it has been at the West and at the South. In New England, for example, while the decade from 1870 to 1880 shows an increase of Baptists of 16.65 per cent as compared with an increase of 14.98 per cent in population, the decade 1890 to 1900 shows an increase of Baptists of 14.54 per cent, with an increase of population of 18.96 per cent; and the last three years have shown almost no increase at all of Baptists, or only at the rate of a half of one per cent (or .56) for a whole decade. In the Middle States the relative increase in proportion to population has been better kept up, being 25.96 per cent, to 19.37 per cent of population in 1880, and 28.90 per cent to 20.95 per cent of population in 1900; yet for the last three years the Baptist increase is reduced to a rate of only 14.12 per cent for the whole decade. It is in the West and South and on the Pacific slope that we have most increased in numbers. The Western States show in 1880 Baptist increase of 52.04 per cent, to 32.12 per cent in population; in 1900 Baptist increase 30.08 per cent, to population 17.58 per cent; but in the last three years even here our rate of Baptist increase has been reduced to 14.12 per cent for a whole decade. The Southern States showed in 1880 an increase of 111.29 per cent as compared with 36.88 per cent in population, and in 1900 of 40.32 per cent as compared with 24.01 per cent of population, while in the last three years Baptist increase was at the rate of only 11.32 per cent for a whole decade. The

Pacific States have shown the greatest persistency of all. In 1880 their rate was 115.15 per cent as compared with 78.46 per cent in population; in 1900, 96.98 per cent as compared with 35.13 per cent in population; while for the last three years Baptist increase is still at the rate of 48.05 per cent per decade.

In short, our increase has been greatest in the newer and less cultivated fields. In the cities we have not grown so rapidly as in the country; and in New York City, the metropolis of the land, where it would seem that we ought to be strongest, our churches have experienced a relative decline. The causes for this state of things are partly local. Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, have shown that Baptists, with proper management and liberality, can stand at the front. The growth of population at the West, and the influence of foreign immigration at the East, explain to some degree the fact that our victories are more and more to be found where pioneer and missionary work is done. We are encouraged to home-missionary work, as we are encouraged to foreign-missionary work, when we see that in Nebraska and in Oregon, as in India and China, the seed sown brings forth a hundredfold, while it brings forth only tenfold in Pennsylvania and New York. I deny that we are a denomination only of pioneers, or that our mission is simply to the unintelligent or to the poor. If we have the truth of God, that truth should have greatest power where there is most of culture and wealth. And yet we seem to be prospering far away from our centers of intelligence and of business enterprise, while our cause makes less progress where there is most of money and of education. Only our long-range guns seem to be hitting their mark.

I would not be unjust to our Baptist brotherhood, and I would recognize peculiar features of the situation which to some extent explain the slowness of our recent progress. In New England, as well as in several Western and Northern States, fully two-fifths of the population is of foreign birth or of foreign parentage, in contrast to a very small per cent of this element fifty or seventy-five years ago. The preponderating foreign element in our great cities, where it ranges from seventy to eighty per cent, must also be remembered. This constitutes a more stony ground for our Baptist seed-sowing than that with which the fathers had to deal. If we could compare our Baptist growth with that of the native American population, the showing would without doubt be more favorable. At the South, moreover, where apparently Baptist growth has been phenomenal, we ought in all fairness to take separate account of the colored Baptists, who fifty or sixty years ago cut a very small figure in the religious statistics of the country, but who increased in numbers from four hundred thousand in 1865 to nearly two millions in 1894. It is also true that while in some of the extreme Western States our increase on the percentage basis has been very large, this is due to the fact that twenty years ago the Baptists in the Territory of Washington and in some other Territories were very few. The man who was blessed with a second son was technically right, but he gave a wrong impression when he declared that his family had increased at the rate of fifty per cent within a year. In some of the Western States our progress has been as slow and as difficult as in some of the Eastern States. These considerations do much to equalize our diversities. Yet they cannot blind us to the fact that our general rate of progress has been gradually diminishing for at least thirty years.

It may be argued that other denominations are as badly off as we; that the last fifty years have been a period of general religious decline; that we are not responsible for the external conditions which have hindered and checked our progress. And it is true that, while the Congregational increase in the United States from 1870 to 1893 has been only 91.67 per cent; the Presbyterian increase 133.74 per cent; the Methodist increase 147.49 per cent; and the Disciple increase 248.81 per cent; our Baptist increase has been greater than any of these, namely, 254.38 per cent. If, however, we take into account only our churches at the North, excluding the South and the Pacific coast, our rate of increase from 1870 to 1893 has been only one hundred and twenty-eight per cent; which is less than that of the Presbyterians, the Methodists, or the Disciples, and is only greater than that of the Congregationalists. And even if we include the South in our estimate, and claim 254.38 per cent of increase, we find that the Protestant Episcopal Church has outstripped us, for its increase from 1870 to 1903 has been 319.28 per cent. The Disciples and the Episcopalians have grown most rapidly, and we have doubtless given many of our members to each of them. And what right have we to take comfort from the thought that we have prospered more than some of the others, when we remember that times of general religious depression were to our fathers a glorious opportunity, and that Baptist zeal shone out brightest when confronted with indifference and opposition?

We do not get the case properly before us until we remember the vast increase of our material resources during the half-century that is past. I suppose it is within reasonable limits to say that Baptists during that period have accumulated many thousands of millions of dollars. The denomination that was once poor has become rich and increased in goods. We have probably a hundred times the financial means that we possessed fifty years ago. But our giving has not increased in any such proportion. Instead of being multiplied by a hundred, our gifts have hardly been multiplied by ten. God has bestowed a blessing upon these gifts far beyond our faith or our desert. He seems to have been pointing us to his work in the far West and the far East, to stir up more vigorous effort right at home. Yet we have suffered this work at home to languish, and at the present rate of comparative decrease, it will be but a question of time when the sources of supply will be dried up and the work abroad will be hindered or stopped. We who have been floating with the stream do not appreciate how rapidly we are drifting. Our missionaries who return to America after an absence of twenty years perceive, as we do not, that there is a change of position. We do not stand where we once stood. The old zeal for conversions is dying out. Our churches are less careful in their examination of applicants for admission to their membership. We do not realize as we should that men are lost, and that only Christ can save them.

II. THE PRESENT

So the review of the past leads me to questions of the present. Do we Baptists still hold to the belief and practice of the fathers, or have we departed from the faith and turned aside to a science that is falsely so called? My reply must be a qualified reply. I maintain that the great Baptist body still holds to Jesus Christ its head; still stands for his deity and his atonement; still insists that the church shall be composed of regenerate persons; still claims that the constitution and ordinances of the church shall visibly picture and express the inward union of believers with their divine Lord. But I hold at the same time that there is progress in our Baptist apprehension of the truth; that it is duty to accept the new light that true science gives; that the formulas of the past need some revision in order to satisfy the demands of the present time; yes, that the impulse to this revision is itself divine, an impulse from Christ himself, whose Spirit is promised to guide us into all the truth. It is our advantage that we have no authoritative creed to define our theology once for all; and this insures us freedom and right of development. A creed expresses one age and set of thoughts; the Bible is of many ages, minds, purposes. Accepting it as authority, we still affirm the duty of bringing out of that treasure things new as well as old. A Baptist theology must continually seek the truth, must keep abreast of public intelligence, and must be a progressive theology. The guarantee that it will not ultimately run to wild extremes is furnished in the total teaching of the written word, and in the continued influence of the Holy Spirit.

The chief source of change and improvement in our modern thought has been the discovery of the immanence of God in his universe. Yet this is not so much a new doctrine as it is the new recognition of an old one. The ancient Hebrews knew of it, and it was taught by Paul and John. But Deism had obscured it. God was thought to be far away, in some distant heaven. We have learned that he is near; that in him we live, and move, and have our being; that he is the soul of our soul, and the life of our life. We take seriously the omnipresence of God; we recognize in Christ the only Revealer of God; we believe his assurance that he is with us alway, even unto the end of the world. The idea of Christ in the universe and Christ in humanity is gradually transforming our theology and bringing it into closer accord with the New Testament. There is no better illustration of the wrong view than is found in John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." In that immortal work, Christian does not have Christ with him on his journey; there is no divine companionship in his toils and struggles; he hopes to meet his Saviour only after he has crossed the flood. Nature, in a similar manner, was conceived of as under the dominion of the Evil One; since the world is ruled by Satan, and not by Christ, all natural processes, and even all natural beauty—literature, art, and all the joy of life—were regarded as hostile to Christ.

But Christ is greater than the Puritan theology thought. He is the acting God; the Creator, Upholder, Governor of the universe; the Life of nature and of humanity. Law is only the method of his regular working; gravitation and evolution are only the habits of Christ. We need not fear either science or philosophy, for these are men's efforts to interpret the ways of him to whom all authority is given in heaven and in earth. The historical Christ only " shows the hid heart beneath creation beating "; and " he that hath seen him hath seen the Father." So we have the key with which to unlock the chief secrets of the world; we have a divine Companion and Friend to accompany our earthly pilgrimage; we have a living Interpreter of Scripture and of history. And, of all denominations of Christians, Baptists should be most ready to concede the possibility of a progressive theology, since Baptists from the beginning have believed in a spiritual church in which Christ dwells and reigns.

Think now of the light which this conception of an immanent God and an omnipresent Christ throws upon the doctrines of sin, of the atonement, of the church, and of the Scriptures. As we note the changes that have come over our ways of thinking, we may see exaggerations which have weakened our faith and have checked our progress. Take for example the old and the new view as to sin. Our fathers believed in total depravity, and we agree with them that man naturally is devoid of love to God, and that every faculty is weakened, disordered, and corrupted by the selfish bent of his will. They held to original sin. The selfish bent of man's will can be traced back to the apostasy of our first parents; and, on account of that departure of the race from God, all men are by nature children of wrath. And all this is true, if it is regarded as a statement of the facts, apart from their relation to Christ. But our fathers did not see, as we do, that man's relation to Christ antedated the Fall and constituted an underlying and modifying condition of man's life. Humanity was naturally in Christ, in whom all things were created and in whom they all consist. Even man's sin did not prevent Christ from still working in him to counteract the evil and to suggest the good. There was an internal, as well as an external, preparation for man's redemption. In this sense, of a divine principle in man striving against the selfish and godless will, there was a total redemption, over against man's total depravity; and an original grace that was even more powerful than original sin.

The great Baptist body has become conscious that total depravity alone is not a sufficient or proper expression of the truth, and the phrase has been outgrown. It has been felt that the old view of sin did not take account of the generous and noble aspirations, the unselfish efforts, the strivings after God, of even unregenerate men. For this reason there has been less preaching about sin, and less conviction as to its guilt and condemnation. The good impulses of men outside the Christian pale have been often credited to human nature, when they should have been credited to the indwelling Spirit of Christ. I make no doubt that one of the radical weaknesses of our denomination at this present time is its more superficial view of sin. Without some sense of sin's guilt and condemnation, we cannot feel our need of redemption. John the

Baptist must go before Christ; the law must prepare the way for the gospel. My belief is that the new apprehension of Christ's relation to the race will enable us to declare, as never before, the lost condition of the sinner; while at the same time we show him that Christ is with him and in him to save. This presence in every man of a power not his own that works for righteousness is a very different doctrine from that "divinity of man" which is so often preached. The divinity is not the divinity of man, but the divinity of Christ. And the power that works for righteousness is not the power of man, but the power of Christ. It is a power whose warning, inviting, persuading influence renders only more marked and dreadful the evil will which hampers and resists it. Depravity is all the worse when we recognize in it the constant antagonist of an ever-present, all-holy, and all-loving Redeemer.

We must acknowledge also that our conceptions of Christ's atonement have suffered some change. Yet that change has been in the nature of a more fundamental understanding of the meaning of atonement, and its necessity as a law of universal life. To our fathers the atonement was a mere historical fact, a sacrifice offered in a few brief hours upon the cross. It was a literal substitution of Christ's suffering for ours, the payment of our debt by another, and upon the ground of that payment we are permitted to go free. Those sufferings were soon over, and the hymn, "Love's redeeming work is done," expressed the believer's joy in a finished redemption. And all this is true. But it is only a part of the truth. The atonement, like every other doctrine of Christianity, is a fact of life; and such facts of life cannot be crowded into our definitions, because they are greater than any definitions that we can frame. The atonement is a substitution, in that another has done for us what we ought to have done but could not do, and has suffered for us what we deserved to suffer but could not suffer without loss of holiness and happiness forever and ever. But Christ's doing and suffering is not that of one external and foreign to us. He is bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh; the bearer of our humanity; yes, the very life of the race. The life that he lived in Palestine and the death that he endured on Calvary were the revelation of a union with mankind which antedated the Fall. Being thus joined to us from the beginning, he has suffered in all human sin; in all our affliction he has been afflicted; so that the psalmist can say: " Blessed be God, who daily beareth our burden, even the God of our salvation."

So we add to the idea of *substitution* the idea of *sharing;* and see in the cross, not so much the atonement itself, as the revelation of the atonement. The sufferings of Christ take deeper hold upon us when we see in them the expression of the two great truths: that holiness must make penalty to follow sin, and that love must share that penalty with the transgressor. And we are subject to that same law of life. We who enter into fellowship with our Lord fill up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ for his body's sake, which is the church; and the Christian church can reign with Christ only as it partakes in his suffering. The atonement becomes a model and stimulus to self-sacrifice, and a test of Christian character. But it is easy to see how the subjective effect of Christ's sacrifice may absorb the attention, to the exclusion of its ground and cause. The moral influence of the atonement has taken deep hold upon our minds, and we are in danger of forgetting that it is the holiness of God, and not the salvation of men, that primarily requires it. When sharing excludes substitution; when reconciliation of man to God excludes reconciliation of God to man; when the only peace secured is peace in the sinner's heart, and no thought is given to that peace with God which it is the first object of the atonement to secure, then our whole evangelical system is weakened, God's righteousness is ignored, and man is practically put in place of God. I doubt not that this has been the effect, in Baptist circles, of some recent journalism and some recent teaching. We need to stay this incoming tide of antiscriptural theology. We can do so, not by going back to the old mechanical and arbitrary conceptions of the atonement, but by going forward to a more vital apprehension of the relation of the race to Christ. A larger knowledge of Christ, the life of humanity, will enable us to hold fast the objective nature of the atonement, and its necessity as grounded in the holiness of God; while at the same time we appropriate all that is good in the modern view of the atonement, as the final demonstration of God's constraining love which moves men to repentance and submission.

I perceive some change in our ideas of Christian fellowship. Our fathers lived in a day when simple faith was subject to serious disabilities. The Establishments frowned upon dissent, and visited it with pains and penalties. It is no wonder that believers in the New Testament doctrine and polity felt that they must come out from what they regarded as an apostate church. They could have no sympathy with those who held back the truth in unrighteousness and persecuted the saints of God. But our doctrine has leavened all Christendom. Scholarship is on the side of immersion. Infant baptism is on the decline. The churches that once opposed us now compliment us on our steadfastness in the faith and on our missionary zeal. There is a growing spirituality in these churches which prompts them to extend to us hands of fellowship. And there is a growing sense among us that the kingdom of Christ is wider than our own membership, and that loyalty to our Lord requires us to recognize his presence and blessing even in bodies which we do not regard as organized in complete accordance with the New Testament model.

If I am asked whether Baptists still hold to restricted communion, I answer that our principle has not changed, but that many of us apply the principle in a different manner from that of our fathers. We believe that baptism logically precedes the Lord's Supper, as birth precedes the taking of nourishment, and regeneration precedes sanctification. We believe that the order of the ordinances is an important point of Christian doctrine, and itself teaches Christian doctrine. Hence, we proclaim it and adhere to it, in our preaching and in our practice. But we do not turn the Lord's Supper into a judgment-seat, or turn the officers of the church into detectives. We teach the truth, and expect that the truth will win its way. We are courteous to all who come among us, and expect that they in turn will have the courtesy to respect our convictions and to act accordingly. But there is danger here that we may break from our moorings and drift into indifferentism with regard to the ordinances. The recent advocacy of open church-membership is but the logical consequence of a previous concession of open communion. But I am persuaded that this new doctrine is confined to very few among us. The remedy for this false liberalism is to be found in that same Christ who solves for us all other problems. It is this Christ who sets the solitary in families, and who makes of one every nation that dwells on the face of the earth. Christian denominations are at least temporarily his appointment. Loyalty to the body which seems to us best to represent his truth, is also loyalty to him. Love for Christ does not involve the surrender of the ties of family, or nation, or denomination, but only consecrates and ennobles them. Yet Christ is king in Zion. There is but one army of the living God, even though there are many divisions. We can emphasize our unity with other Christian bodies, rather than the differences between us. We can regard them as churches of the Lord Jesus, even though they are irregularly constituted. As a marriage ceremony may be valid, even though performed without a license and by an unqualified administrator; and as an ordination may be valid, even though the ordinary laying-on of hands be omitted; so the ordinance of the Lord's Supper as administered in Pedobaptist churches may be valid, though irregular in its accompaniments and antecedents. Though we still protest against the modern perversions of the New Testament doctrine as to the subjects and the mode of baptism, we hold with regard to the Lord's Supper that irregularity is not invalidity, and that we may recognize as churches even those bodies which celebrate the Lord's Supper without having been baptized. Our faith in the larger Christ is bringing us out from our denominational isolation into an inspiring recognition of our oneness with the universal church of God throughout the world.

There have been changes in our Baptist view of the Scriptures. When the Reformation dislodged the church from the place of ultimate authority, the Bible was substituted for the church. It was forgotten that the only ultimate authority is Christ, and that he has never so constructed Scripture as to dispense with his own personal presence and the teaching of his Spirit. Nowhere does the Bible speak of itself as "the word of God." That phrase designates the truth, of which the Bible is the record. And modern investigation is teaching us that there is a human element in that record; it has grown up in ways analogous to those in which other literatures have originated, and it is to be interpreted in the light of its history. And yet, in spite of imperfections, its authorship is divine as well as human; it brings us a divine revelation; its many *biblia* constitute one *Bible*. It is not intended to teach physical science or secular history; but it can lead us to Christ and the truth. When taken together, and interpreted by the same Spirit who inspired it, it is able to make us wise unto salvation.

We cannot, even if we would, escape or ignore the results of modern criticism. That criticism is sometimes skeptical and destructive, but it is not necessarily so. It may be, and it often is, constructive and illuminating, and in that measure it is only a new means by which Christ himself is throwing light upon the record of his past revelations, and enabling us the better to understand them. The miraculous element in the Old Testament, and in the New Testament the virgin birth and resurrection of our Lord, are only made more indisputable facts of history when they are shown to be not violations of law, but extraordinary workings of law; and inspiration becomes only more credible when it is recognized as an intensification of natural powers under the special influence of the Spirit of God. But in this new method of thought there lie obvious dangers of exaggeration, and in some quarters we may observe a tendency to sink the divine in the human, and to divest the Bible of all authority. Let us beware of this tendency, for our Baptist doctrine and polity are founded upon the New Testament. If this New Testament is not the common law of the church, then our separate existence as a denomination is impertinence and schism. How shall we steer our bark so as to clear both the Scylla of bibliolatry and the Charybdis of rationalism? Ah, there is ever the one and sufficient answer: Jesus Christ, the same yesterday and to-day and forever. He is the only ultimate authority; and he abides, by his omnipotent Spirit, in his people, opening to them the Scriptures even as he did to those disciples on the way to Emmaus, showing them the things concerning himself, enabling them to compare spiritual things with spiritual, and so leading them gradually but surely into all the truth

III. THE OUTLOOK

And now, last of all, with this past history behind us, and with this present attitude in respect to faith and practice, what is our outlook toward the future? Will Baptist principles stand the test of advancing intelligence, and of the tremendous march of culture and civilization? I reply: They are the only principles that *can* stand the test. For they build on Christ, the solid Rock, and on that conception of a spiritual church, against which he himself has said that the gates of hades shall not prevail. In that one conception of a spiritual church we find our strength, our warning, and our inspiration. If we hold to that we cannot fail to grow and to triumph. We may be very weak and ignorant in other respects, but this principle insures success. When I think how little Peter and James and John, on the banks of the Jordan at the beginning of Christ's ministry, knew about Christian doctrine, I am amazed that they should have been counted among his disciples. If you had asked them about the deity of Christ, or about his atonement, they would not have understood the meaning of your words. But they heard his command: "Follow me!" and they obeyed. In that act of obedience was latent the whole Christian scheme. They knew nothing of the deity of Christ? But what right had they to submit themselves unreservedly to him if he were a mere man like themselves? Their following him was an implicit and unconscious confession of his deity. They knew nothing of the atonement of Christ? But were they not conscious sinners, who had submitted to John's baptism of repentance and of faith in him who was to come, and, in following Christ did they not show that they looked to him as the promised Messiah, the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world? All Christian doctrine was implicit in their obedience. That doctrine was vague and undefined, unconscious and unformulated, but it was none the less real. It was like solid matter in a state of solution, so transparent as to be invisible, yet ready at a shock to be precipitated and crystallized into definite forms of belief, as when Peter afterward made his great confession: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

So our Baptist principle of a spiritual church contains latently and logically all the substance of Christianity, and it has power to regenerate the world. That is, it has all the power that truth alone can possess. But we need ever to remember that truth, apart from Christ the Spirit of truth, is an abstraction and not a power. Here is the danger of some modern theories of Christian education. They give us statistics to show that the age of puberty is the age of strongest religious impressions, and the inference is drawn that conversion is nothing but a natural phenomenon, a regular stage of development. The free will, and the evil bent of that will, are forgotten, and the absolute dependence of perverse human nature upon the regenerating Spirit of God. The age of puberty is the age of strongest religious impressions? Yes; but it is also the age of strongest artistic and social and sensuous impressions, and only a new birth from above can lead the soul to seek first the kingdom of God. Our people have believed in the converting power of God, and just in proportion as they have given and prayed and labored, the Spirit has been poured out upon them, and their witness to the truth has been followed by great ingatherings.

When we think of the proper expression of the truth as of importance only second to the having of the truth to be expressed, may we not learn some lessons from those denominations which seem of late to be outstripping us in the race? It is the Disciples on the one hand and the Episcopalians on the other, who have drawn most upon our numbers, especially in the older and more cultivated portions of our country. I think we cannot doubt that, as education advances, there is a demand for decorum in worship and attention to outward order, which the earlier stages of religious life tend to neglect. The esthetic instinct may be overcultivated, and may become a hindrance to piety; but, with increasing culture, there is a growing disposition to express religious thought in impressive forms. The arts of music and of architecture may become helpers to religion. The Puritan worship was bare and hard. It took little account of the love of God or of the beauty of his works. The ritualistic churches of our day are making headway, partly at least because they clothe the truth in a fitting garb and appeal to the heart as well as to the head. Taste is a divine gift; the bride in the Messianic psalm had garments of needlework; the New Testament appropriates all that was vital and beautiful in the Old; the worship of the new Jerusalem has in it a responsive and even a liturgical element. We give over to the minister too much of our public service; he should be rather the leader of the congregation. We can keep our young people more easily if we add to our worship more of dignity and impressiveness, and if we make our places of worship beautiful as well as homelike. Christ is the Master of the universe; he will make even the arts to serve him; regard for outward form is not incompatible with the humble and contrite heart, and with the indwelling in that heart of the living Redeemer. Our Baptist concern that the religious spirit properly express itself in the constitution of the church and in its ordinances, may well lead us further, namely, to making that church and those ordinances thoroughly tasteful and attractive.

Yet I confess that my greatest concern for the future is the concern lest we should cease to be a *witnessing* church, and so should cease to be a *true* church of Christ. For a spiritual church means, as we have seen, two things: first, the indwelling of the Spirit of Christ in regenerate souls; and secondly, the outward expression of their union with Christ in his death and resurrection. We express our relation to Christ by the New Testament organization and ordinances. But we need also to express it by holy lives, and by actual oral testimony. To a considerable extent, and especially in our older and more educated communities, we have fallen into the sacerdotal notion that our ministers are to do our preaching for us; forgetting that, in the early church when Christians were scattered abroad, they, and not the apostles, went everywhere preaching the word. Not sermons, but individual voices of private members of the church, are to evangelize the world. When the Romans shortened their swords, they lengthened their territories. Wherever and whenever we have done this hand-to-hand work, our increase has been great. When we cease to believe that men around us are lost, cease in private to urge them to come to Christ, the glory will depart from us. The church that ceases to be evangelistic will soon cease to be evangelical; and the church that ceases to be evangelical will soon cease to exist.

Why is it that those Mediterranean lands where the gospel was first preached have been given over to infidelity and to barbarism? Why has the candlestick that once burned so brightly been removed out of its place? Simply because it quenched its light and refused to shine; simply because it shut in its rays, like a dark lantern, and had no compassion upon those who were sitting in darkness. While the early churches were missionary churches and sent the gospel abroad, they continued to prosper at home. When, like the ancient Jews, they came to fancy that the oracles of God were given to them only for their individual and national salvation, God scattered them through the world and gave their possessions to others. And so it will be with us. If we settle down in ease and idleness, content to enjoy the fruits of Christianity without giving our Christianity to others, we too will be dealt with as were those wicked husbandmen who failed to render returns to the owner, and whose vineyard was taken from them.

We have been a democratic people, and the masses have flocked to us. Now that we are gaining wealth and social position, there is danger that we shall forget the poor and the oppressed. We need more fully to recognize not only our unity with all Christians, but our unity with all men. We are our brothers' keepers, and nothing human should be foreign to us. The *laissez-faire,* or let-alone principle, is only a surviving selfishness and barbarism. We are bound to moralize competition, and to bring men out from their isolation into community and brotherhood in Christ. I do not mean that *churches* should take sides in labor agitations or in political campaigns; but I do mean that *church-members* should listen to the exceeding bitter cry of the submerged classes; should demand protective legislation for those to whom heartless capitalists will not grant a living wage. In the saloon that entices to drink; in the crime which that drink causes; and in the lawlessness which lynches the criminal, Christian men should see their Master's call to stand for the weak against the strong. We have been losing ground because we have been too intent upon our own concerns to care for the interests of our neighbor. A true Baptist should be a man of public spirit. He should not only strive to rescue individual men from the slough of vice, but he should devise measures for draining that slough and making that vice impossible. In other words, he should labor for the coming of the kingdom of God in society, as well as in the church.

Our faith, moreover, is measured by our giving. Judged by our numbers and by our wealth, our Baptist gifts, however large they may seem, are pitiably small. Our total gifts to home and foreign missions are not one cent a week for each member. The church is like

Dives in the parable, clothed in fine linen and faring sumptuously every day, while the sick and hungry world at its doors, like Lazarus, receives only the crumbs from the bountifully provided table. In the time of the great Indian famine there were relief agents, to whom were entrusted great sums of money with which to feed the hungry, but who kept that money for themselves while hundreds of starving creatures died under their very eyes. God has given us wealth that we may relieve the spiritual famine of the world. He has made us stewards of his bounty; and for every dollar entrusted to us he will require us to give account. Shall we keep for ourselves, or spend upon our own pleasures, what belongs to the perishing? What should we think of the professed Christian who, when the bread was passed to him at the Lord's Supper, should keep it all for himself and refuse to pass it on? When the Lord multiplies the loaves to feed the five thousand, shall the apostles keep the loaves to themselves and pile them up till they form such a barricade that the five thousand are hid from sight? And shall John be excused from distributing simply because Peter will not do his part? Ah, my brethren, this is a matter between each one of us and Christ! Each one of us is charged with maintaining and extending a spiritual church, by our giving as well as by our witnessing and teaching. And not our brethren, but only Christ is our Example, our Lawgiver, and our Judge.

For he cometh, for he cometh, to judge the earth! The judgment of nations takes place in time; for nations belong only to the present order of things and have no eternal existence. Denominations also are judged in this world; since the divisions between them are incidents of our present imperfect knowledge, and when that which is perfect is come then that which is in part shall be done away. Meantime, we are held individually responsible for the forward march of the denomination, which to us most fully embodies and represents the truth of Christ. A retrograde movement of that denomination may be the consequence of our illiberality, our laxity, our indifference. We cannot say with the heedless French monarch: "After me the deluge!" The judgment which comes to a denomination in time comes to the members of that denomination in eternity. If we confess Christ and his truth before men, Christ will confess us before his Father and before the holy angels. If we deny him, he also will deny us.

The faith in a second coming of Christ has lost its hold upon many Baptists in our day. But it still serves to stimulate and to admonish the great body, and we can never dispense with its solemn and mighty influence. Christ comes, it is true, in pentecostal revivals and in destructions of Jerusalem, in reformation movements and in political upheavals. But these are only precursors of another and literal and final return of Christ, to punish the wicked and to complete the salvation of his people. That day for which all other days are made will be a joyful day for those who have fought a good fight and have kept the faith. Let us look for and hasten the coming of the day of God. The Jacobites of Scotland never ceased their labors and sacrifices for their king's return. Their passionate devotion to his cause led hundreds of them to exile and to death. They never tasted wine without pledging their absent prince; they never joined in song, without renewing their oaths of allegiance. In many a prison cell and on many a battlefield they rang out the strain:

Follow thee, follow thee, wha wadna follow thee?
  Long hast thou lo'ed and trusted us fairly:
Chairlie, Chairlie, wha wadna follow thee?
  King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Chairlie!

So they sang, so they invited him, until at last he came. But that longing for the day when Charles should come to his own again was faint and weak compared with the longing of true Christian hearts for the coming of their King. Charles came, only to suffer defeat and to bring shame to his country. But Christ will come to put an end to the world's long sorrow; to give triumph to the cause of truth; to bestow everlasting reward upon the faithful.

Even so, Lord Jesus, come!
Hope of all our hopes the sum,
Take thy waiting people home!

Long, so long, the groaning earth,
Cursed with war and flood and dearth,
Sighs for its redemption-birth.

Therefore come, we daily pray,
Bring the resurrection day,
Wipe creation's curse away!

I rest my Baptist faith upon the New Testament demand for a spiritual church; and I rest my Baptist hope upon the historic fact of our past faithfulness to this fundamental principle. "If any man serve me, him will my Father honor." These words are as true of the denomination as they are of the individual Christian. And what is meant by serving Christ, our Lord himself intimates when he requires that "all men should honor the Son, even as they honor the Father." We have tried to honor Christ, and Christ has honored us. Our future as a denomination, if we are but faithful to Christ's word and to our past history, is as sure as the promises of God. It is not a question whether our principles are correct, so much as it is a question whether we are true to our principles. I believe that the great body of Baptists still *are* true, and therefore I believe that our denominational outlook is still promising. Though we have suffered a comparative check in our onward movement, and our increase is not what it once was, the very knowledge of the fact which this council of war gives to us may, by the help of Christ's Spirit, be made a stimulus to such labor and liberality and prayer that we shall press forward as never before. We were once but a little flock, yet it was the Father's good pleasure to give us the kingdom. If we are only meek, we shall yet inherit the earth.

If we are to meet our King in peace, we must do the work of the immediate present. And what an opportunity stretches before us! Here in this land is the greatest field, and the most widely open door that the Baptist principle has ever known. Never before in human history was so vast an area devoted to free trade, unrestricted by interstate duties and taxes. Never before in human history was so vast a population possessed of the means of education. Never before in human history was there so complete and successful a system of self-government. Our Baptist faith and polity inculcate the right and the duty of private judgment, and so commend themselves to intelligent freemen. We believe in democracy, and we are fitted to succeed in a democratic country. We ought to take possession of America in the name of Christ. But more than this. We are citizens of the world. We have access to the other nations as never before. The industrial and educational and democratic leadership of America gives us advantage over every other people in the conduct of religious work. American Baptists ought to girdle the whole earth with their missions. Let past success embolden us to world-wide effort. The principle for which we contend is divine and eternal. Christ himself is with us. He will not fail nor be discouraged till he has made his spiritual church conterminous with the whole human race for which he died.

Not many days ago President Roosevelt touched a gold button in the East Room of the White House at Washington, and set in motion all the machinery of the great World's Fair at St. Louis. How came it that a single man of finite powers could bridge over that great interval of space, and could accomplish results which a thousand giants could not produce? Only because of the all-encompassing, all-pervading forces of electricity and magnetism which bind together, not only St. Louis and Washington, but all places and all times. These forces are but other names for the intelligence and will of God. The God in whom we live, and move, and have our being connects all human souls as well as all material things, and, weak and ignorant as we are, the least of us may be mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds. God has invested each one of us who believe with authority greater than that of President Roosevelt, by faith and prayer to touch the springs of human action, and to inaugurate movements in human history compared with which the starting of that machinery at St. Louis was but child's play. We are not presidents, but we are more than that—we are kings and priests unto God,—instruments through whom Christ works, endowed with his power. Even the grain of faith that is like the mustard seed for smallness can remove obstacles that stand like mountains in the way of progress of Christ's kingdom. Let us then betake ourselves to prayer as well as to labor. And let us begin here and now. Let us pray!

PRAYER

Lord Jesus, if we have faltered and suffered defeat, it is because we have forgotten thee. We repent of our unbelief and sin, and we come back to thee. Reveal thyself to us once more as God omnipotent, with thy people always even to the end of the world; as God omniscient, with thine attention concentrated everywhere and even upon us; as God omnipotent, with infinite power ready to act in our time of need. Thy holiness demands that we recognize thy presence, thy knowledge, thy power. Thy love assures us that thou wilt give even the faith which qualifies us to appropriate thy gifts. What we cannot do of ourselves thou canst enable us to do, by the bestowment of thy Holy Spirit. We appeal to thee to help us. Our fathers trusted in thee; they trusted and thou didst deliver them. They bore thy cross and suffered death, believing that their death should be made the means of establishing thy truth. Remember their prayers, we beseech thee. Remember thy faithful ones, who in all thy churches still call upon thy name and witness for thee. Look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine, and the stock which thy right hand planted, and the branch which thou madest strong for thyself. So shall we not go back from thee; quicken us, and we will call upon thy name. Turn us again, O Jehovah Jesus; cause thy face to shine, and we shall be saved. Fulfil thy promise by giving to us here and now the Holy Spirit, and by sending us out, individually and collectively, empowered to proclaim thy gospel in such a way that, as of old, men may be moved to surrender themselves to thee, to lead holy and unworldly lives, and to labor and give for the triumph of thy cause. Bring the resurrection of faith and love which thou hast promised. Make thy servants again willing to die for thee; nay, to live for thee at home, or to go for thee, if thou dost bid, to the uttermost parts of the earth. Bring again the days of great ingatherings; show the scorners and the faint-hearted that thou art mighty to save; set up thy throne where Satan now rules, thou Prince of the kings of the earth! O thou who didst love thy church and give thyself for it, be not far from us; for if thou be far from us we shall be as those who go down into the pit. Make thy church what thou didst design it to be, the fulness of him that filleth all in all. For thou art the Son of the living God; all authority in heaven and in earth has been given unto thee; to thee equally with the Father and the Holy Spirit we give honor, and praise, and glory, and blessing; and in thy name, O Christ, we ask and offer all. Amen.

II

THE GREATNESS AND THE CLAIMS OF CHRIST[1]

Who art thou, Lord? . . What shall I do, Lord? (Acts 22:8-10.)

God is in events, and the whole Godhead is in the least of them. God's omnipresence reduces their complexity to order. Not all events are of equal importance. The somber web of history is shot with threads of gold, and a few striking figures dominate the rest. But history is not a lifeless tapestry. It is a living organism. The living God is revealing himself in it. He is in all events, efficiently in some, permissively in others. Some events are unique exertions of his power, ganglionic centers of influence, pregnant germs of all the future. Such events were the resurrection of the Lord Jesus, the pentecostal outpouring of the Holy Spirit, the conversion of Saul.

Those three events had intimate connection with one another. Christ's resurrection was the virtual resurrection, both spiritually and physically, of the whole church of God throughout the ages. Pentecost was the opening of the windows of heaven to endow the church with power from on high. Saul's conversion was the breaking up of the fountains of the great deep, and flowing in of a flood that swept away the narrow boundaries of Judaism, and bore the church on its bosom to world-wide evangelization.

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[1] A sermon preached at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, July 12, 1905, before the Baptist World Alliance.

Guizot has said that Providence moves through time as the gods of Homer moved through space; it takes one step, and ages have rolled away. With God a thousand years are as one day. But it is also true that with the Lord one day is as a thousand years. Ages of prejudice and enmity rolled away as Providence took that one forward step in the conversion of Saul. The two questions of my text mark the turning-point in Saul's life—namely, the point at which Saul was transformed into Paul. They do more. They mark the turning-point in the life of the church; for, with the transformation of Saul into Paul, the church itself was transformed from a merely national institution into an institution inclusive of all mankind.

The occasion which brings us to this great capital of the English-speaking race suggests my theme. We come from India and from China, from Germany and from Britain, from America and from the islands of the sea, to take counsel of one another with regard to our common work. We are bound together by our allegiance to a common Redeemer, our belief in his authoritative word, and our sense of obligation to preach his gospel. In minor matters of faith and practice we may differ. But we have one Lord, one faith, one baptism. Not the things that divide, but the things that unite, will properly engage our attention. What we most need is a new zeal for the conversion of the world, such as took possession of Saul on the way to Damascus, and, as the only means of arousing that zeal, a new revelation in us of the Son of God, such as it pleased

God to give to him. We may not have the vision of the outward glory, but we may have the inner revelation without which the outward vision would be as unintelligible to us as it was to Saul's companions. It is in the hope that God will lift us out of all narrowness and isolation, and will show us the grandeur and universality of our mission as Baptists, that I venture to interpret to you the vision of Saul. Only an inward realization of what Saul saw that day can weld the Baptists of the world together and fit them to conquer the world for their Master. I propose, therefore, that we ask those same questions which Saul asked, "Who art thou, Lord?" and "What shall I do, Lord?" In other words I take for my subject, "The Greatness and the Claims of Christ."

I. THE NEED OF PAUL'S VISION

I wish to speak first of Christ's greatness, as it was revealed that day to Saul. But lest any one should say that no vision of Christ was needed in the case of Saul, and therefore that no such vision, either inward or outward, is needed by us, I must preface my description of what Saul saw by glancing at the way in which he came to see it. I am persuaded that we can never understand the historical evolution of Christianity without taking account of a divine involution here. Saul was the typical Jew, the very acme of Jewish exclusiveness and patriotic pride. The idea of universality in religion was abhorrent to him. The apocryphal book of Esdras had declared that the Almighty made the world for the Jews, and that other peoples, though they also came from Adam, are as nothing to the Eternal, but are like unto spittle, or like the foul drop that oozes out of a cask. And Saul was exceedingly zealous for these traditions of the fathers. No mere working of his own mind could have led him to renounce all Jewish privilege, and to maintain the absolute equality of all men before God. That would be to despise his birthright and to insult the God who gave it.

Could Saul have wrought out the conception that the crucified Jesus was the King of Israel? He thought of Jesus as the greatest of false prophets, justly nailed to his cross, proved to be an impostor by his sufferings and death. Jehovah had blasted the daring schismatic, and some hidden grave had swallowed up his mangled corpse. His doctrine had, indeed, a strange vitality. It seemed to spread in spite of the death of its founder, and even in consequence of his death. All the more was it Saul's duty to put it down. He burned with the zeal of Phinehas of old. He thought himself doing God's service in dragging to light and trampling to death this serpent-like heresy which aimed its fangs at the vitals of the true religion. Pharisee though he was, he begged letters from the Sadducee Caiaphas, and drew near to Damascus fully expecting to carry out the purpose of the Sanhedrin, and to crush Christianity as the Sanhedrin had crushed Christ. How plain it is that only a revelation of Christ from without could have changed that werewolf into a lamb!

Such a revelation there was, as we well know—a theophany that smote Saul and his retinue to the earth; a light that outshone the splendor of the noonday sun; a vision of One clothed with heavenly majesty; a voice so awe-inspiring that it arrested all the currents of

Saul's blood, yet so reproachful and tender that it pierced Saul's heart. It was an outward revelation.

But that was not enough. " It was the good pleasure of God," Paul says afterward, " to reveal his Son in me." In every conversion the immanent Christ as well as the transcendent Christ is working. The man is prepared as well as his environment. And we cannot understand the religious revolution that was wrought that day without noticing also the inward preparation due to the prevenient grace of God.

God had chosen Saul, even from his mother's womb, to be his instrument. Saul's soul, like Luther's after him, had been the scene of a fierce conflict. There loomed up before him an ideal of righteousness which he had been vainly struggling to realize. With weak hands he had been clambering toward a shining goal of moral perfection only to find that the icy heights eluded his grasp, and that with every effort he slipped into a deeper depth of conscious sin. Jewish ceremonial and asceticism had been like salt water to a shipwrecked sailor dying of thirst—they only inflamed his fever and intensified his despair.

And yet the Christians whom Saul was hounding had what he lacked—the presence and the power of God. They were joyful, even in death. The pallid face of Stephen, reflecting a heavenly glory, though cursed and scorned and bruised with stones, must have haunted Saul night and day. With all his fanatical zeal, Saul was a man of tender heart. His persecution of Christians was a fighting against his better nature—the kicking of an ox against the sharp goad, which only plants itself more deeply in the flesh with every effort of the brute beast to resist it. Christ working within had thus prepared Saul for the revelation from without. And the climax of Christ's working within was an inward revelation which interpreted the revelation without. Saul saw Christ by a spiritual vision. It was that spiritual vision which transformed Saul from a raging persecutor into an ardent advocate of the new religion; from a narrow sectarian into an apostle to the Gentiles. Unless we turn our backs upon psychology as well as upon history, we must refer Saul's conversion to the impact of an energy and a love that were superhuman and divine.

II. THE EFFECT OF THE VISION

I have indicated the process by which Paul came to his vision. Let me now describe what is more important, namely, what it was that Paul saw. And here I wish to preclude the objection that I make too much of Saul's conversion. I have already said that the whole Godhead is in every event of human history, and that to say this is only to take seriously the omnipresence of God. But it is also true that the whole of Christianity is in every relation of Christ; not explicitly, but implicitly. Christ is the truth, and the whole truth, and when he appeared to Paul and was revealed in Paul, the apostle received the germ of all his subsequent doctrine. Andrew Fuller said once that Christian truth is like chain-shot—each one of its points carries all the rest with it. It is like the mathematical axiom, which logically involves the whole differential and integral calculus, or like the ever-widening cone of illumination from the searchlight of a battleship. When we ask what that great light from heaven taught the Apostle Paul, we need not be careful to distinguish what he learned at the time from what he learned afterward, nor need we distinguish between the direct utterances of our Lord and those utterances of Christ through the Old Testament, which these direct utterances now enabled Paul to interpret. Those three days at Damascus, during which he lay dazed and blinded by the lightning of Christ's countenance, and those three years in Arabia during which he thought himself into the meaning of the heavenly vision, were periods of development, not of the objective truth revealed to Paul, but of Paul's subjective understanding of that truth. The vision itself had in it the whole of Christianity, because it had in it the whole of Christ. It gave Paul all the essentials of his teaching with regard to Christ's person and work.

As to Christ's person, the first thing that struck conviction to Paul's heart was his surprising discovery of a living Jesus. Before this he could have said, with Matthew Arnold:

> Now he is dead. Far hence he lies,
>   In the lorn Syrian town;
> And on his grave, with shining eyes,
>   The Syrian stars look down.

But now Paul learned of Jesus' veritable resurrection. Where did Paul get his doctrine of the resurrection? Not from his Pharisaic teachers, for then his doctrine would have been no advance upon theirs. It was a vague belief even with the Pharisees, and the Sadducees had denied it. Paul got his doctrine from his own sight of the risen Lord. It ceased to be a mere point of traditional dogma. Faith became sight, doctrine became demonstration; life and immortality were brought out from obscurity into the broad light of common day. It was no fantasm of the imagination. Paul saw Jesus in bodily form, just as Peter, James, and John had seen him after his resurrection. In Jesus risen and ascended, Paul saw that day a Columbus who had crossed the sea of death, and had come back with the news of the many mansions beyond the ocean waves. Henceforth, Paul had the first qualification of an apostle, he could bear witness that he had seen Jesus alive after he had risen from the dead.

A living Jesus—this was Saul's first lesson. The second lesson was that of an Exalted Humanity. Paul's vision was the vision of a humanity perfected and glorified. Where did Paul get his doctrine of the spiritual body? It was from his own sight of the risen Jesus. The body of the Lord, that had seen no corruption, was the pledge of God's approval, and the proof that our mortal bodies may be cleansed from the dishonors of the tomb and may have life for evermore. Jesus is justified in the Spirit. He is the true Son of man, whom he proclaimed himself to be. That implies that he is the representative of all humanity. Consider for a moment what is implied in your being a man. How many parents had you? You answer two. How many grandparents had you? You answer four. How many great-grandparents? Eight. How many great-great-grandparents? Sixteen. So the number of your ancestors increases as you go farther back, and if you take in only twenty generations, you will have to reckon yourself as the outcome of more than a million progenitors. The name Smith or Jones, which you bear, represents only one strain of all those million; you might almost as well bear any other name; your existence is more an expression of the race at large than of any particular family or line. What is true of you, was true, on the human side, of the Lord Jesus. In him all the lines of our common humanity converged. He was the Son of man far more than he was the Son of Mary.

If Jesus had been only a representative man, each one of us might be called son of man as much as he. But Paul's vision revealed to him in Jesus not merely a representative man, but also the ideal man, in whom all the possibilities of our humanity are fully realized. "Great men," says Amiel, "are the true men." Yes, we add, but only Christ, the greatest Man, shows what the true man is. There was something in that heavenly perfection of Jesus which disclosed to Paul the greatness of his own possible being, and furnished the standard by which to judge his own actual condition. He could not look upon that exalted humanity without feeling that it is not only the type of all human perfection, but also the fountain from which all human perfection must spring.

Where did Paul get his doctrine of "the man from heaven," the archetypal universal man, from whom we are to derive our strength, and into whose fulness we are to grow? He got it from this vision. There he saw that Jesus is the source of all true manhood. Of his pure white light individual members of the race are separate colored rays. They find their unity only in him. He is the root as well as the offspring of David;

the vine, of which all men are natural branches, even though many of these branches refuse to abide in the vine and so are cast forth, withered and burned. He is the Life, of which the whole human race is the expression, and from which it originally sprang. As God's fatherhood is the fatherhood after which all human fatherhoods are named, so Christ's sonship is the sonship after which all human sonships are named. All men are children of God, even though they are prodigal and apostate children, by virtue of their physical relation to Christ, the natural Head of the race.

Where did Paul get his doctrine that Christ is "made sin for us"? He got it from his vision of the Crucified One. Because Christ is essential humanity, the universal man, the life of the race, all the nerves and sensibilities of humanity meet in him. He is the central brain to which and through which all ideas must pass. He is the central heart to which and through which all pains must be communicated. You cannot telephone to your friend across the town without first ringing up the central office. You cannot injure your neighbor without first injuring Christ. Each one of us can say of him, "Against thee, thee only, have I sinned." Because of his central and all-inclusive humanity, Christ can feel all the pangs of shame and suffering which rightfully belong to sinners, but which they cannot feel because their sin has stupefied and deadened them. The Messiah, if he be truly man, must be a suffering Messiah. For the very reason of his humanity, he must bear in his own person all the burdens of humanity, and must be the Lamb of God who takes, and so takes away, the sin of the world.

Where did Paul get his doctrine of "righteousness"? He got it from this vision of the only Righteous One. In the face of the Crucified One he saw the majesty of meekness. Righteousness is not a matter of external restrictions and observances, but the outshining of an inward purity and the desire to make others pure. When this risen and exalted Jesus addresses Saul in gentleness, grieves that Saul should be so injuring himself by his opposition, humbles himself to ask a reason for Saul's enmity, there is a revelation of righteousness which the thunders of Sinai could never equal. Saul recognized Jesus as the supremely Righteous One, the model and source of righteousness for all mankind. But as for himself, he feels the dreadful contrast between that righteousness and his own. The whole fabric of his past life collapses. He is not only convicted of high treason in pursuing Jesus' followers to their death, but all his self-righteous striving seems a proud contemning of the only Righteous One.

Saul now sees himself to be the chief of sinners. And yet the graciousness of Jesus' utterance suggests another righteousness which may be his by faith. For there was a third lesson: this Righteous One was not only the living Jesus, and the exalted Man, he was also the manifested God. He was invested with the glory of God. That same glory which had appeared to Jacob at Bethel when the heavens were opened to his prayer; that same glory which had been revealed to Moses at the burning bush; the glory of the Shekinah that dwelt in the holiest place of the temple; the glory of the angel of the covenant who spoke to Gideon;

the glory before which Isaiah prostrated himself and cried "Unclean!"—this glory now belonged to Jesus. Where did Paul get his doctrine that Christ is "God over all, blessed for ever"? He got it from the splendors of this vision, in which Jesus was manifestly identified with God, clothed with the glory of God, revealed as Ruler of the universe and Lord of all.

It is no wonder that this Sun of Righteousness blotted out that other sun which was its feeble symbol. New light was shot back upon that cross of shame on which the Saviour died. Paul can now see that Jesus' suffering was not merely the suffering of man—it was a revelation of the heart of God, and of God's eternal suffering on account of sin. Not for himself, but for men, did Christ suffer there. His was the offering which the Mosaic economy prefigured. Since his sacrifice was the sacrifice of God himself, it must be the one and only sacrifice.

Where did Paul get his doctrine that Christ "died for all"? He got it from his vision of the Divine Redeemer. The sacrifice of a God could not be a sacrifice for Jews only; it was a sacrifice for Gentiles also. The conviction of Paul's mission followed: all mankind must be made to know of Christ's sacrifice. Because Christ is God, Christianity is a religion for all nations, and this revelation is made to Paul that Paul may proclaim the glad news to the ends of the earth.

III. THE WHOLE CHRIST REVEALED

To see Christ's light that day was to be lifted up above time and sense into a new spiritual world. It was to see Christ as King of the ages, and to see all else *sub specie æternitatis,* or in the light of Christ's eternity. Henceforth Paul does not know Christ after the flesh but after the spirit, knows him as the omnipresent, omniscient, and omnipotent One.

Where did Paul get his doctrine of Christ's preexistence? He got it from this vision of One who was above time and space. Such a One must be before all, and must be creator of all. Where did Paul get his doctrine of the union of the believer with Christ? He got it from Christ's own words, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." Those words implied the immanence of Christ in the church, as well as his immanence in nature and in humanity at large. Christ is *in* all things, as well as *above* all things. In all the afflictions of his people Jesus has been afflicted, and in wounding them Saul had been striking at Christ's heart. Christ is not only the Lord of the universe, he is also the Life of the church.

This recognition of the indwelling Christ was the source of Paul's courage and joy. As a beleaguered garrison whose water supply has been cut off rejoices in the discovery of a deep well within the fortress, so Paul rejoiced when he found the water which Christ gave him to be a well of water within his own soul, springing up to everlasting life. Christ became the living rock that accompanied him through his earthly journey, as the rabbis fabled Moses' rock to have followed the host of Israel through the wilderness. Paul saw Christ filling all in all; filling the universe with all that it contains of life and beauty, but specially filling the church and each individual believer unto all the fulness of God.

Where did Paul get his doctrine of the triumph of Christ's cause and of the heavenly glory of the redeemed? He got it from the dazzling vision of his triumphant Lord, one ray of whose majesty could smite down his foes, one look of whose love could transform those foes into devoted friends. He knew from that moment that victory for Christ's cause was sure. He knew from that moment that eye has not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God has prepared for those who love him. And from that moment he set his face to win men to Christ, to win the whole world to Christ, because he knew that it was a necessity of nature that Christ must reign until he has put every enemy beneath his feet, and has lifted up his saints to reign with him.

IV. CHRIST IN AND FOR US

The answer to the question, "Who art thou, Lord?" is partly found, as we have seen, in the person of Christ, the reigning and indwelling Lord. But it is also found in the work of Christ as atoning and cleansing Saviour. Christianity, indeed, is summed up in the two facts: Christ *for* us, and Christ *in* us—Christ *for* us upon the cross, revealing the eternal opposition of holiness to sin, and yet, through God's eternal suffering for sin, making objective atonement for us; and Christ *in* us by his Spirit, renewing in us the lost image of God, and abiding in us as the all-sufficient source of purity and power. Here are the two foci of the Christian ellipse; given either one, with the smallest fraction of the curve, and you can describe the whole scheme of doctrine. Both these central truths were involved in Paul's vision at the gates of Damascus—namely, Christ *for* us, who redeemed us from the curse of the law by being made a curse for us, and Christ *in* us, the hope of glory, whom the apostle calls the mystery of the gospel.

I am inclined to illustrate these two truths from our American geography. We have two great lakes, named Erie and Ontario, and these are connected by the Niagara River, through which Erie pours its waters into Ontario. The whole Christian Church throughout the ages has been called the overflow of Jesus Christ, who is infinitely greater than it. Let Lake Erie be the symbol of Christ, the preexistent Logos, the eternal Word, God revealed in the universe. Let Niagara River be a picture to us of this same Christ now confined to the narrow channel of his manifestation in the flesh, but within those limits showing the same eastward current and downward gravitation which men perceived so imperfectly before. The tremendous cataract, with its waters plunging into the abyss and shaking the very earth, is the suffering and death of the Son of God, which for the first time makes palpable to human hearts the forces of righteousness and love operative in the divine nature from the beginning. The law of universal life has been made manifest; now it is seen that justice and judgment are the foundations of God's throne; that God's righteousness everywhere and always makes penalty to follow sin; that the love which creates and upholds sinners must itself be numbered with the transgressors, and must bear their iniquities. Niagara has demonstrated the gravitation of Lake Erie. And not in vain.

For from Niagara there widens out another peaceful lake. Ontario is the offspring and likeness of Erie. So redeemed humanity is the overflow of Jesus Christ, but only of Jesus Christ after he has passed through the measureless self-abandonment of his earthly life and of his tragic death on Calvary. As the waters of Lake Ontario are ever fed by Niagara, so the church draws its life from the cross. And Christ's purpose is, not that we should repeat Calvary, for that we can never do, but that we should reflect in ourselves the same onward movement and gravitation toward self-sacrifice which he has revealed as characterizing the very life of God.

So Christ *for* us gives us hope. But we need something more to make us thoroughgoing Christians, namely, Christ *in* us. How shall I, how shall society, find healing and purification within? No human soul can purge itself of its sin; and what the individual cannot do, humanity at large is powerless to accomplish. Sin has dominion over us, and we are foul to the very depths of our being, until with the help of God we break through the barrier of our self-will, and let the floods of Christ's purifying life flow into us. Then, in an hour, more is done to renew than all our efforts for years had effected. Thus humanity is saved, individual by individual, not by philosophy, or philanthropy, or self-development, or self-reformation, but simply by joining itself to Jesus Christ, and by being filled in him with all the fulness of God.

In answer then to Saul's question, "Who art thou, Lord?" I can hear the heavenly voice replying, "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest." But I can also gather up the implications of Saul's vision, which dawned upon him even at the first, but which more fully unfolded themselves during his long missionary journeys, and during his imprisonments at Cæsarea and at Rome, and I can hear Christ saying: "I am the eternal Word of God, the only revealer of the Father, through whom the worlds were made, and by whom they are sustained and governed. I am the preexistent Word, who became flesh, and suffered and died, and rose again. I am Jesus of Nazareth, the exalted Son of God, omnipresent and omnipotent to shield, comfort, and energize my followers, and in them set up the kingdom of God on earth. I am infinite Righteousness and infinite Love." Such a Christ has supreme claims upon us. Let us turn, then, to Saul's second question, and let us ask with him, "What shall I do, Lord?" And the answer may be put into the words: *Know Me,* and *Make Me known.*

V. CHRIST DEMANDS RECOGNITION

The first thing Christ demands of us is recognition. Saul has now become Paul. His question, "What shall I do, Lord?" implies a new attitude, a new hope, a new service. But it also implies a profound sense of his own ignorance. It is interesting to see that all through Paul's life his first ambition is, "that I may know him." This knowledge is no mere intellectual matter. It takes the whole man—mind and heart and will—to know Christ. The eyes of the heart must be enlightened, as well as the eyes of the understanding, and one must will to do Christ's will in order to know of his teaching, that it is from God. And here I find the first and most fundamental need of our time—a new recognition of Christ—such a discovery of the glory of the Son of God as Paul made on the way to Damascus. The great error of our day is not philosophical idealism, nor the doctrine of evolution, nor the higher criticism. I do not fear philosophical idealism, nor the doctrine of evolution, nor the higher criticism. I do not fear philosophical idealism, but rather welcome it, because when rightly understood it recognizes the universe as a thought of Christ. I do not fear the doctrine of evolution, but rather welcome it, because when rightly understood it only discloses to us Christ's method in creation. I do not fear the higher criticism, because when rightly understood it is only Christ's way of explaining his own revelation. What I do fear is the denial of Christ himself, the reduction of him to merely human terms, the surrender of his preexistence, his atonement, his judgeship, his omnipresence with his people. When I hear of salvation by education, by character, by ideals, by effort, and find the righteousness of God wholly merged in his love, law made to be only a device for securing happiness, sin the involuntary mistake of ignorance and imperfect development, the cross of Christ absolutely ignored, or made an example of heroic martyrdom, Christ himself exerting influence upon us only as Socrates does by the memory of his life, I seem to recognize a different gospel, which is not a gospel at all, but only such doctrine as that upon which Paul launched his anathema.

It is true that Peter and James and John, on the banks of the Jordan, were saved simply by following

Christ. They knew nothing of his deity or of his atonement. But their following him was implicit faith in these great truths, and that implicit faith came afterward, under the teaching of the Spirit, to be explicit and developed. Peter came to confess Christ as the Son of the living God, and John came to confess him as the eternal Word, who was in the beginning with God and was God. In the infancy of Christianity, doctrine was in a state of solution. You can have a solution of sugar of lead as pellucid and transparent as water, but a drop of muriatic acid will cause precipitation, and the sugar of lead will take definite and crystalline form. Or, water itself may approach the freezing-point, when the lowering of the temperature by a few degrees, and a sudden shock to the containing vessel, will turn the water into ice. So the doctrine of Christ's person and Christ's work was in the minds and hearts of the disciples, in a state of solution and unconsciously, long before it expressed itself in formulæ. The shock of persecution, the acid of denial, the chill of misrepresentation, and, overruling and using all these, the power of the Holy Spirit, caused the precipitation and crystallization of their beliefs and the expression of them in definite statements of doctrine, until the whole church saw Christ's divine glory as clearly as Peter, James, and John saw it upon the Mount of Transfiguration. Even Greek culture and Alexandrian philosophy were made to teach Christians the meaning of their own faith, and to reveal Jesus as him whose goings forth had been from everlasting.

Paul reached, at the very beginning of his Christian life, a point which the earlier apostles attained only after years of labor and meditation. He knew, first of all, the Christ of the resurrection. Therefore, he calls his conversion a premature birth—he was one born out of due time—not later, but earlier than the common. He was spared the A B C period of training. To him Christ revealed his glory at the beginning of his Christian experience instead of at the end. Now that he has given us the results of that experience, and has told us of the Lord from heaven, why should any disciple of Christ, and much more any minister of Christ, desire to go back to infantile Christianity, to the kindergarten stage of doctrine, to the childish views of Christ which were held before resurrection and Pentecost had opened the eyes of the apostles? Why preach now a Christ after the flesh, when we have the Christ who has ascended to the heavenly glory? Why go back to the Christ of the humiliation, when we have the Christ of the exaltation? What some modern theologians most need is to see Christ as Saul saw him on the way to Damascus, enthroned, omnipotent, with all authority in heaven and on earth committed to his hands, the only Revealer of the Father in nature, in humanity, and in the heart of the believer, and yet this Almighty Christ joining himself to our race, revealing upon the cross the judgment of God's holiness against sin and the age-long suffering of God on account of it, making objective atonement for us, and preparing the way for the cleansing work of his Holy Spirit in our hearts, renewing in us the lost image of God, and abiding in us as the all-sufficient source of purity and power. There is much modern theology which contents itself with a merely human Christ; which denies both his atonement and his indwelling; which attributes to him only such power as belongs to a perfect human example. Alas! the example is not perfect if Christ be not what he claimed to be, the ransom for the sinner and the life of the soul.

We had in America some years ago a steam-engine all of whose working parts were made of glass. The steam came from without, but, being hot enough to move machinery, this steam was itself invisible, and there was presented the curious spectacle of an engine, transparent, moving, and doing important work, while yet no cause for this activity was perceptible. So the church, humanity, the universe, are all in constant and progressive movement, but the Christ who moves them is invisible. Faith comes to believe where it cannot see. It joins itself to this invisible Christ and knows him as its very life. We Baptists have a witness and monument to this union with Christ in the ordinances of baptism and of the Lord's Supper. In baptism we are symbolically, and as it were visibly, baptized into Christ, and our life is merged in his. In the Lord's Supper, Christ symbolically, and as it were visibly, enters into us, as the nourishment and support of our life. Of all bodies of Christians, we are most bound to stand for the deity, the atonement, and the regenerating power of Christ, because the very form of our ordinances teaches us more than the form teaches our brethren of other names.

The merging of ourselves in Christ is the first duty of those who have seen the Lord. It is what Paul meant when he spoke of knowing Christ. It is what all the saints of God have longed for. Dr. Albert Barnes, as he neared the end of life, was asked how Christ appeared to him. He replied: "As the sun would appear to one loosed from the attraction of the earth and drawing near to the celestial luminary." So Christ looms up to one who meditates upon his greatness. Christ fills the whole horizon. He is all in all. But no simile can express the whole truth. Even this one of Doctor Barnes regards Christ as still outside the soul. He is also within. He is in us, as the ocean is in the little shell. But we are also in him, as the little shell is in the ocean. We are encompassed by his illimitable power, moved by the tides of his thought, sharers in his infinite life and joy. Baptists, thank God, still recognize the atonement and the indwelling of Christ. But we should humble ourselves in the dust because our comprehension of these great truths is so imperfect. We need a new vision of Christ to impress them upon our hearts as Paul's vision impressed them upon him.

Christ claims our recognition. Our first duty is to know him. Our second duty is to make him known.

VI. RECOGNITION SHOULD BE FOLLOWED BY CO-OPERATION

While Christ's first command is "Come," his second command is "Go." To the sinner he says, "Come unto me." To the Christian he says, "Go ye into all the world." Unless we Baptists are a witnessing church, there is no reason for our existence. We, like Paul, have had the vision of the spiritual and universal Christ. When we ask, "What shall we do, Lord?"

the answer of our Lord may well be the same that Paul received, "Ye shall be witnesses to all men of what ye have seen and heard."

We have borne witness to Christ in the ordinances. But there is a danger of substituting the ordinances for Christ. We need to realize more fully, and to proclaim more constantly, that to us Baptists the ordinances are merely symbolic, instead of being, as sacramentalists hold, physical channels for the communication of grace. Baptism for us has no significance, unless it symbolizes a previous death to sin and resurrection to newness of life. It does not make one a child of God and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven; it only pictures to the believer, and publishes to the world, that he is already one with Christ in his death and resurrection. We have sometimes emphasized baptism without remembering its meaning. So far as we do this we expose our doctrine to contempt. If our denominational position is simply a question of more or less water, we are separatists and guilty of schism. What we stand for is a spiritual church. Both baptism and the Lord's Supper witness to a merging of our life in the life of Christ. But our doctrine becomes ludicrous if, while we picture forth our oneness with our dying and living Lord, we still live as the world lives, instead of sanctifying ourselves that others may be sanctified through the truth. The ordinances require not only a regenerate church-membership, but an entering of church-members into the agony of Christ for men's salvation, and a personal participation in his urging of men to come to him that they may be saved.

Paul regarded himself after that vision as separated unto the gospel of God. He had much to give up; all his cherished plans of life, his pride of lineage and education, his friends and old associations, his hopes of legal righteousness, his ambition as a Jewish teacher —in fact all the world of his former desire. This is equally the need of the modern church, and inseparable from its duty to make Christ known. We must part with worldly aims, must crucify the flesh with its affections and lusts, that we may win Christ and be found only in him. Is not this what every great love requires? Does not all attachment involve also detachment? In marriage, do we not vow that, forsaking all others, we will cleave only to one? In naturalization, do we not give up allegiance to the country of our birth and swear fealty to a new sovereign and constitution? Has the Christian church learned this consecration as Paul learned it? I think of the growing luxury of our modern life, and I compare with it Paul's labors and shipwrecks and scourgings. I think of our growing fortunes, and I compare them with Paul's having nothing, yet possessing all things. Are we not too often lovers of pleasure rather than lovers of God? Do not the claims of Mammon often challenge and outbid the claims of Christ? Let us remember that the saints are those who are separated from the worldly throng and devoted to the service of God. We need a revival of the early Christian conception of saintship, as involving, not a monkish separation of the outward life, but a spiritual surrender of the inward life to Christ. We need a revival of the early Christian conception of stewardship, as involving, not the selling of all our goods and the giving of them to the poor, but the holding and using of all our property in trust for Jesus Christ and for the interests of his kingdom. He is the absolute owner of all that we possess. Not the tenth, but the whole, belongs to God, and he who gives to God only one-tenth, while he keeps nine-tenths for himself, is an embezzler. Co-operation with Christ is the bearing of his cross, and the word " cross " never occurs in the New Testament in the plural. There is but *one* cross, and that means to us as it meant to Christ, absolute surrender of time and talent, property and life.

VII. THE KINGSHIP OF CHRIST

It is a great gospel that we have to preach—a gospel of salvation both for the individual and for society. When Paul saw Christ in his glory, he recognized him as King, as rightful ruler of the world. All that he knew of Roman power and sovereignty, of the word of an emperor which controlled and dignified every relation of life, Paul applied to Christ's dominion. The powers that be are ordained by him. To his glory we are to eat and drink. The smallest things, the greatest things, are to be subjected to his sway. This is the kingdom of God which we Christians are to proclaim. We are to set up that kingdom in human hearts, so that from the church may go out influences that shall transform all industrial and commercial relations, shall take hold of politics and make them Christian, shall permeate all education and philanthropy, until human brotherhood shall be turned from a theory into a fact, and men shall learn industrial and commercial war no more. We have too long forgotten the second great commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." We have forgotten that no bargain is Christian that does not benefit the party of the second part as well as ourselves. We have forgotten that we cannot love God without interesting ourselves in the physical, mental, and moral improvement of our fellow-men. We must pray that God's will may be done on earth, must think less of our going to heaven and more of heaven coming to us. The new Jerusalem is to come down to earth. From God it comes, and it comes only to those who love Christ's appearing. But love to God will bring love to men, and so will hasten the day when Christ shall be King on earth as well as in heaven.

Christ's Kingship takes precedence of all earthly kingship, and absolves the conscience from all obligation to follow the commandments of men when they conflict with the commands of God. It is a duty to obey government so long as it does not enjoin upon us actions contrary to the will of God. Christ is the only Lord of the conscience; to his will alone we Christians, and by eminence we Baptists, owe ultimate allegiance. The church of Christ is independent of interference or control by the civil power. As each believer has personal dealings with Christ, it is treachery to Christ to bring any single church into subjection to any other church or combination of churches, or to make the church the creature of the State. Absolute liberty of conscience has ever been a distinguishing tenet of Baptists, as it is a teaching of the New Testament. As John Locke said more than two hundred years ago: "The Baptists were the first and only propounders of absolute liberty, just and true liberty, equal and impartial liberty." And it is a matter of rejoicing to all Baptists throughout the world that, when the State puts its strong hands around the neck of liberty and threatens to strangle it, Baptists can be found as in old time to suffer distraint and persecution, and to take joyfully the spoiling of their goods rather than to acknowledge by the payment of their rates the justice of a system which would impose upon their children an education contrary to the word and the will of Christ. "Freedom of conscience," says Bancroft, the historian, "was from the first a trophy of the Baptists. Their history is written in blood." America sends greeting to the noble army of martyrs, and bids them still to suffer and be strong.

VIII. THE DUTY OF UNITY

And yet may I not also suggest that co-operation with Christ involves the spiritual unity not only of all Baptists with one another, but of all Baptists with the whole company of true believers of every name? We cannot, indeed, be true to our convictions without organizing into one body those who agree with us in our interpretation of the Scriptures. Our denominational divisions are at present necessities of nature. But we regret these divisions, and as we grow in grace and in the knowledge of the truth, we strive at least in spirit to rise above them. In America our farms are separated from one another by fences, and in the springtime, when the wheat and barley are just emerging from the earth, these fences are very distinguish-able and unpleasing features of the landscape. But later in the season, when the corn has grown and the time of harvest is near, the grain is so tall that the fences are entirely hidden, and for miles together you seem to see only a single field. It is surely our duty to confess everywhere and always that we are first Christians and only secondly Baptists. The tie which binds us to Christ is more important in our eyes than that which binds us to those of the same faith and order. We live in hope that the Spirit of Christ in us, and in all other Christian bodies, may induce such growth of mind and heart that the sense of unity in Christ may not only overtop and hide the fences of division, but may ultimately do away with these fences altogether.

Christ's claims, then, may be reduced to these two: Recognition and co-operation. We are to know him, and we are to make him known. But only a slight reflection suffices to show us that in both these duties Christ's part is more important than ours. In order to our knowing Christ he must first know us. The Christ of our mercy must prevent or go before us. And co-operation is not so much our working with Christ as it is Christ working in us. It makes all the difference in the world who is principal. If we have the initiative we may be weak and helpless. But if we are only subordinates, then the responsibility is Christ's. One who works in his own strength struggles hopelessly against a universe of evil influences, and his defeat is sure. But to one who realizes that he is Christ's deputy all the wheels of the universe are made to revolve, in order to further his every movement for the overcoming of evil, whether within or without. He can do all things, because the things that are impossible to men are entirely possible to Christ, his God. In the conviction that the Christ who appeared to Paul and worked through Paul is willing to appear to us, and to work through us, I would urge upon this great Baptist body certain new ventures of faith.

IX. NEW VENTURES OF FAITH

1. Let us expect the speedy spiritual coming of the Lord. I believe in an ultimate literal and visible coming of Christ in the clouds of heaven to raise the dead, to summon all men to the judgment, and to wind up the present dispensation. But I believe that this visible and literal coming of Christ must be preceded and prepared for by his invisible and spiritual coming, and by a resurrection of faith and love in the hearts of his people. "This is the first resurrection." I read in Scripture of a spiritual second coming that precedes the literal, an inward revelation of Christ to his people, a restraining of the powers of darkness, a mighty augmentation of the forces of righteousness, a turning to the Lord of men and nations, such as the world has not yet seen. I believe in a long reign of Christ upon the earth, in which his saints shall in spirit be caught up with him, and shall sit with him upon his throne, even though this muddy vesture of decay compasses them about, and the time of their complete glorification has not yet come. Let us hasten the coming of this day of God by our faith and prayer. "When the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?"

Let him find faith, at least, in us. Our faith can certainly secure the coming of the Lord into our hearts. Let us expect that Christ will be revealed in us, as of old he was revealed in the Apostle Paul.

2. Let us expect great conversions. Let us believe that Christ can and will convert the mightiest and most arbitrary monarch upon earth, so that he shall be willing to give his people civil justice and constitutional liberty. Let us believe that Christ can and will convert the richest man in the world, so that he shall lay all his wealth at the feet of our Redeemer, to educate good citizens and to support missionaries of the Cross. Let us believe that Christ can and will convert the ablest statesman, scholar, journalist, philosopher, novelist, banker, scientist; yes, the greatest opposer of Christianity—infidel, gambler, drunkard, anarchist, murderer, though he be. Was not Saul the bitterest of persecutors? Yet he who would strike others was himself struck. Christ can convince the persecutors of their sin, can show them that he identifies himself with the persecuted, can make the most unrelenting opposers to be apostles of his gospel. Let us expect the conversion of the Jews. Was not Paul a Jew of the strictest sect? And does not this same Paul declare that the conversion of God's ancient people, and their submission to the yoke of their rejected Messiah, is to be the precursor of the world's salvation? As their loss opened the door of hope to the Gentiles, so their recovery is to be the signal for the final bringing in of all the nations. The same Christ who vanquished Saul and led him in his conquering train is able to conquer and lead in triumph the whole

Jewish people, of whom Saul was the stoutest and most brilliant example, and with them to bring in the fulness of the Gentiles. Let us expect the conversion of the heathen, not simply of isolated individuals here and there, but of whole tribes and races and peoples of mankind, so that a nation shall be born in a day. For Christ "has ascended on high, and has led captivity captive. He has received gifts among men, yea, among the rebellious also, that Jehovah God might dwell with them."

3. Let us expect these great conversions by the same means that conquered Saul—the vision of the Crucified and Risen Christ. The Lord is omnipresent. We have methods and machinery and agencies enough. What we lack is the Holy Spirit to utilize these methods, to take of the things of Christ and show them to the world. I am reminded of the burning of the Windsor Hotel in New York. The clerk in the office looked to the end of the corridor, seventy-five feet away, and fire was breaking out there. He turned to put his books in the safe and noticed that in the rear of the building, fifty feet distant, fire appeared also. And there was evidence that on the floor above, at the northern end of the hotel, flames were bursting out at the same time. The only plausible explanation was that the insulation of the electric wires had given out all over the building; short circuits at many separate points had resulted; an overcharge of electricity from the power-house had kindled a dozen fires at once. It is a parable of the sudden winding up that is possible in the history of Christianity upon the earth. The whole world is wired, yet there is no fire. Our lights

burn dim, and sometimes go out altogether. What we want is not new wiring, but the power of the living Christ to electrify these wires to make them live wires, and to turn all this concatenated deadness into flame. Let us cry mightily to God for a new conviction of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment. Then we shall see fire breaking out in many places at once where the preparations have been long and painful. Christ has come to send fire on earth, and he is greatly straitened until it be kindled. Let us enter into his longing and his zeal. Then we shall hear of great revival movements not only in Wales, but in India and China, in Germany and Brazil, in Canada and in the islands of the sea. We Baptists need a new baptism—the baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire. And this he is more willing to bestow than earthly parents are to give good gifts to their children. Finally, then,

4. Let us take the gift of his Spirit here and now. We are gathered from the ends of the earth as the multitude was gathered at Pentecost. This place is more central than was Jerusalem. This tabernacle has witnessed the presence of God as truly as did the temple of old. Why should not a new chapter of the Acts of the Apostles begin with us? Why should we, like Israel, wait on the borders of the Promised Land, thinking ourselves not able to enter in, when the Lord of hosts is with us with all the power of God enabling us to conquer? Why wait for the millennium when Christ is at the doors, and the millennium may begin here and now in our hearts? Let us cease to limit the Holy One of Israel by putting him far away in space or in time. He is not limited to place—where even two

or three are gathered in his name, he is in the midst of them. He is not limited by time. He can cut short his work in righteousness and condense ages into moments. Christ is with us here and now. Let us appropriate to ourselves the words of the One-hundred-and-eighteenth Psalm, the hymn which Jesus sang with his disciples before he went out to the Garden of Gethsemane: "*This* is the day that the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it." He is ready to fulfil his promise and to manifest himself to us at this very hour. If we open our hearts to receive him, he will come to us as truly as he came to Saul, when the dazzling brightness of his countenance outshone the glare of that Eastern sun; and we shall hear the same words which Ezekiel heard when Jehovah rode upon the flashing forms of the cherubim, "Blessed be the glory of the Lord from his place!"

God is in every event; God is in every truth; God is in every place; God is here. And Christ is God. Let us honor him even as we honor the Father, by addressing to him now our prayer. Let us pray:

PRAYER

Lord Jesus, who didst appear to Saul and didst make him thine apostle, manifest thyself to us, we beseech thee. We too are sinners and ill deserving, but thou canst magnify thy grace in us as thou didst in him. Reveal thyself to us as living, exalted, divine; our atoning, indwelling, life-giving Saviour. We would know thee ourselves, that we may make thee known to others. Thou canst make thy messengers winds, and thy ministers a flame of fire. Make us winds to waft thy gospel to every shore, and flames of fire to kindle torches of salvation. Hast thou not bidden us pray for the coming of thy kingdom? Thou didst not refuse to bless the wrestling Jacob, and thou hast not said to the seed of Jacob, Seek ye me in vain. We plead thy promise, Lord. Endow us here and now with thy Holy Spirit. Take to thyself thy great power and subdue the nations. Give us some humble part in thy great work. We have laid our wood upon the altar, but we cannot kindle it. O God of Elijah, send fire from heaven! And not only here, but upon all other altars in all other lands let flames break forth, that in thy name, O Jesus, every knee may bow, and every tongue may confess that thou art Lord, to the glory of God the Father. Amen.

III

A CENTURY OF BAPTIST EFFORT IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK; OUR FATHERS' FAITH AND ITS LESSONS FOR TO-DAY[1]

It is a good thing to go back to the home of one's childhood. The burial places of memory give up their dead. Kind deeds of long-forgotten friends are recalled with grateful tears. In the dismantled room where we once gave ourselves to God we renew our consecration. We give thanks for the past and take courage for the future.

The Baptist Missionary Convention of the State of New York comes back to-day to its birthplace and reviews the events of its early history. No other place than Hamilton could be the proper scene of this meeting, for amid these beautiful surroundings, while yet the wild Indian made his abode not far away, the beginnings of our organization occurred. Let us remember to-day what God has done for us, and let us give ourselves anew to his service.

The present year marks an important epoch in the history of the Baptists of the State of New York. It is our centennial year. We trace the origin of our

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[1] A historical address delivered at the centennial meeting of the Baptist Missionary Convention of the State of New York, Hamilton, N. Y., October 22, 1907.

Missionary Convention back to the year 1807. The completion of a century so marked and wonderful, so small in its beginnings, so great in its results, must not pass without special notice, both for reviving our own faith and for instructing those who are to come after us. I propose, therefore, that we briefly review the history of Baptist effort during the last century and note the sacrifices and achievements of our fathers; then trace the relation of this history to our fathers' faith in the sovereignty and providence of God; and finally make our fathers' faith and our fathers' works an argument and incentive to like faith and like works on our own part to-day.

In describing the work of the pioneers, I should lack a large part of my material if it were not for the help given me by our secretary, Rev. H. W. Barnes, who with this session rounds out his twenty-first year of faithful service; and also for the careful researches of Charles Wesley Brooks, who for thirty-eight years has been the honored and successful district missionary of this Convention. His book, "A Century of Baptist Missions in the Empire State," issued by the American Baptist Publication Society, is an invaluable repertory of facts which, but for his diligence and public spirit, might have passed into oblivion. I only quote from his record when I say that "On August 27, 1807, in view of the increasing population of the country, their indigent circumstances and spiritual wants, and the multiplied calls for ministerial labor, a number of Baptist Christians met at Pompey, Onondaga County, at the house of Elder Nathan Baker, to consider the propriety of forming a society for the prosecution of missionary enterprise in the destitute regions around."

Let me add the further statement of Brother Brooks that at this same meeting a constitution was adopted, and that twenty persons became members by the payment of one dollar each. It was like the formation of the English Baptist Missionary Society just fifteen years before, when twelve village pastors met in a back parlor at Kettering, in Northamptonshire, and contributed thirteen pounds two shillings and six pence for the conversion of the world. Thus our State missionary work, beginning in 1807, antedated our American Baptist Missionary Union by seven years, our Publication Society by seventeen, and our Home Mission Society by twenty-five.

It was a small beginning, but let us see what came of it. The name chosen was "The Lake Baptist Missionary Society." It was intended to benefit "the lake country," meaning thereby the territory about the parallel lakes of central and western New York. The society represented churches from the Otsego and Cayuga Associations. But its organization was not yet complete. It had still to elect officers. And it was here in Hamilton, at the house of Elisha Payne, on October 28, 1807, just one hundred years ago, that Elder Ashbel Hosmer was chosen as president, Bro. Jonathan Olmstead as treasurer, together with eleven directors, of whom four were ordained ministers and seven were laymen. This village has been highly honored of God, for out of that humble endeavor to do missionary work have grown the university and the seminary—educational institutions whose influence for good has been mighty throughout the land and in all the world. It was only a recognition of the dominance of Hamilton in the counsels of the time when, in 1808, the name of the society was changed to "The Hamilton Baptist Missionary Society."

The thoughts of our fathers widened with the process of the suns. There was one more stage in the history, and one more change of name. In 1825, eighteen years after its formation, the society was merged in "The Baptist Missionary Convention of the State of New York," and thenceforth bore that name. The Convention had been organized at Throopsville, Cayuga County, in 1821, by delegates duly appointed by the Otsego, Oneida, Madison, Franklin, and Cayuga Associations. It had appointed Elon Galusha, Elkanah Comstock, and John G. Stearns as its first missionaries. But it was felt that missionary effort in the State ought not to be divided. The newer society was drawn toward the older, and the old gave up its name to unite with the new. It is one of the signs, in this history of beginnings, that the impulse to carry the gospel to those who had not heard it was springing up in many hearts and was leading them to united prayer and endeavor.

In 1824, at Elbridge, Rev. Spencer H. Cone, of New York City, preached the annual sermon before the Convention—the first recorded instance of the presence of a New York City pastor at one of the State missionary meetings. New York City has done wonders for the State since that day in furnishing to the Convention such presidents as Edward Bright, who served during the ten years, 1874-1884, and John

B. Calvert, who has just reached his majority by completing the twenty-first year of his service, and whom we hope to keep as our president for the rest of his natural life. It is a unique and noble record that Doctor Calvert has made, since in 1886 he took upon him the grave responsibility of leadership. Were it not for his presence with us to-day I would enlarge upon the debt we owe him. But I cannot forbear to speak of the services of Dr. Edward Bright, whose ten years of office marked an epoch in our history. Doctor Bright will be remembered in the future as the unifier of our Baptist denomination in the United States. To a clear conception of our principles he added wisdom and vigor in their enunciation. He stood for the interdependence as well as the independence of our churches, and no account of the last century would be complete that did not give due praise to one who illustrated his doctrine by great personal labor and sacrifice in the interest of the Baptist Missionary Convention of the State of New York.

We shall not appreciate the work our fathers did unless we remember the circumstances under which they labored. The Revolutionary War had been prosecuted to a successful conclusion by colonies bordering upon the Atlantic, and numbering no more than three millions of souls. New England had been taken from Indian domination and had become sparsely settled. Immigration had made its way up the James River, the Potomac, and the Hudson, and small towns had risen on their banks. But the vast region west of the Hudson was almost a wilderness.

Roads were few. The ox-cart served for freight, and horseback for the passenger. Just a century ago the first steamboat was launched on the Hudson River. The Erie Canal was not begun till 1817, and it was not completed till 1825, when a succession of cannon-shots telegraphed the news in one hour and twenty minutes from Albany to Buffalo. The first railroad was opened from Albany to Schenectady in 1831, and continuous communication with Buffalo by rail dates back to 1842. The Erie Railroad was built during the years 1835-1851. While one hundred years ago there was not a single railroad, there are now in the State of New York over eight thousand miles of railroad, with tracks aggregating more than sixteen thousand miles in length.

The founders of our Missionary Convention had no such means of easy travel at their hand. When they sought the lost sheep in the wilderness, they were obliged to ford streams, make their way through pathless forests, lie all night under the open sky, with the baying of wolves to enliven the solitude. They were no strangers to hunger and to cold. Some of them lost health and even life by their sufferings. But they were a stalwart race and accustomed to hardship. They preached in log huts and in barns; they turned even saddles and stumps into pulpits. They refreshed themselves by the recounting of religious experiences. Their reward was in witnessing the ecstatic joy of some destitute people at being visited by a minister of the gospel; in holding out to some sinner the offer of pardon through a crucified Saviour; and in burying beneath the waters of the inland lake some penitent believer who desired to put on Christ by baptism.

Our fathers "builded better than they knew; themselves from God they could not free." In carving out these new ways through the forests, they were leading the march of civilization as well as of religion. Their evangelistic expeditions diffused information about the new country among New England Baptists, and induced them to come West and settle. The liberal offers of free land for schools and churches, which were made by Phelps and Gorham, also drew Baptists westward of Seneca Lake to the territory of the "Holland Purchase." The Erie Canal and the railroads followed the footsteps of the evangelists, and attracted people to the towns and villages along the way. Hamlets became villages, and villages in time became cities. The little knots of converts which the missionary had gathered became churches, and the churches built meeting-houses. Nearly all the Baptist churches along the line of our New York Central and our Erie Railroads were at one time or another fostered by this State Convention. The Convention has aided the churches of Albany, Albion, Amsterdam, Attica, Batavia, Binghamton, Booneville, Brockport, Buffalo, Canandaigua, Cazenovia, Cohoes, Cooperstown, Corning, Despatch, Dunkirk, Elbridge, Elmira, Fairport, Fonda, Fredonia, Geneva, Glens Falls, Gloversville, Gouverneur, Hornellsville, Ithaca, Jamestown, Johnstown, Little Falls, Lockport, Lowville, Medina, Middletown, Ogdensburg, Olean, Oneida, Oswego, Owego, Palmyra, Penn Yan, Port Jervis, Rochester, Schenectady, Syracuse, Tarrytown, Tonawanda, Troy,

Utica, Waterloo, Watertown, Wellsville, and many others, not perhaps so large or so known to fame, which have been nourished in their infancy and weakness, till they became self-supporting and helpful to others.

Our Baptist success in those early days was gained in spite of serious opposition. Congregationalism was originally the established religion of Massachusetts, as Episcopacy was the established religion of Virginia. In New York the Dutch Reformed Church at first reigned supreme, but in 1664 the English Church took its place. At the beginning of the last century civil independence had led to religious independence in nearly all the States, though the lingering relics of proscription were not swept away in Connecticut till 1818, nor in Massachusetts till 1833. In New York the year 1807 was a year of freedom, so far as legal disabilities were concerned. But the social influence of the old establishments still remained. Baptists were no longer outlawed, but they were under a social ban. Scriptural views of regeneration and of baptism were thought fanatical. We had but one college, Brown University, and its influence was as yet hardly felt outside of New England. Our preachers were mostly unlearned men, with only natural gifts and the teaching of the Spirit to guide them. But they were mighty in the Scriptures, and when they reasoned of righteousness, and self-control, and the judgment to come, men were terrified like Felix of old, and not a few cried out: " What must we do to be saved? "

Before the last century began, Baptists had secured a foothold in New England. Providence and Boston had comparatively strong churches. But Oyster Bay, on Long Island, had fame long before President Roosevelt's time, as the seat of the first Baptist church organized in the State of New York. This was in the year 1724. Fishkill followed in 1745, and Amenia in 1751. New York City had no Baptist church until 1762. The first body of baptized believers west of the Hudson River was constituted at Butternuts, Otsego County, in 1773. Before the Revolution there appear to have been no more than twelve or thirteen churches of our faith in the State of New York. In 1807, to which date we trace back the history of our Convention, these churches had increased in number to one hundred and seventy, with eighty-four ordained ministers, and less than ten thousand members. But to-day, and largely through the influence exerted by this same Convention, these one hundred and seventy churches have become nine hundred and thirty-four; these eighty-four ordained ministers have become nine hundred and eighty-five; these ten thousand members have become one hundred and sixty-four thousand seven hundred and seventeen. Population during the century has increased from eight hundred thousand to seven million five hundred thousand, or ninefold; our church-membership has increased more than sixteenfold. This is the record of what our fathers did in the brave days of old. Let us pause for a moment and in our hearts do honor to their memory.

I come now to the second part of this review. I would trace the relation of the history to our fathers' faith in the sovereignty and providence of God. The hand of God was manifest in what they did. They did not anticipate the future as it is now disclosed to us. No one of them was a prophet. It was long after their time that Whittier wrote:

> I hear the tread of pioneers,
> Of nations yet to be;
> The first low wash of waves, where soon
> Shall roll a human sea.

They were only humble men who sought to do their duty to God and to their generation. Their spirit was illustrated by Samuel Payne, one of the first to penetrate the unbroken wilderness. In 1794 his axe struck the first blow into one of the trees of the standing forest where now is situated this village of Hamilton. After that first blow he knelt and prayed that there might be a Baptist church in the town. The church was organized only two years after, and the farm of one hundred and twenty-three acres was given as the site of an educational institution, which became Madison University. In 1802 Lemuel Covell and Obed Warren, missionaries, pushed as far west as Buffalo, which is described as at that time "a small village at the mouth of a creek of that name, just at the foot of Lake Erie, having no stated meetings for religious worship, nor any religious society formed." In 1806 Roswell Burrows visited not only Buffalo, but also Batavia and Fredonia, and many of the Tuscarora Indians were converted. In 1807 our regular Convention work began, the first missionary receiving four dollars a week salary. In 1808 Nathaniel Kendrick and Clark Kendrick, missionaries, traveled eighty-five days and one thousand two hundred and eighty miles, preaching sixty-two sermons. In 1810 John Peck gave five weeks to missionary effort, traveling five hundred and fifty miles and preaching thirty-six sermons. At the end of the first decade the two Associations had increased to eighteen, with three hundred and ten churches, two hundred and thirty ministers, and twenty-eight thousand members. The Hamilton Education Society had been formed, with Haskell and Kendrick leaders, and with Wade and Kincaid among its students.

Three things were characteristic of these early laborers: Their self-sacrificing devotion, their genuine Christian experience, and their thoroughly evangelical doctrine. Their devotion was the result of their experience, and their experience was the result of their doctrine. I have selected three representative missionaries of those old times to illustrate respectively these three elements in the work which our fathers did. Let them tell us in their own words what they did, what they felt, and what they believed. As a notable illustration of their devotion, let us listen to Elder John Peck. He reports to the Convention as follows:

> DEAR BRETHREN: Agreeably to the appointment I received of you, I left my family and the dear people of my charge June 5, 1810, and set out on my tour to the West. I preached at different places until I arrived at Elder Irish's, in Aurelius, and received much instruction, both as to the country and people where I was going. Next day rode to Phelps; and the next day being Lord's Day preached to a crowded and solemn assembly. . . From thence I pursued my journey, and preached in Gorham, Palmyra, Bloomfield, and Livonia. In Avon I called on Elder William Furman, that aged father in the gospel. . . I parted with him and rode to Batavia—preached in the evening at the courthouse. Next morning visited the prisoners; tried to pray with them; some of them

appeared much affected. After receiving their thanks for my visit, I parted with them. I then calculated to go directly to Buffalo, and rode thirteen miles. As I got through the eight-mile woods, I came out to a little settlement of three families, and by their request I preached a sermon to them, and I believe the Lord was present. I had the whole settlement together and one traveler, which made ten souls, and they all seemed to listen as for eternity. I then rode five miles, and providentially put up with a Baptist brother for the night, and by request preached next morning to a solemn assembly. I thought then to pursue my journey and took leave of the family, leaving them in tears.

But half a mile from that place a number of the neighbors had collected together, and they solicited me to tarry longer. Of the number, two women desired to go forward in the ordinance of baptism. I thought truly the Lord had more work for me here. I consented to spend the next Lord's Day with them and to preach to them on Saturday at ten o'clock; then rode six miles to a new settlement and found two brethren and a few sisters. They had agreed to meet each Lord's Day for the worship of God; they seemed to rejoice to see me come to visit them in their lonely situation; there had been but one sermon preached in the place by a Baptist. The next day the settlement came together and I tried to preach to them. It was a comfortable season to my soul, and it appeared to be to others. The next day returned to the aforementioned appointment. After the meeting closed, the two women before mentioned and a young man came forward and related what the Lord had done for their souls. After this I requested that if any had anything on their minds to communicate they would embrace the opportunity. I think there were upward of a dozen that spoke, the most of them being Baptist professors. The season was glorious, and it seemed that the Lord was there in very deed. Lord's Day I preached to the people in a grove, there being no house sufficiently large to hold them. At the close I baptized three persons, the first that were baptized in this part of the country. It was a solemn scene, and saints and sinners were alike affected.

June 25 rode to Buffalo, and at the desire of the people preached in the courthouse. On Monday returned to Eighteen Mile Creek. Every meeting appeared to be attended with some token of divine approbation. The people, notwithstanding the busy season of the year and the roughness of the roads, would travel, some even ten miles, on foot to hear the word of God proclaimed by such a feeble instrument. On Thursday returned to Buffalo and preached to a solemn assembly; then rode to Clarence, and on Saturday met with the brethren in conference. They related their Christian experience, conversed on articles of faith, practice, and a covenant, and there was a happy agreement (in organizing a church). Then five persons came forward and related what the Lord had done for their souls, and wished to be baptized. It was a joyful time. Lord's Day, July 8, preached to a crowded assembly, some of whom came from a distance of twenty miles. One man came forty miles for the purpose of attending the meeting. In the afternoon I preached to the youth, and a more solemn attention I never witnessed. At the close we repaired to the water, three miles distant, where I baptized five persons. Twenty-one persons covenanted to maintain the worship of God. What a beautiful sight in this wilderness! I took an affectionate leave of them, not expecting to see them again. Many tears were shed. Oh, how my soul felt to leave them! a little handful of brethren and sisters, like sheep without a shepherd in this wilderness; some of them living ten miles apart, and no one to go before them as an under-shepherd. This passage of truth, however, comforted me: "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom." I thought I could leave them in the hands of Him that hath said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Another missionary of this Convention, Alfred Bennett, illustrates the nature of the Christian experience which led to these efforts in behalf of the destitute. In his nineteenth year, after a heedless and volatile youth, a revival sprang up in the town where he lived, and the terrors of the law got hold of him. He gave up all hope of mercy. He thought himself lost, yet he counted God just in condemning him.

Thus I went forth to my labor (he says), an object of the deepest self-detestation, not wondering that God should hate me, for I hated myself. I thought the very trees on the roadside scowled and lowered at me. The grass seemed to grudge my touch as I walked. Nature appeared as if at war with me on account of my wickedness. My burden seemed to weigh a ton, and I was sinking gradually down, down, down to the pit without a bottom. But suddenly the strings seemed to break, and it slid off my burdened soul; and, wonderful to relate, starting up I found, as it appeared to me, all nature was changed and I was in a new world. The sun shone with a splendor of which I had before no conception. The trees, waving in beauty, had not begrudged me existence, nor the grass; they were only praising their Maker and acting up to their nature and being. Some passages of Scripture also came sweetly into my mind, such as these: "He was made sin for us who know no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." "He bore our sins in his own body on the tree." And something whispered sweetly to my soul, "This is the way God saves sinners; Jesus Christ died for them."

My soul melted and became like water. I said: "O blessed Jesus, thou art altogether lovely! Is it possible that thou canst have mercy on such a rebellious, sinful worm?" And while considering the love of God and the plan of salvation revealed by the Lord Jesus Christ, my soul was lifted above the world; I laid down my implements of husbandry, for it seemed to me I would not have stooped down to pick up the world. I was overwhelmed with joy, and said: "Oh, that I could make the world hear! How I would tell them about Jesus Christ dying for sinners!" I immediately went to the nearest house, not doubting that they would believe me when I told them what was to me manifest of the glory of God. But they seemed alarmed. The woman asked me a question which led me to suppose she thought the change was in me, for up to this time I had conceived that it was in the real appearance of the world; and I said, "What if it be true that this change is only in me, and this prove all delusion now?" Still, thought I, it is a happy delusion, and I cannot give it up yet. I left and went to my father's, where I found some congenial spirits who understood the real import of such language. From thence I spent the day most happily from house to house, in company with converts. I loved God; I loved the Saviour; and it was the high purpose of my soul to live for his glory.

In this resolution I was firmly settled. For why should I transgress the law of God again? Why not live to please him; then die to praise him? Sin seemed too degrading to be thought of by such a favored one, as it now appeared I had been. With this happy frame of mind, I took my place in social worship, exhorting the godly to hold fast their profession without wavering, and sinners to repent and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. In him there seemed a glorious fulness; he was able to save to the uttermost all that came to God by him.

Alfred Bennett united with the Baptist church in Homer. He had strong convictions that he ought to preach the gospel. But his lack of education and his natural modesty deterred him. For two years he struggled against duty, until his health gave way, and he became haggard and emaciated with mental suffering. The words rang continually in his ears, " With whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? " At last he yielded, and preached at a morning service of the church. But the fear of man made his effort a failure. In the afternoon he cast himself upon God and preached again. " I had not proceeded far," he says, " when light broke in upon my mind, astonishing my whole soul, as the sun would break forth in its full-orbed glory on the slumbering darkness of midnight. My heart was in sweet composure, overflowing with joy. I preached and wept; the people wept and listened. I only wondered we had never seen such beauty before in the Saviour and in the gospel; and before I closed I thought, if my brethren would let me, I would preach as long as I lived." So Alfred Bennett became first a pastor and then a missionary, whose work and influence were far-reaching throughout this Empire State.

The devotion of John Peck and the experience of Alfred Bennett were well supplemented by the doctrine of Nathaniel Kendrick. Let us take it as a type of the faith which made possible the early triumphs of our denomination. It was a doctrine of sin and of salvation; of the sovereignty and providence of God. It magnified God's grace in the gift of Christ and in regeneration by his Spirit. I quote a few sentences from a sermon of Nathaniel Kendrick, in his early life a missionary of this Convention, but for twenty-seven years professor of theology at Hamilton. He was a mighty man in his day. Six feet four inches in height, he was as modest as he was tall, and he saw no reason for the choice of his brethren but that one which determined Israel to choose Saul for their king. His brethren thought differently, and esteemed him their leader and guide in all matters of doctrine. His voice comes down to us from that almost-forgotten past, certifying to us the truth that made our fathers great. And these are his words:

> The intellectual and moral powers of the people of God are entirely inadequate to the work to which they are called. Engaged in a conflict with their own depravity, the temptations of the world, and the powers of darkness, they become when left to themselves an easy prey to all or any of these opposing forces. Their love to their Saviour is imperfect, and their faith feeble. They know not how to withstand the withering influences of the world, nor to keep alive in their hearts the graces of the Spirit. Innumerable finite agents,

human and angelic, are constantly engaged in multiplying the obstacles to a religious life, and in rendering the godly as inefficient as possible in the divine service.

In these circumstances, while conscious of their entire inability to sustain themselves, and to make sure their own calling and salvation, they find themselves charged with the most arduous duties. God has made them prominent instruments in his plan for pulling down the strongholds of darkness, and bringing the nations of the earth into subjugation and obedience to the Cross. Utterly unable to accomplish the least, they are yet required to perform the greatest work which can be devolved upon finite beings. While they cannot, in their own strength, subdue the weakest enemy in all the ranks of sin; nay, while they cannot, unaided, subdue or sustain even themselves, they are required to raise against a revolting world the standard of the Cross, and to aim at no less than extending through the whole earth the redeeming influence of the gospel.

Nowhere else in the universe has a work so mighty, so vast, so glorious in its results as that assigned to the saints, of building up the kingdom of Christ, been committed to instrumentalities so feeble. Yet has none been undertaken with greater assurance of success. True, in this work the greatest apostle was accounted weak, and all instrumentalities, in themselves, are wholly powerless. Yet God has pervaded their labors with his omnipotence, and his unseen arm and agency give them efficiency. Neither he that planteth is anything, nor he that watereth; yet is the seed not sown and nurtured in vain, for God giveth the increase. "We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of man." The more the servants of God are absorbed in this service, and the more success attends their efforts, the more they are sensible that the good which is accomplished is owing, not to their own power or piety, but to the energy of the divine Spirit. Their language is: "Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and thy truth's sake!" In view of the fulness and efficiency of divine mercy imparted through the Saviour and the Holy Spirit, they feel that human instrumentalities have no claim to any share in the honors of this mighty work, but that all is to be referred to

> the power, and purpose, and agency of God. They not only acknowledge, but delight in this fact. They glory in their own weakness, that thereby the power of Christ may be magnified. They find, and will ever find, their highest happiness in recognizing themselves as the humble yet honored instruments by which Jehovah accomplishes his own purposes of grace, and achieves his glorious victory over the embattled legions of sin and hell.

This is a historical address, and I have thought nothing so fitting to my purpose as to let these founders of our institutions speak to us their own words. Old-fashioned as they are, their utterances waken in us long-slumbering convictions, and show us the path of duty for to-day. We have seen what our fathers did, and we have seen the hand of God in what they did. May we not make our fathers' faith and our fathers' words an incentive to like faith and works to-day? Do we not feel, as we hear these voices from the past, that our fathers had a deeper sense of their dependence than we have, more humility in view of their sins, a clearer vision of the Crucified, a stronger love for Christ, greater compassion for the lost, more willingness to endure hardship and suffering, if only men might be won to the service of the Redeemer? Do we see that thorn-crowned brow and those pierced hands and feet as they did? Have we their experience of a forgiving, and then of a giving God? Is our preaching as directly evangelical? Doctor Ryland said once that "no sermon was of any value which had not the three R's in it: Ruin by the fall; Redemption by Christ; Regeneration by the Holy Spirit." Even this slight review of our past history should lead us to examine ourselves whether we are in the faith. The achievements of the pioneers were the result of their experience, and their experience was due to their doctrine. I do not mean by their doctrine an abstract creed. I do mean the truth with regard to sin and salvation, taken into the heart and life, and working itself out in practical efforts for others. We have much preaching of ethics and of sociology in our day, and this is well, if it is the corollary and application of the gospel of Christ crucified. But if it is a substitute for the Cross, then it is only a satanic device to hide the real Saviour and to ruin men's souls. Doctrine without duty is, indeed, a tree without fruits. But it is also true that duty without doctrine is a tree without roots.

This review of the past should lead us not only to a new assertion of the principles for which our fathers labored and suffered, but it should also stimulate us to do our own work with a vigor and cheer far exceeding theirs. Other men labored and we have entered into their labors. But they did not labor in order that we might fold our hands and do nothing. There is a far greater call to us than ever came to them. The population of the Empire State is nine times as great to-day as it was when this Convention was formed. Not simply a few dying tribes of Indians and a few scattered hamlets of settlers demand our interest and sympathy, but a vast horde of immigrants from every nation under heaven. Our great cities are full of Italians and Poles, who must be taught our American ways of liberty and law if they are not to be a perpetual menace to the republic. It is a task compared with which the taming of leviathan in the waters of the Nile is but child's play. America has taken into her capacious maw most heterogeneous pabulum; if she fails to digest and assimilate it, she will die of colic. And the only effective agency of democracy and civilization is the simple gospel of Jesus Christ. That will turn these incoming millions into good citizens; nay, will make them added elements of vigor and intelligence.

But the country districts must not be neglected, for they are our chief sources of supply. Our recruits for the ministry come far more largely from the country churches than from those of the city. Bunyan and Chalmers and Carey and Moffat and Livingstone and Spurgeon and Paton all came from country towns in Great Britain; Judson and Beecher and Finney and Moody and Clough came from country towns in America. Our able and efficient laymen to a large extent were once country boys. In any great Christian congregation ask those to rise who were born and bred in the country, and you find that a considerable majority respond to your request. Is it not important to keep these sources of supply copious and pure? When the foreigner, with his lax ideas of government and of social morality, threatens to corrupt if not to swamp our native population, let us make sure that we convert him in season. The city of New York is now providing for its future water supply by appropriating vast tracts ninety miles away, and by turning whole plains and valleys into a gigantic reservoir. If we value the safety of our city churches and their influence throughout the world, let us strengthen the weak churches in country places. God has honored them in their hard fight for existence; let us honor them also.

How little we know of the future! I am reminded that this year 1907 marks the close of a second as well as of a first century. In 1707, just two hundred years ago, the Philadelphia Association was formed, with five churches for its membership. In that day they undertook missions to the Indians, but their thoughts did not take in the millions who were to take the hunting-grounds of the Indians for their own. In 1807 our Convention virtually began to be, though with a different name, and the American Indians were only a part of the objects of its missionary activity. If the fathers had forecast the future, would they not have shouted for joy as they saw what were to be the fruits of their labors in these many great and flourishing churches of Christ, and the missionaries they have sent out into all the world? Surely the little one has become a thousand! The faith that was as a grain of mustard seed has removed mountains, and obstacles of prejudice and opposition have been broken down. But God was not nearer to his people in those days than he is now. To-day is as full of God as was yesterday. God is the same to each individual man of us as he was to our fathers. If we will have the same trust in him, we may win greater victories than were ever won in the past. " Call unto me," he says, " and I will answer thee, and will show thee great and mighty things that thou knowest not."

When we think of the strategic importance of this State, with its great metropolis opening its arms to the world and dominating the country, with its arteries of commerce by water and by land, with its wealth to initiate and to support Christian enterprise at home and abroad, with its one hundred and sixty-four thousand Baptists still faithful to the teachings of Christ, we ought to attempt not only great things for God, but to expect great things from him. The growth of our churches in the past has been due to missions. As they have given to others, God has made them to prosper. There is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and we have increased by scattering our efforts so as to reach the destitute. It is the law of the kingdom of God. He that saveth his life shall lose it. The Abolitionists used to say that the North must win because God was God. We say that our cause must win for the same reason. We have his truth on our side. But we ourselves need to be on his side also, buttressing up his truth by our own personality. Peter's confession and Peter's personality together made him the rock upon which the church is founded, and against which the gates of hell shall not prevail.

We enter upon another century, the end of which no one of us can foretell. But we trust this Convention in the hands of One in whose interest it was founded, who has prospered it thus far, and who has promised that he will not leave it nor forsake it. We have not only a present God, but an infinite God, able to do for us exceeding abundantly, above all that we ask or think.

As our fathers trusted in him, so let us trust him. But with our wider view of his ability and of his goodness, it becomes us to have a larger faith than they had. The purposes of God are ripening fast. The consummation of all things is nearer. The divine evolution is drawing near its goal. " This is the day that the Lord hath made: let us rejoice and be glad in it."

It is Christ himself who assures us, " Greater things than these shall ye see." With him is " the residue of the Spirit," and there is ever " more to follow." Let us put our hand to the work with a new conviction that " our labor is not in vain in the Lord."

Before the year 1492 the legend stamped with the pillars of Hercules upon the old coins of Spain was "*Ne Plus Ultra*"—" Nothing beyond." But when Columbus discovered America, and vast new possessions were added to the Spanish crown, the legend was changed to "*Plus Ultra*"—" More beyond." Let this be the motto of our Baptist Missionary Convention of the State of New York for the second century of its history. " More beyond " of effort and struggle and trial for the faithful followers of Christ; " More beyond " of mercy and grace and power from our living and present Lord; " More beyond " of conquest for the truth, and surrender of sinners to the Saviour; " More beyond " of honor and glory to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.

I do not know whether this new century is to be the last of the present dispensation, or whether the second coming of Christ is to be still further delayed. But I do know that the Lord will come to us, individually, before the century ends, and that it becomes us to work while it is day. If we are always ready, then we shall be ready when Jesus comes. And there is no way to be ready but by being steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. Blessed are those servants whom the Lord, when he cometh, shall find so doing. As they have been faithful over a few things, he will make them rulers over many things, and one hour of the Master's joy will repay them for a whole century of toil and obloquy and suffering. When I remember that before this new century shall end, each one before me will have passed to his account, I am impelled to plead with you to make this day, this hour, this moment the occasion of a new consecration to him who is the King of the ages, the Head of the Church, the Source of all power, the Rewarder of all faithful service. So shall this centennial not be in vain. He will make it a stepping-stone in the progress of his kingdom. God, even our own God, will bless us; God will bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

IV

OUR ENRICHMENT FROM YESTERDAYS[1]

We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, what work thou didst in the days of old. . . For they got not the land in possession by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them: but thy right hand, and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance, because thou hadst a favor unto them. Thou art my King, O God: command deliverances for Jacob (Ps. 44: 1, 3, 4).

No one knows who wrote this psalm, or what particular exigency occasioned its composition. It has been referred to periods as far apart as the time of David and the time of the Maccabees. Only one thing is certain: the psalm is intensely and characteristically Hebrew; the Israelitish spirit throbs in every line; it recounts the achievements of the past with a patriotic pride which surpasses Homer's praises of the Greeks, or Virgil's celebration of Rome.

The Jews furnish us with the first and the most impressive illustration of a national consciousness. The passage through the Red Sea was the birth of a nation, and Israel is a nation still, though we see a people without a land, and a land without a people. Exile and persecution have only knit together more closely a race in which individualism and love of gain greatly tend to segregation. We could not explain this unique national consciousness of the Jews, if we did not know of another consciousness which underlay it, namely, their consciousness of God.

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[1] A sermon preached at the seventy-fifth anniversary of the First Baptist Church of Cleveland, Ohio, on Sunday morning, February 16, 1908.

The Hebrew conviction that God was the founder of their nation, the Guide of their history, the Author of their triumphs, makes the psalms to be hymns of religious faith as well as of patriotic exultation. In spite of all their apostasies, no people of old was so sensible of the presence of God, not only in the natural world, but also in the affairs of daily life. Other nations had their heroes—the hero of the Jews was Jehovah. Other nations wrote epics and praise of their founders—the Jews gave all glory to God. The Roman army by Lake Regillus attributed victory to two mysterious horsemen, who on white horses led the charge; but Israel believed that the Lord Most High was their Captain in every battle. They perpetuated the memory of the past because every victory was due to God, not to their own strength. The psalmist only obeys the ancient command: "That thou mayest tell in the ears of thy son and of thy son's son, what things I have wrought in Egypt, and my signs which I have done among them, that ye may know that I am the Lord."

If the Jewish church had this consciousness of God, the Christian church has it more vividly and more profoundly. If the Jews could look upon the successes of the past as a token of God's presence among them, much more can we see God's hand in the events of our history. And if they could see in faithfulness to Jehovah the only pledge of national continuance, we too can, with even better reason, cast ourselves upon God for the future. And so I take my text as a fit introduction to a sermon that is semihistorical and semihortatory. This First Baptist Church owes its origin to God's appointment; he has led it through all the years of its existence; his presence and power are the guarantee of its savory influence in time to come. The present year marks an important epoch in its career. Three-quarters of a century have passed since it was constituted, and not a single one of its original members now survives to meet with us and to tell his story. We ourselves must take their place and preserve the memory of the past. This seventy-fifth anniversary must not go without special notice, for the sake of reviving our own faith and of instructing those who are to come after us. We, even more than the Jews of old, need to give glory to God for the way in which he has led us; for the noble men he has raised up to serve us, and for the church which we have vowed ourselves to serve. We shall be only following the example of holy men of old, and acting out the spirit of our psalm, if we look back to the yesterdays, and from them draw material for the enrichment of the present and for the improvement of the future.

In the admirable "Historical Sketch," by Miss Mary E. Adams, prepared five years ago, the church's history has been very properly divided into three periods—periods marked by the occupation of three separate places of worship: the first on the corner of Seneca and Champlain streets; the second on the corner of Euclid and Erie; and the third, the present site, on the corner of Prospect and Kennard. "This division," as Miss Adams remarks, "is not merely convenient;

it is also significant of successive stages of development. The first period was characterized by simplicity, when the infant church was struggling to make its influence felt in the village; the second period was characterized by the vigor of a stalwart youth—it was ready to do the work at home in the center of a growing city, and it was in close sympathy with the foreign-missionary movement that was then extending its labors to fields abroad; the third period marks the beginning of its history as an uptown church whose first generation has passed away."

I cannot go back in this retrospect to the beginnings of the church, when seventy-five years ago, on a calm, bright Sabbath Day in midwinter, a little company of Baptists in the village of Cleveland stood on a bank overlooking the blue waters of Lake Erie, to witness the ordinance of baptism on the waterside before them. This first open expression of their intention to form a Baptist church was speedily followed by the organization which exists to this day. It has had fourteen pastors, whose average term of service has been between five and six years; though some of the earliest terms were numbered not by years, but by months. The general average is rendered so large by the notable pastorate of Dr. Seymour W. Adams, my immediate predecessor, who served this church in that high office for seventeen years and ten months.

Doctor Adams had passed away nearly a twelvemonth when I began my pastorate in 1865, now forty-three years ago. I was deeply impressed when I came among you by the love and loyalty of the church to his memory. He was a model pastor. His sympathy and tactfulness, always winning, but never obtrusive; his perfect sincerity and excellent judgment; his faithfulness to Christian truth, yet his habit of speaking the truth in love, commanded the respect and admiration of this whole community. He lived the gospel which he preached, and he wrought his life into the life of the church. I have seen many churches in my day, but I have never seen a better church than this church was. It had the rich and the poor, but there was no arrogance and no envy. There was a great number of middle-class people, fairly cultivated and well-to-do, harmonious and mixing freely with one another, all bound together by their common love for Christ and his cause. The children came to church with their parents, and it was a moving spectacle to see every pew filled with reverent and attentive worshipers. The meetings for prayer had seldom less than two hundred present, and though I never once in all the seven years of my pastorate called on any member to take part either in prayer or in remark, it was the universal confession that no time was ever left to run to waste. Intelligent, fervent, and often touching participation characterized almost every meeting of those seven years.

There were three deacons who would have made the fortune of any church—Dea. Moses White, Dea. Benjamin Rouse, and Dea. William T. Smith. Father White was the gentle, conciliatory, seraphic deacon. His prayers, with their recognition of God's declarative glory in Jesus Christ, were a perpetual benediction; he was our Apostle John. Father Rouse was the fiery, impulsive, energetic deacon, always wanting something to be done; he was our Apostle Peter. Father Smith was our sharp-sighted, sensible, practical deacon, always wanting right things to be done in the right way; he was our Apostle James. No one ever enjoyed good preaching more than Brother Smith. It was almost dangerous for the pastor to make a good point in his sermon, for Deacon Smith would smile so broadly that it was hard for the pastor to refrain from reflecting that smile on his own countenance. All the children loved William T. Smith, for he had a loving heart back of the smile and the kind word he always gave them.

All these three good men left representatives in the church when they left it. Moses White left his son-in-law, Judge Bishop, one of the most loyal and able supporters that any pastor ever knew; one of the most hospitable and generous of men. It was he who bought the property on the corner of Euclid and Erie streets, and held it for the church till the church could pay for it. His house was a refuge for the distressed, and his family, now so decimated and scattered, was as bright and joyful a company as the world could show. Benjamin Rouse, with that wonderful wife of his, whose work in our Civil War is one of the glories of Cleveland, left to us his sons, Frank Rouse and Edwin Rouse, the first superintending with amazing fervor and efficiency the great mission school that grew into the Cottage Baptist Church, and the second leading the choir for many a long year in its service of sacred song. And William T. Smith has left to us still his son Charles, and his son-in-law Henry A. Sherwin, whose character and work I forbear to praise, because in God's good providence they are still with us, and their modesty puts a seal upon my lips.

There were other laymen, not all of them deacons—Bernard and Clarke and Crum and Dunham and Hyde and King and Myers and Parker and Prentiss and Rabon and Ranney and Seaman and Taylor. Of them all I should like to speak, but I must confine myself to only two, Stillman Witt and James M. Hoyt. Mr. Witt was our wealthiest member, but his modest stillness and humility would never have permitted you to know it. In every church enterprise he made up for lack of words by generosity of deeds. It was he who furnished the means for reconstructing our second church home, of purchasing the organ, and of putting up the spire. He was a man of large heart. He led the way in providing a house for his pastor to live in, and many gifts to the poor and suffering of the church showed his affection for the people of God. The beautiful chapel of this church is a memorial, fitting and costly, of his granddaughter, Idaka Eells, and of her sorrowful and early death.

I have often thought that the greatest blessing God gave to this church during my term of service was the presence and influence in it of James M. Hoyt. He was known in the community by his prominence in the legal profession, by his public spirit in the management of real estate, by his social gifts, his natural eloquence, and his Christian character. He was by nature a peacemaker. If any matter of business or of discipline threatened to divide the church into parties, the tactful and loving words of Brother Hoyt assuaged controversy and brought about a hearty agreement. He was the pastor's very right hand, informing, planning, executing. He was liberal to a fault, sensitive to the least breath prejudicial to the church's interest, eager in his outlook for the church's future. The ground on which this building stands was generously consecrated to God and to the service of his church by his far-seeing wisdom. He was a wide reader, a lover of science and of philosophy, a writer and lay-preacher of no mean rank, and for a whole year before my coming as pastor the church was held together and was prospered by his faithful ministrations in the pulpit and in the meetings for prayer.

I have called Bro. James M. Hoyt a peacemaker. I am reminded that in 1865 the relations between the Baptist churches of the city were not so amicable as were the relations of our individual members to one another. The churches numbered only three, and there had been some jealousy on the part of the younger and weaker, and perhaps also some unwillingness on the part of the parent church to dismiss its members to the quarters of the city that needed them more. Pastors can sometimes become alienated from each other, and can cultivate rather than repress the feeling of estrangement. But James M. Hoyt was the friend of all the pastors and of all the churches. By his advice and with his cordial co-operation, I very early in my pastorate invited the Baptist pastors of the city, together with a few pastors of the Association, to meet on successive Monday mornings in my study, and to confer together with regard to the general interests of our work as a denomination. We looked over the map of Cleveland, determined upon a forward movement for the occupation of destitute fields, resolved to subordinate local advantage to the good of the cause. Judge Bishop most heartily supported us by his plans and his gifts. Dr. Samuel W. Duncan, pastor of the Euclid Avenue Church, stood shoulder to shoulder with us, and helped the cause greatly by his enthusiasm and sociability. The result was speedily seen in the organization of the First German Church in 1866, the Wilson Avenue Church in 1867, the Welsh Church in 1868, the Superior Street Church in 1870, and the Trinity Church in 1873. We showed in those years that Baptist church polity, with the Spirit of Christ to direct its administration, is capable of the broadest expansiveness and liberality. We took possession of strategic points in the town, and proved that Christian love is better than an iron wheel of compulsion to induce large-hearted sacrifice for the evangelization of the city and the world. From the day that the pastors met week by week for conference and prayer, dissension ceased and the churches dwelt together in unity. And the result is now seen in the Minutes of the Cleveland Baptist Association, which report in 1907 that the three Baptist churches have grown to be twenty-one, and a membership of less than a thousand has grown to be almost six thousand. God grant that the same spirit of harmony and liberality may ever characterize the Baptists of Cleveland!

But time would fail me to tell the story of all the dear men and women who here have given their service to Christ, and who through faith and patience have inherited the promises. As I came back to this city, where seven of the happiest years of my life were spent, my memory recurs to the old meeting-house, with its seasons of revival. "The forms of the departed enter at the open door. The beloved, the true-hearted come to visit me once more." I remember the joy with which these elders witnessed the conversion and profession of their sons and daughters, and the prayers they offered that their children might follow in the steps of their own allegiance to Christ. It is a great thing for children to have such an ancestry, for it adds a responsibility beyond that of the common crowd. But the church too has an added responsibility, for these traditions of the past point out the path of duty and the path of safety for the future.

When I ask myself what was the common characteristic of this last generation of Christians? the characteristic that had greatest influence in making the church such a home for the soul, such a power in the community, and such a light in the world, I can only answer: It was the same characteristic which made the Hebrew nation great, namely, the consciousness of God. These men and women were reverent and dutiful and self-sacrificing and considerate, because they believed in an unseen divine presence, in a law and a tribunal and a judgment more solemn than any upon earth; in a redemption from sin wrought out by God himself upon the cross, and in their own personal participation in the benefits of that redemption through the faith awakened in their hearts by the Holy Spirit. They were converted men who lived as seeing Him who is invisible. They were godly women, who gave time and thought to the Bible and to prayer. And how can I fail to express our gratification that three of these mothers in Israel are still left to us, as links of connection with the sacred past, and as reminders of blessed days gone by? Mrs. Murray, Mrs. Loren Prentiss, and Mrs. Seymour W. Adams have for these many years made their very presence among us a benediction and an inspiration.

But my deepest interest on this occasion, and your deepest interest also, is not private nor personal. It is something larger and more universal than interest in the local church. Our consciousness of God enables us to see the essential greatness of every church of Jesus Christ. The church is indeed great as a mere secular institution. Like the State, it is a living organism, which indefinitely multiplies the power of the mere individual, and gives concrete and visible expression to his ideas. But the church of Christ is great for two reasons peculiar to itself, and intelligible only to those who have the consciousness of God. The church is *the pillar and ground of the truth.* It is a company of people who have been redeemed by Christ, who love Christ, who have given their all to Christ, and who have banded themselves together to stand for Christ, to uphold his banner, and to bring the world to acknowledge him. They are bound together by stronger ties than those of blood, even by their common brotherhood in him. I am speaking, of course, of the spiritual church and not of the mere outward organization. Individual members, and many of them, may be unfaithful, but in every company of professed believers there will be those who are the salt of the earth, and who are lights in the world. They hold forth the word of life, as the Statue of Liberty in New York

Harbor holds aloft the torch. But here is a torch which is not passive and immovable, but alive and active; a torch that can cross continents and go down the ages, ever blessing and enlightening mankind. To establish one such body of believers on sure foundations, to develop its independence, to educate it in the doctrine and practice of the New Testament, and to lead it out in aggressive work for the kingdom of God, is the noblest work God gives any man on earth to do.

But the church is not simply an institution—it is a supernatural institution. I know there are many who would reduce it to the level of a mere humanitarian society, but they cannot explain its persistence or its power. The church lives and does its work not only because it is the pillar and ground of the truth, but because it is *the body of Christ,* the organism into which Christ puts his own divine life. If it rested upon the principle of human brotherhood alone, if it rested upon the abstract truthfulness of its doctrines, it would fail and die, as so many of our scientific and benevolent organizations fail and die. It lives, because there is a transcendent element in it. It traces its descent not from the first, but from the second Adam; the new and regenerated life of humanity is in it; He who is the head of all principality and power breathes into it the breath of life from hour to hour; nay, he himself, the personal and living Jesus, lives in it, and through it manifests himself to the world. It is this conception of Christ's presence with his people that makes membership in the church sacred. Since he that receiveth us receiveth Christ, and our treatment of his followers is to be in the judgment the test of our treatment of him, membership in the church is precious; it is the greatest earthly dignity; as Christ gave himself for the church, we may well give ourselves for it. The emperor Constantine thought more highly of his position as member of Christ's church than of his position as head of the Roman Empire, and we ought to count our relation to the church a greater honor than any club or society or congress can give us.

Because the church has its natural and human side, it needs education and care, especially in its early years. More can be done for a child during the first ten years than can ever be done for it again. That mother makes a great mistake who postpones training till her children get older. And so with communities. The character of their early settlers determines what is to be the character of the town. This Western reserve would never have been the intelligent, patriotic, religious center of influence for Ohio and the West if New England thrift and enterprise and principle had not made here their early homes. And it is so with churches. This church has grown to vigor and strength by virtue of sturdy honesty, and heroic self-sacrifice, and mutual love of pastor and people in the days gone by. The younger generation does not know at what cost their fathers lived their Christian lives. Other men labored, and we have entered into their labors. Woe be to us if we congratulate ourselves upon the past without ourselves making provision for the future! Let the deeds of the fathers, and the favor of God to them, only lead us to echo the words of the psalm, " Thou art my King, O God. Command deliverance for Jacob! "

Because the church is a supernatural institution, we may be sure that it will live. In fact, we never understand it until we remember that all things else exist for the sake of the church of God; the universe is but the scaffolding to help its erection; all else shall die, but that which is connected with it and helps its progress. There is nothing else on earth abiding. Christ fills the universe with his presence, but the church is the fulness of him who filleth all in all. The wisdom of Christ will not be confounded, and the power of Christ will not fail. The gates of hell shall not prevail against that church which is founded upon the rock of believing and confessing hearts. Here is the edifice of the ages, the true temple of God. Because Christ lives, it shall live also.

"As the days of a tree, so are the days of my people," saith the Lord, and we know well that many a tree has watched the dawning and the death of the centuries, holding on in its unbroken life for more than a thousand—some say for even three thousand—years. The Christian church may in some of its branches grow corrupt and dead; some branches that seemed once to have life may be lopped off and withered and given to the burning; but new shoots will take the place of the old, as the Christian church grew from the old and outworn Jewish congregation. And there is no need that any branch should die. So long as it keeps in union with the rest, and specially, so long as it maintains its living union with Christ, the root and trunk of the great Christian tree, it cannot die, but must grow and prosper to the end of time.

The psalm from which my text is taken, if it was not written in the days of the Maccabees, those days of storm and struggle, was certainly used in their liturgy. Each day the Levites ascended the pulpit and cried out aloud: "Awake! why sleepest thou, O Jehovah?" These Levitical muezzin were called "wakers." They were "the Lord's remembrancers." They reaffirmed the allegiance of Israel, "Thou art my King, O God!" They begged that the favor of the past might be continued and revered in the present. They cried: "Command deliverance for Jacob. . . Arise, cast us not off forever. . . Rise up for our help, and redeem us for thy loving-kindness' sake." May God give us this same spirit of grace and of supplication! May this beloved church ever grow and prosper! Instead of the fathers, may there be the children! I seem to see the answer to the fathers' prayers—a great multitude rising up to call them blessed. As Jehovah of old commanded Abraham to lift his eyes to the heavens and count the stars that sprinkled the firmament, so I seem to see that same covenant-keeping God pointing this church upward to the unnumbered multitude of the celestial luminaries, and saying to us as he said to Abraham, "So shall thy seed be!"

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
  Zion, city of our God!
He whose word can ne'er be broken
  Formed thee for his own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
  What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
  Thou canst smile on all thy foes.

V

HISTORICAL DISCOURSE[1]

The theological seminary of our day is an institution of American origin. By the term "theological seminary," I mean a school which gives instruction in all the branches pertaining to divinity, and which presupposes, but does not itself give, a merely literary or scientific education. Europe in the Middle Ages had many monastic schools, where scholastic divinity was mixed with a modicum of secular learning, and the continental and English universities gave to candidates for orders some opportunity to add Hebrew and theology to a much larger stock of other knowledge. But until the nineteenth century small progress had been made abroad toward differentiating sacred from secular studies, or toward establishing schools of theology upon the same basis as schools of law or medicine.

The lack of such schools has had its serious consequences. If Luther had instituted specific schools of divinity imbued with the spirit of the Reformation, instead of trusting the instruction of the churches to men educated in the old universities, the fruits of that great revival of religion might not have been lost, and Germany might not so soon have swung off into rationalism. If Oxford and Cambridge had provided a thorough theological training after their undergraduates had taken their degrees in the classics and mathematics, we would not see so painful a dearth of doctrine in England; and text-books so musty as Burnet on the "Thirty-nine Articles," or Pearson on the "Creed," would not continue to be the best representatives of English systematic divinity.

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[1] Delivered as a part of the exercises in connection with the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Rochester Theological Seminary, Rochester, May 9, 1900.

Of all the theological seminaries which now exist in the United States, the oldest is that of the Dutch Reformed Church at New Brunswick, N. J. That seminary was founded in 1784. A preparatory collegiate education was from the first required before the student was permitted to enter upon his course of divinity, and Dr. John H. Livingston was for forty years the teacher of theology. It was not until 1808, or twenty-four years afterward, that the first theological seminary of New England was established at Andover. The history of Andover is so important a part of the general history of education and of theology in this country that I may be pardoned for according to it a somewhat more-extended treatment.

The early life of New England was distinctly religious. One of the first acts of the colony of Massachusetts Bay was to found a college at Cambridge which might educate youth after the pattern of Cambridge in Old England. It was in large part for the sake of training ministers of the gospel that the colonists gave out of their poverty, and thenceforth the church and the school went together. Though the first president of Harvard, Henry Dunster, was deposed because he could not sanction infant baptism, yet in 1722 Thomas Hollis, of London, a distinguished merchant and a Baptist, endowed the Hollis Professorship of Divinity in that university, and instruction in theology formed part of the training of all its students. This training was long conducted on Calvinistic lines. But the great awakening under Jonathan Edwards, while on the whole it largely added to evangelical forces, did also repel many, and the Unitarian defection began. In 1805 the election of Henry Ware, a pronounced Unitarian, to the Hollis Professorship of Divinity filled the orthodox majority with alarm and, as a barrier against what they thought an inflowing tide of error, they established in 1808 the Andover Theological Seminary, with Dr. Leonard Woods as its first professor.

The constitution of Andover declares it to be established for those intending ministers of the gospel who have "honorably completed a course of liberal education," and a supplementary law of 1817 ordains that "a college education shall be ever deemed an essential condition of admission, except only in some rare cases of distinguished talents, information, and piety." Let us praise the founders of Andover not only for the example they set, but for the men they trained. Baptists owe to Andover such men as Adoniram Judson, Luther Rice, Irah Chase, Henry J. Ripley, Francis Wayland, Adiel Sherwood, Alva Woods, Solomon Peck, John Stevens, Samuel F. Smith, Milo P. Jewett, and Horatio B. Hackett.

It was perhaps a conviction that theology had a right to the best, it was perhaps the need of meeting the Andover movement by a corresponding advance, that led Harvard University, in 1811, to begin a separate course of exercises in divinity, with Dr. Henry Ware for its first professor and Edward Everett for its first student. The very next year, or in 1812, Princeton followed by establishing, side by side with its college, a distinct theological seminary, which had three pupils and Dr. Archibald Alexander as the only teacher. Ten years later, or in 1822, the Yale Divinity School, with Dr. Nathaniel W. Taylor for its sole professor, was set off as a separate department from the college. It was these American examples of distinctly theological schools which provoked the Scotch and the English to imitation, so that now we find a Wycliffe Hall at Oxford, a Ridley Hall at Cambridge, both belonging to the Established Church, and a multitude of theological colleges of other denominations scattered throughout the United Kingdom.

The Baptists of this country, as their growth was later than that of the standing order, and as they were subject to many and onerous civil disabilities, came naturally after the Dutch Reformed, the Congregationalists, the Unitarians, and the Presbyterians, in their founding of theological seminaries. From the beginning, however, there had been educated men among them. Roger Williams had been trained in the University of Cambridge, Morgan Edwards and William Staughton were students of Bristol College, James Manning was a graduate of Princeton, John Clarke in the seventeenth century and Samuel Stillman in the eighteenth, though not college graduates, were learned men and friends of learning. Reverence for the Bible led Baptists to value education as a means of interpreting the Bible. So early as 1764 Baptists had founded Rhode Island College, which afterward became Brown University. There many a young man was trained for the Baptist ministry. But it was not until 1825, or sixty-one years after the establishment of Brown, that Baptists had an exclusively theological institution. Newton led the way, following Yale by only three years, Princeton thirteen, Harvard fourteen, Andover seventeen, and New Brunswick forty-one. It is the glory of Newton that for twenty-five years she furnished our denomination with its most advanced training and with many of its noblest preachers and leaders.

As Baptists made their way westward, they felt the need of local schools instead of depending upon New England. The State of New York was no mean field for Baptist education. It was not to be expected, in those days of imperfect knowledge and financial weakness, that theological should have been separated from general culture. When, on the first of May, 1820, the Hamilton Literary and Theological Institution began its sessions in the third story of a brick building, the first story of which was occupied by the district school and the second by the Hamilton Academy, it attempted no new methods. It aimed at general preparation for the ministry. Theological training and literary training were given together. Daniel Haskall taught rhetoric and Nathaniel Kendrick taught theology. The institution admitted only those who purposed to preach the gospel, and among its first pupils were Jonathan Wade and Eugenio Kincaid, both of them afterward for many years most successful missionaries in Burma and heroes of the Christian faith.

The Hamilton Literary and Theological Institution went on for nearly twenty years, or until 1839, before it opened its doors to those who sought a secular education. But a few years of experience in combining literary and theological instruction convinced its supporters that the two should be separated, and that a theological seminary should be constituted like that at Newton. In 1846, therefore, Madison University was incorporated, and the Hamilton Theological Seminary began a separate existence. Certain personal differences attending the change combined with the broadening horizon to suggest the thought that Hamilton was too rural a place, and too far removed from the routes of travel, to furnish the best center of educational influence. A large majority of the trustees of Madison University became persuaded that Rochester offered a better location, and an agitation for removal began, which soon involved every Baptist church in the State, and was accompanied by bitter partisanship.

Except for the purposes of history, we might well prefer to pass over in silence many of the events of the next few years. We can, fortunately, now review them without passion, and can acknowledge that neither party was wholly free from blame. There can be little doubt that the sentiment of the denomination at large strongly favored removal. The Hamilton trustees had failed in their effort to secure an endowment, and they believed that the unfortunate location of the institution was one of the main reasons for their failure. President Wayland of Brown University wrote a letter strongly urging a change. The people of Rochester became deeply interested. On

October 22, 1847, an address was printed, signed by David R. Barton, William N. Sage, Elon Huntington, Henry W. Dean, and Alvah Strong, appealing to the Baptists of the State of New York to transfer their university and seminary to this city. The arguments they urge are so striking, and the whole document so well illustrates the spirit of the movement, that I venture to quote a few sentences from it. They remind the denomination that twenty-seven years before, when the institution at Hamilton was founded:

> "No grand canal or railroad had determined the course of travel or trade, nor wrought their influence into the web of society." Western New York was then a wilderness. "How great the change! Madison University is remote from our thoroughfares and most of the year difficult of access, only twenty miles from Clinton College—an older institution, and more likely to obtain students who expect to pay their own way except they have the ministry in view. Eastern and central New York is filled with colleges and universities. Western New York, with six hundred thousand inhabitants, is without a college, except a small one at Geneva—a population nearly as large as Massachusetts, where three large and flourishing institutions are sustained." It is proposed to establish the institution here upon a liberal and unsectarian basis. Such an institution would greatly influence the thirty thousand inhabitants of Rochester. "We seek $150,000 for grounds and buildings, and for a partial endowment of Madison University. Let not the idea of losing our investments in the buildings at Hamilton deter you. We shall gain ten dollars where we lose one. Monroe County will raise $30,000, or more, of the above amount."

There was a far-seeing wisdom in this scheme. Its projectors had no thought of two universities or of two theological seminaries. They expected to keep our Baptist forces together, and simply to remove Madison University to Rochester. As we read their address, we cannot fail to be impressed by the zeal and enthusiasm of those who signed it, and by their evident sense of a divine mission. It rang through the State like a trumpet call. Our cities and villages were canvassed for subscriptions as they never had been before, and as they never have been since. Within six months $50,000 was contributed in western New York. By the first of January, 1851, from east and west there had been subscribed $142,000. Let us remember that this was at a time when our people had not a tenth part of their present means. The result can only be regarded as a wonderful example of enlightened and conscientious liberality.

Hamilton had been originally a mere training-school for the Baptist ministry. Young men who were preparing for secular vocations were after a time admitted. But the institution did not draw either its students or its support from other denominations of Christians. The more progressive among its friends now felt that Baptists ought to aim at something larger and broader than the education of their own membership. They thought themselves bound to do their part in the general culture of the community, to invite both pupils and financial aid from Presbyterians and Methodists and Episcopalians, and from those who belonged to no denomination at all. While they proposed to keep their theological seminary under the exclusive control of Baptists, they wisely concluded to give an influential share in the management of the university to trustees and professors of other than the Baptist faith. With this view the citizens of Rochester were appealed to. Public meetings were held and subscriptions were solicited. Every prominent name in Rochester and its vicinity can be found in the list of men who signed the calls or made the pledges. On that roll of honor I read these following: Henry E. Rochester, Addison Gardiner, William Pitkin, Frederick Whittlesey, Everard Peck, Elias Pond, Alexander Mann, Darius Perrin, Samuel D. Porter, Freeman Clarke, Levi A. Ward, Henry R. Selden, Jacob Gould, Henry Cook, L. Ward Smith, William W. Ely, E. Peshine Smith, Isaac Butts, Samuel Hamilton, William H. Perkins, Erastus Shepard, Isaac Hills, Thomas Kempshall, F. W. Holland, A. J. Brackett, J. B. Shaw, George F. Danforth, and E. Darwin Smith. Only one man, so far as I know, sought immortality by declining to contribute. I shall not perpetuate his name, I will only perpetuate his excuse. He had been asked to give upon the ground that he owed something to posterity. He replied that posterity had never done anything for him, and that he did not propose to do anything for posterity.

I have already mentioned the five men who started the agitation for removal by signing the address to the Baptists of the State of New York. They were David R. Barton, William N. Sage, Elon Huntington, Henry W. Dean, and Alvah Strong. Let me now add to these the names of other Baptists who were deeply interested in the project of removal. In Rochester there were Pharcellus Church, Oren Sage, Elijah F. Smith, Gideon W. Burbank, Ahira G. Fitch, Edwin Pancost, Justin A. Smith, Albert G. Smith. In the immediate vicinity were Roswell S. Burrows, Velona R. Hotchkiss, Lemuel C. Paine, Rawson Harmon. In the eastern part of the State were John N. Wilder, Ira Harris, Robert Kelly, William R. Williams, Friend Humphrey, Edward Bright, William L. Marcy, B. T. Welch, Smith Sheldon, E. E. L. Taylor, J. S. Backus, R. R. Raymond, H. C. Fish, A. B. Capwell, G. C. Baldwin. This is certainly a noble list of names. It comprises a majority of the intellectual, social, and religious influence of New York Baptists of that day.

This influence speedily asserted itself at Hamilton. The greater part of the faculty and of the trustees committed themselves to the change. But local interests were strong. Opposition was roused. A counter appeal of the citizens of Hamilton was issued. And, as this appeal is instructive from a historical point of view, I quote a few sentences from it, as I quoted from the address of the citizens of Rochester. It begins by denying that Hamilton is inaccessible. It reminds the Baptist public that the village is only twenty-eight miles from Utica and twenty miles from Canastota, with three daily lines of stages. "We admit that part of the year the roads are bad. But in June and August, when Board meetings are held, they are for the most part remarkably good. A ride from Utica to Hamilton in the month of June or August is considered by reasonable and cultivated people to be not only comfortable but highly interesting." "After the present season," the appeal continues, "every particle of weight in the objection will be extinguished, for an enterprise is now on foot to build a substantial plank road from Utica to Hamilton, by which an easy and expeditious passage can be made between the two places at any time in the year." "We cannot deny that Hamilton is a village," they say, "but it has a new church costing $10,000." They regard a moral village as a far better location for an educational institution than can be furnished by a city of thirty thousand inhabitants, with all its temptations and vices, its monotonous prospect of paved streets, its larger cost of living, and its lack of opportunity for thought or meditation. They fear the aristocracy of a city. They urge that Dartmouth, Amherst, and Williams are located in villages. Hamilton has stood for thirty years. Its hallowed memories must not be sacrificed. They cannot be transferred to Rochester. "The past at least is secure."

But the argument that proved of greatest weight was the legal argument. Six thousand dollars had been contributed at the foundation of the institution on condition that it should be located at Hamilton. Removal would be a breach of faith with the dead. Since that original gift of $6,000, at least $25,000 had been added. By removal that sacred treasure must be sacrificed. And there was no necessity for removal, for the people of Hamilton were prepared to pledge $15,000 for the repair of the school edifice then in use and for the putting up of a noble central building. These were the considerations that finally prevailed. It is a lesson for after times. The dead were permitted to rule the living. Instead of asking what the dead would do if they were now alive, their past dispositions were taken as incapable of improvement. The legal aspect of the case was insisted on, to the exclusion of the moral. The local interest came to override the universal. The village triumphed over the State.

For a long time the advocates of removal held on in their manful struggle. They urged that the college and the seminary belonged to the Baptists of the State of New York, and not simply to the Baptists of Hamilton. A meeting of Baptists was held in New York City on the sixth of January, 1848, at which resolutions written by Dr. William R. Williams were adopted. These resolutions declared that an endowment of $150,000 was imperatively needed; that if western New York would furnish $75,000 of this amount the eastern part of the State ought to furnish the remainder; that with these sums subscribed the institution ought to be removed to Rochester; and that with the expectation of raising the whole amount, the legislature of the State be petitioned to give the trustees of Madison University the power to remove.

About three months later, or on the third of April, 1848, the Removal Act passed the legislature, and with the signature of the governor became a law. It had been amended, however, at the instance of the citizens of Hamilton, so that it was virtually a compromise measure. It permitted the trustees of the university to remove the institution only in case the friends of the former location should fail to raise the sum of $50,000 for endowment by the first day of August, following. This the citizens of Hamilton failed to do. When the university Board met in Hamilton on August 12, 1848, only $30,000 had been subscribed by the people of Hamilton, while $50,000 was offered by Syracuse, and $100,000 in valid pledges by Rochester. The Board therefore, by a vote of twelve to six, resolved to accept the Rochester offer and to remove the university to that city. This, however, was made conditional upon the concurrence of the Board of the Education Society. That Board concurred by a vote of twenty to two. No further step was needed but the action of the Education Society itself. That society, on the fifteenth of August, 1848, adopted the first removal resolution by a vote of fifty-four to nineteen, and the second by a vote of twenty-one to ten.

The advocates of removal were in all their action convinced that they were proceeding in a perfectly legal manner. They had the elaborate opinion of Chancellor Walworth sustaining the legal and constitutional right of both the university and the Education Society to remove. The officers of the Board therefore filed the resolution to remove in the office of the secretary of State, and thus, as they supposed, consummated the legislative act of removal. The opponents of removal, however, did not submit. They carried the matter into the courts. They objected that the action of the Education Society was illegal; that the majority in its favor had been obtained by the exclusion of members of the society who had the right to vote. The fact was, that at the annual meeting as many as forty persons residing in Hamilton, some of them strangers to our denomination, availing themselves of the easy terms of membership and of the holding of the meeting in their own village, came in unexpectedly and suddenly on the payment of a dollar each, and claimed the right to vote. The object was undisguised; it was to vote down the resolutions in favor of removal, which the Board had recommended to the adoption of the society. Their votes were refused from a conviction that they were taking advantage of the letter of the constitution to violate its spirit. The opponents of removal objected to the action of the Education Society also upon the ground that the final decision had been reached at an adjourned meeting held before the appointed time, and before the opposing party had arrived. Its advocates declared that they simply took advantage of a tardiness for which they were not responsible, at a time when delay would have given their opponents opportunity to bring in a new set of extemporized members, and still further to endanger a just verdict.

We must grant that there was sharp practice on both sides. We cannot defend all that was done by the advocates of removal. Their excuse was that they must oppose artifice with artifice. Perhaps it would have been better to let the opposing party have its way. Nothing but desire for union prevented them from taking this course. The result was simply to widen the breach between the two parties. The friends of Hamilton appealed to the courts. Injunctions were issued forbidding the two Boards to proceed further in the matter of removal. Upon the grounds already mentioned, the election of trustees by the Education Society was set aside. This enabled the Hamilton people to elect Boards to suit themselves. They passed a resolution permanently locating the institution at Hamilton. The people of that village seemed to have the legal right to control the educational affairs of the whole denomination throughout the State.

The former Boards of the university and of the

Education Society had meantime adjourned to meet at Albany on the twelfth of June, 1849. Here their meetings were interrupted by an order of the supreme court, and an informal educational meeting was held instead. After discussing the whole situation, it was resolved to call a Convention of the Baptists of New York to meet in that same city of Albany four months later, and, in the language of the call, " to consider the present aspect of the educational affairs of the denomination in the State, and to take such action thereon as may be deemed wise and expedient." This Convention assembled on the ninth day of October, 1849. It was the largest and most representative assemblage that our denomination in the State had ever known. Almost without exception our strongest men were present, and there were six hundred delegates in all.

This representative Convention unanimously recommended that the friends of Hamilton surrender their university charter, and that Madison University be transferred to Rochester; that, with this understanding, Rochester relinquish its project of a theological seminary, and that the seminary be retained at Hamilton; if, however, Hamilton should refuse to give up its university, Rochester should establish both a new university and a new seminary. This conclusion was a compromise, but it was accepted by all with joy. For a time the whole controversy appeared settled. But only two months later, on December 4 and 5, 1849, the Board of the Education Society at Hamilton declined to accede to the recommendation of the Convention or to surrender its university charter. The committee appointed to urge upon Hamilton the dis-continuance of its legal opposition to removal, reported that they had not succeeded; they reported a plan for a new university and a new education society, as the Convention had advised, and they resolved to submit this plan to a second State Educational Convention to be held at Rochester on the eleventh of May, 1850.

At that second Convention, Judge Ira Harris, of Albany, was chairman. Roswell S. Burrows, of Albion, for the committee, presented the plan for a collegiate and also for a theological institution to be located in the city of Rochester, and the plan was adopted. Steps were taken to secure from the regents a charter for the University of Rochester. The Convention proceeded to form the New York Baptist Union for Ministerial Education, and to elect its first officers and trustees. Forty scholarships for ministerial students in the university were granted to the union, provided the persons who should subscribe an aggregate of $40,000 for the endowment of the university should also consent that their subscriptions be thus appropriated—a condition which the university Board, on the seventh of July, 1857, declared to have been complied with. The Convention, which we may properly call the Constitutional Convention, recommended the trustees to fill the chairs of instruction and to open the institution at the earliest practicable period, and also "to draft a calm and full presentation, for the use of the churches of our State, of the considerations under the solemn pressure of which we have been shut up to the formation of the new university and of the Union for Ministerial Education."

So the University of Rochester and the Rochester Theological Seminary were, in the providence of God, launched for their voyage. The people of Hamilton predicted that these new institutions would soon suffer shipwreck, and the people of Rochester in their turn half expected to hear that Madison University had been destroyed by fire from heaven. Neither event has taken place. We cannot cease to regret that our forces are divided, and that we are two instead of one. We still feel that a measure of blame attaches to those who, however conscientiously, permitted legal and local considerations so to blind them that the larger and ultimate interests were lost sight of. The result has been a costly one for the Baptists of the State, and has compelled them to support two colleges instead of one. But we must recognize, with all this, the good hand of God which has gradually smoothed down the asperity of feeling, has made each institution a means of stimulus to the other, and has made the two, in their different constituencies and by their different types of culture, the means of accomplishing some things for the cause of education and for the kingdom of Christ which neither one of them singly could have done. There was something of wrath in our beginnings, and the wrath of man does not work the righteousness of God. Yet this seems to be a case in which God has made the wrath of man to praise him, while with the remainder of wrath he has girded himself.

Before I pass on to relate the actual opening of the Theological Seminary, I must set before you a half-dozen portraits of the founders, that you may know what manner of men they were. Of all that list of officers fifty years ago, only one yet remains with us, Edward Lathrop, of New York. During all this half century he has served us as vice-president of the Union. For many years a distinguished pastor in the metropolis, and still chairman of the Board of Trustees of Vassar College, we rejoice that his hand has not yet lost its cunning, nor his tongue its eloquence, nor his mind its wisdom, nor his heart its warmth. Long may he yet live, a visible link of connection with a glorious past, and an object-lesson to shame us if we ever become degenerate sons of noble sires.

You will not expect me to speak of men whose interest and work were more immediately with the University of Rochester, though many there were who gave to the seminary a place in their gifts and affections only second to that which they bestowed upon the college. Their memory will be preserved in the annals of the university which they loved. Let me mention the first president of our Ministerial Union, William R. Williams. Tall of stature and with a manner finely sensitive and gracious, the lines of study in his expressive features and a soft music in every cadence of his voice, he was our model of a scholarly preacher, a devoted pastor, and a cultivated man. Always thinking others better than himself and declining academic positions where he might have achieved a brilliant success, yet occasionally in times of great national or denominational stress and danger flaming out in speech that thundered as well as lightened, he thought no calling so great as the ministry, and he bore himself so meekly in it as to impress upon all who knew him the greatness of humility and self-sacrifice.

There were two vice-presidents besides our Doctor Lathrop, whose names present a marked contrast to each other. They were Alfred Bennett and Bartholomew T. Welch. Alfred Bennett was the old-fashioned pioneer preacher, whose lack of early education was more than made up by sturdy sense, a deep Christian experience, and a mighty grip upon the doctrines of grace. No man ever did more for the Baptist cause and for the cause of Christ in the State of New York than did he, in those early days when under his preaching thousands of people in our new settlements were made to feel first a deep concern for their own souls and then a deep concern for the souls of others. If our churches believe in revivals and in missions to-day, they owe it largely to the labors, sixty, seventy, eighty years ago, of Alfred Bennett. I am glad to say that his subscription of one hundred dollars was the first one paid to the university, and that it was he who preached the sermon before the New York Baptist Union for Ministerial Education at the time when the seminary was opened. The old man spoke in great weakness; I am not sure that he ever preached again; if so, he left a noble last will and testament, for his text was Jer. 9:24, and his theme: "The Knowledge of the Lord, the true Basis and the highest End of Education."

Bartholomew T. Welch too was a man made for the pulpit, of emotional temperament and extraordinary flow of language. Reason and imagination were unusually combined in his utterance. In Brooklyn and in Albany he drew great crowds to hear him. There was a silvery clearness to his articulation, and a pathos in his tones, which had great resemblance to those of John B. Gough. At the capital of the State members of the legislature and professional men came a half hour before his services in order to secure seats in the house of worship. And he gave them the gospel—the simple truths of sin and salvation, and many were turned to the Lord. Doctor Welch was a great preacher for the city, as Alfred Bennett was a great preacher for the country.

As I come to the original trustees of the seminary I am tempted unduly to expand my discourse, for I find the names of A. G. Smith, H. E. Smith, J. A. Smith, S. S. Cutting, William Phelps, Lemuel C. Paine. I can only mention that born teacher and elegant classical scholar, from whom I got the little Latin and less Greek with which I went to college—I mean N. W. Benedict. Mild in discipline, faithful to his pupils, a pillar in the church, his influence as principal of the old Collegiate Institute reminds me of Jean Paul's saying with regard to the obscure teachers of village schools: "They fall from notice like the spring blossoms, but they fall that the fruit may be born." And I can only mention another man of remarkable force and magnetism, a natural orator and a natural organizer, a counselor in matters of weight and difficulty, who has had no superior among us—I refer to E. E. L. Taylor. He gave to church-building and our home-mission work the ripe powers of his manhood. He gave to this seminary the wisdom of his long experience. But he did even better by giving to us his son, and through us to the ministry and to Vassar College, one whom we delight to honor.

Let me speak a little more at length of two members of that first Board of Trustees upon whom at the start fell the heaviest burdens, and who bore those burdens year after year until they died—I allude now to Oren Sage and to Alvah Strong. Neither one of them had had the advantages of education; both were plain men, both were godly and generous; both were resolved that those who came after them should have better advantages than they. In Doctor Northrup's sermon at the funeral of Oren Sage, thirty-four years ago, he speaks of his singleness and nobility of purpose, his loyalty to Christ, his determination to speak of the glory of his King, to labor for the triumph of his cause. With great force of will he combined a glowing emotional life. How often with brokenness of heart and tears of joy have I heard him speak of the mighty Sufferer who saved others but could not save himself! There seemed never to be a time when he was not ready to say with the poet:

> 'Tis love, 'tis love; thou diedst for me,
> I hear thy whisper in my heart.

He was devoted to the church, and felt a peculiar responsibility for its prosperity. He loved the souls of men, and no day passed in which he did not personally urge some one of them to accept the Saviour. I remember his stopping me, when I was a boy of twelve years, in the middle of State Street, laying his hand affectionately on my shoulder, and expressing his earnest desire that I might become a Christian.

For his means he was a great and continual giver. He was a most successful solicitor of the gifts of others. The original subscription for the university was successful mainly through the efforts of John N. Wilder and of Oren Sage. But when the theological seminary began its sessions, he gave his heart chiefly to that. The young men studying for the ministry drew out his best affections. He was made the chairman of our Executive Committee. As he had more of worldly goods than others, he had a heavy load to bear. Solicitation for the university had almost exhausted the sources of supply, and our people had little left to give. Many a time in those early days the meeting of the committee found bills accumulated, but no money in the treasury. The question stared the brethren in the face: "Shall we send away our students and close our doors?" Then Deacon Sage would say: "First, let us pray." All would kneel, while the deacon poured out his soul in prayer and tears to God. Then they would rise, and Brother Sage would put his name to a note at the bank, and the money would be borrowed to carry the institution on.

As Dea. Oren Sage was the first chairman of the Executive Committee, so Dea. Alvah Strong was the first treasurer of the Board of Trustees. I must be reticent in speaking of my own father, and yet I wish to add a little section to history. He was, like Isaac of old, a man of peace, yet a man of principle; somewhat broad in his views, and of unusually tolerant and judicial mind; with healthy emotion, but not oversensitive; a lover of his kind, yet prone to listen rather than to speak. His only academy was the country school, his only college the newspaper counting-room. Not a profound thinker, nor a skilled writer, nor a practised speaker, nor a master of social usages, he was a modest and honest man, careful of the feelings of others, with great persistency of purpose, some inventive and organizing ability, and the inflexible determination to use what gifts he had for the glory of God and the good of the world. He was a Christian man, with no brilliant experience, but with a gentleness, kindness, and reverence which were unfailing. He talked to others concerning their duty to serve Christ. He was a good deacon, for he sought out the neglectful, visited the poor, made himself to the measure of his ability a helper of the pastor and of the church.

He had undeveloped gifts of rhetoric, and an ardent love for knowledge. His very lack of the higher education made him eagerly welcome and steadfastly support the new institutions in Rochester. When he was worth no more than $10,000, he subscribed $1,000 toward the endowment of the university, and he gave material assistance in securing subscriptions from others. When he died he left less than $50,000, yet he bequeathed $5,000, or a tenth of his property, to the seminary. During all his last years he served as member of our Committee on Rooms and Fixtures, and was constant in his care for all the external affairs of the institution. For many a need he provided out of his own pocket, letting not his left hand know what was done by his right. But he contributed more than money—he gave to all who came in contact with him, and to me also, something of his spirit of hopefulness, and the faith that, whatever may betide, all things shall work together for good to them that love God.

I must not fail to speak of the first corresponding secretary, Zenas Freeman. He was a fervid soul, who came out of the great Hamilton tribulation with an unwavering conviction that Rochester represented the cause of truth and righteousness. He had a warm heart and an irrepressible oratory. He could so depict the needs of students as to draw tears from the eyes and money from the pockets of the Baptist brethren. All the money that he received he scrupulously paid in. But Brother Freeman was not good at accounts. When it came to locating contributions and crediting them to their proper donors, his books were in a tangle and his memory could not unravel the snarl. As my father was the treasurer and I was the treasurer's clerk, I learned some useful lessons of seminary finance. But the annual reports of Zenas Freeman and his appeals to the churches did much to educate the Baptists of western New York, and to draw to the seminary young men whom God had called to the Christian ministry.

The university and the seminary are twins—they came into the world together. They are not Siamese twins, organically and inseparably united. The seminary is not necessarily a Rochester institution. The founders, in the constitution which they adopted, make no mention of any particular location, but simply say that the New York Baptist Union shall sustain a theological school with suitable number of professors. The wisest advocates of the present location contemplated the possibility that at some future time Rochester might cease to be the most desirable place for its work, just as Hamilton had already been judged undesirable. And, in order that no obstacles to removal might ever be interposed, such as had prevented removal from Hamilton, it was provided in that constitution that "in case of local or important questions, including the election of trustees, the decision shall be had by votes of churches; and, in such case, one annual life-member or delegate shall speak for the churches respectively. . . Any three members of the Union may ask that a question be treated as thus local or important in character, and the preliminary vote, whether such be its character, shall also be decided by votes of churches." Thus even the city was prevented from tyrannizing over the State. Fifty years ago Doctor Williams and Doctor Maginnis had serious thoughts of New York City as an ultimate location, but yielded the seminary to Rochester as commanding western New York and as furnishing at least for a time the best constituency.

The university and the seminary not only began life together, but for some years lived peaceably in the same house. On the first Monday in November, 1850, both institutions opened their sessions in the building, on West Main Street, formerly known as the United States Hotel, but now leased and newly fitted up for a lecture-hall and a dormitory. The university had, as professors, Asahel C. Kendrick, John F. Richardson, John H. Raymond, Chester Dewey, and Samuel S. Greene. The seminary had two professors: John S. Maginnis, professor of Biblical and Pastoral Theology, and Thomas J. Conant, professor of Biblical

Criticism and Interpretation. While there were sixty-six students in the university, there were twenty-four in the seminary. These beginnings were humble, yet so much had been accomplished in so short a time, that "Ralph Waldo Emerson, according to Mr. Wilder, used it as an illustration of Yankee enterprise, saying that a landlord in Rochester had an old hotel which he thought would rent for more as a university—so he put in a few books, sent for a coachload of professors, bought some philosophical apparatus and, by the time green peas were ripe, had graduated a large class of students."

I take this report of Mr. Emerson's talk from the "Outline History of the University of Rochester," written fourteen years ago by Professor J. H. Gilmore. The first class of students graduated from the seminary was not a large one. It consisted of six members—Joseph A. Bailey, Erastus H. Burr, Peter Irving, Charles Keyser, Henry M. Richardson, and William W. Sawyer. Of these only two survive, whom we to our great joy have with us this morning—Brethren Richardson and Sawyer—both of them having served for many years as good ministers of Jesus Christ. Of the original professors, neither one is living now. Doctor Maginnis taught a little less than two years when death removed him. Doctor Conant held on for seven years, and then gave himself wholly to the work of Bible translation. The real greatness of the seminary began when Ezekiel G. Robinson became its professor of theology, in April, 1853. Hotchkiss, Northrup, Rauschenbusch, Buckland, Hackett, Schäffer, successively added to our strength;

but, of them all, only Dr. George W. Northrup is left in the land of the living.

They were giants in those days. The people of Rochester were obliged to look up to the representatives of these new institutions when nine men of the stature of Maginnis and Richardson and Kendrick and Robinson and Anderson and Rauschenbusch and Northrup and Wayland and Buckland walked their streets. Difficult as is the task, I must try to set before you those of the number who had special connection with the seminary and exerted a marked influence upon it. The first of them was Dr. John S. Maginnis, our original professor of biblical theology. He was a man of aristocratic nature and bearing. Born in 1805, he was educated at Brown and at Newton; he had been pastor at Portland, Me., and at Providence, R. I.; he had held the professorship of theology at Hamilton for twelve years; he was one of the coachload of professors who emigrated from Hamilton to Rochester—the others being Thomas J. Conant, John F. Richardson, Asahel C. Kendrick, and John H. Raymond. Doctor Maginnis was tall but bent, with weak voice and many infirmities of body, but he had a clear mind and much force as a teacher. He held tenaciously to the stiffest Princeton theology and, like Doctor Hodge, declared it to be not only the doctrine of the Scripture, but the doctrine of the church of God *semper, ubique, et ab omnibus.* In his younger days he must have been an inspiring preacher, for a delegation from the English Baptists reported to their brethren that he was the best example of pulpit oratory which they had heard in America. In Rochester he was past his prime, yet his students reverenced him for his power of lucid expression, his grasp of systematic truth, his high-bred courtesy, and his unaffected piety. His death was sincerely mourned, and Dr. William R. Williams, *par nobile fratrum,* preached his funeral sermon.

Dr. Thomas J. Conant, professor of Biblical Criticism and Interpretation, was also an importation from Hamilton, where he had been teaching for fifteen years. He was forty-eight years of age when he came to Rochester, and he had made for himself already the reputation of being one of the greatest Hebrew scholars in America. Robust in health and capable of endless endurance, he was a very model of German thoroughness and learning. He could work twelve or even sixteen hours out of the twenty-four; and, when I asked him how he found time for physical exercise, he replied that he had long since ceased to feel the need of it. So he worked till the end of life. His translation of Gesenius' "Hebrew Grammar" made a name for the seminary as well as for himself, and his annotated versions of Job, Matthew, and Genesis, are still unsurpassed as exact reproductions in English of the original Scriptures.

But our greatest man was Ezekiel G. Robinson. He did most to impress upon the seminary a definite character. Commanding in figure and somewhat austere in manner, there was yet a heart within that chilling exterior. At the funeral of a child, I have heard his voice break so that he could scarcely proceed in his address. The student who thought him brusque and savage in the classroom found afterward that he was as much interested in his progress and success as if he had been the student's own father. Men feared him, and yet they loved him better than he knew. It was hard to tell him their obligations to him, because he had such a shrinking from praise. He had a noble scorn of laziness and of tergiversation. He presented a magnificent example of extemporaneous speaking, and this, quite as much as his instructions in homiletics, made the graduates of those days true preachers of the gospel.

But it was in the classroom that he most shone. The theological seminaries of that day were not the theological seminaries of to-day. There was much copying of lectures dictated by professors from yellow and thumb-worn manuscripts. There was little or no opportunity for question and free discussion. Doctor Robinson changed all this. When he was elected professor in 1853, he had not yet settled his views of theology; he put himself side by side with his students as an inquirer; together they fought their way toward fixed convictions. This gave a freshness to his teaching. Freedom of criticism had no limit. He learned from the students as well as the students from him. But he never, even to the end of his days, gave them a fully rounded and complete system of theology—it is doubtful whether he ever worked out such a system for himself. He was more critical than constructive; his chief merit is that he taught his pupils to think for themselves; so he put life and reality into the ministry.

Plato declared himself thankful for three things: First, that he was born a rational being; secondly, that he was born a Greek; and thirdly, that he was born in the time of Socrates. Personal influences are the strongest in education; let us be thankful if we have ever been the pupils of even one great teacher. Such a teacher was Doctor Robinson. When he was made president of the seminary in 1868, after having served thirteen years as professor, the seminary honored itself quite as much as it honored him. He has left a marked impression both upon the doctrinal conceptions and upon the homiletical methods of all our ministry. His views of moral law as unchangeable, because an expression of the inmost nature of God, and his realistic views of our relation to Adam and to Christ, were far in advance of the theology current in the Baptist pulpits of his day, and they have led to a more scriptural and at the same time a more rational faith. His love for reality showed itself not only in his abandonment of the theology of legal fiction, but also in his adoption of the most direct, natural, and incisive methods of pulpit address. I believe it not too much to say that in these respects he changed the whole face of our denomination. If as a people we have intellectual freedom, breadth, and power to-day, it is largely through the professional teaching and the personal example of Ezekiel G. Robinson.

It is painful to think with what difficulties he had to contend, and what sacrifices he had to make. He began his work with a salary of $1,200; after fourteen years the salary was increased to $2,000; when he was chosen president it became $4,000. To eke out his support he preached on the Sundays, often riding the preceding nights to reach his destination.

Besides his teaching and preaching, he was constantly laboring to secure aid for students and to increase the endowment funds of the seminary. He revised the translation of Neander's "History of the Planting and Training of the Christian Church," and he edited the "Christian Review," as mere incidental tasks when not otherwise occupied. It is no wonder that these burdens told upon his strength and that, when the invitation came, he decided to accept the presidency of Brown University. But he gave us nineteen years of inestimably precious service, and during those years he did more than any other man has ever done to make Rochester Theological Seminary what it is.

Dr. Velona R. Hotchkiss became professor of Biblical Literature at the departure of Doctor Conant. He had a large and successful pastoral experience both in this city and in Buffalo. Nervously constituted and with an insatiable thirst for learning, he was a rare example of erudition in the ministry. He knew his Hebrew Bible and his Greek Testament as he knew his English, and his great ambition was to make the Scriptures known to others. He taught Hebrew and Greek in the seminary for the eleven years from 1854 to 1865; and, though he believed in the universality of the deluge and in the creation of the world in six literal days of twenty-four hours each, he communicated his own enthusiasm for Bible study to each of his pupils, inspiring them with the conviction that there were inexhaustible treasures in the word of God, and that it was their privilege and duty to bring out from those treasures for the instruction of God's people things both new and old. He was himself a remarkable example of expository preaching. No student who ever heard his discourses on the Transfiguration and on the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah could fail to be influenced for life.

What shall I say of Dr. George W. Northrup? It has been my purpose in general to avoid extended account of the living. But Doctor Northrup's work in his professorship and in the First Baptist Church of Rochester was so unique and valuable that it belongs to the history of the institution, and the one cannot be related without the other. He brought to us a new element—an element much needed, but not before represented in our seminary life—I mean the contemplative, the spiritual, the mystical in its highest and best sense. Doctor Robinson was intellectual, critical, stimulating, and Doctor Northrup was not lacking in these qualities. But he added an emotional intensity, an aspiration after God, a sense of dependence, a conscious communion with Christ, which were not so manifest in Doctor Robinson. I shall never forget Doctor Northrup's prayers at the beginning of his lectures—plaintive cries of the child for the guidance of its Father—nor his rousing himself from reverie, when he thought himself alone, with the words: "Oh, that I could be like God!"

His life in Rochester was marked by some extraordinary experiences, comparable only to those of Tennant and of the Apostle Paul, when he seemed to himself caught up into the seventh heaven and made the recipient of communications which are beyond the power of human tongue to utter. I was myself a member of the first class he taught in ecclesiastical history. I have sometimes told him, in a half-jest, that he never taught so well afterward. I meant only that his agonizing struggle at that time to know the truth, and the absolute candor with which he welcomed every suggestion of his students, set us to work, as dogmatic teaching never could have done. We learned a method of investigation that was better than ready-made doctrine. Our reverence for the man helped our studies. The great revival of religion which followed his supply of the pulpit of the First Baptist Church of Rochester had the effect of sending into the ministry many seminary students who all their lives long looked back to him as an object-lesson for the conduct of evangelistic work. When he became president of the Theological Seminary in Chicago, after his ten years of service here from 1857 to 1867, Rochester mourned his loss, but for Chicago it was great gain, for all that has followed there may not improperly be said to be due to him.

Dr. R. J. W. Buckland, who succeeded Doctor Northrup in the chair of Church History, and who held the place for seven years until his lamented death in 1876, was a man of totally different type from his predecessor. Gracious yet dignified in manner, he brought into the seminary a certain air of science and society which had hitherto been lacking. He came from an important pastorate in New York City. But he was variously learned. He believed in a kingdom of God in nature as well as in the soul. The revelations of the telescope and of the microscope attracted him. He was an omnivorous reader, and a man of indomitable industry. He told me that he could work more hours in the day, more days in the week, and more weeks in the year, than any man he knew. His main study was history, and his aim seemed to be to bring the history of the kingdom of God down to twelve o'clock on the particular day on which he lectured. But he forgot the needs of the body. Suddenly that strong frame succumbed to disease; and he was not, for God took him. But he did not live or teach in vain; for to Doctor Buckland, fifteen years after, was dedicated a certain "Short History of the Baptists," in grateful remembrance of that broad scholarship and kindling enthusiasm that first inspired Doctor Vedder to study Baptist history.

The last of our English professors of whom I can give any extended account is Dr. Horatio B. Hackett. I well remember Doctor Robinson's joy when this eminent scholar was persuaded to come to Rochester. He had had a brilliant career at Newton; his reputation was European as well as American; minute accuracy, entire lucidity, sometimes a quiet elegance, sometimes a passionate eloquence, characterized his teaching. As modest as he was devout, he pursued the even tenor of his way, ambitious only to bring all the lights of linguistics and archæology, of exploration and of art, to bear upon the interpretation of Scripture. He was sometimes criticized for generalizing too little, for avoiding doctrinal conclusions, for confining attention to limited areas of the Bible. But his students learned what absolute thoroughness of investigation was; learned to express precisely the results to which they had arrived; learned to stand for the scientifically attained teaching of Scripture as authoritative and final.

During the five years of his work here he added to the fame he had won by his "Commentary on the Acts," the still greater fame of editing the American edition of Smith's "Bible Dictionary," and he filled up his days with usefulness, for he taught on the very day that he died.

In 1850 the German Baptist churches of the United States were only eight in number. But they were growing; they had a missionary spirit; they demanded pastors and evangelists with some degree of training. It was to meet this demand that in 1852 the German department of the seminary was organized. The beginnings were small. For several years instruction was given by German pastors, such as the Rev. A. Heinrich, and by undergraduate students in the university and in the English department, such as Bro. Philip W. Bickel. The first teacher whose name appears in our catalogue was Prof. Albert H. Mixer, who was at the same time giving instruction in the chair of Modern Languages in the university. Professor Mixer taught from 1855 to 1856. He was during that year the only teacher. He began with eight students, and he ended with eleven. Let us never despise the day of small things, for the first name in the list of graduates from the German department is that of Dr. Philip W. Bickel, for many years the head of our Theological Seminary in Hamburg, Germany, and now the manager of our Baptist Publication Society in that country, while among the number taught by Professor Mixer during his single year of service were Julius C. Haselhuhn, Jacob S. Gubelmann, and Conrad Bodenbender, brethren who have done great service for Christ and whose praise is in all the churches.

It was not until 1858 that this department of the seminary had the entire time of even a single instructor. In that year Prof. Augustus Rauschenbusch began a work which lasted without interruption for thirty years. Though he was not present at the beginning, he may still be said to be the father of the German Baptist interest in this country, for it is his work and influence, more than any other human agency, which has raised up a German Baptist ministry, and has caused the eight German Baptist churches of fifty years ago to multiply until they now number two hundred and forty-three.

Professor Rauschenbusch was a natural teacher. A pupil of Neander at Berlin, and a Lutheran pastor in Germany, he heard the call of his exiled countrymen in the backwoods of America, and with the truest missionary zeal he left home and country to give them the gospel. Here he became a Baptist. His university training, his varied learning, and his gifts as a teacher, marked him as conspicuously fitted for the training of German young men for the ministry. He began his work on a salary of $600. He taught English and German, Latin and Greek, geology, botany, astronomy, natural history, grammar and rhetoric, homiletics and theology, the Old Testament and the New, the history of the world and the history of the church, with readings from the poets, the criticism of sermons, lectures on manners and morals, and occasional expeditions for the raising of money.

He could not have done all this if he had not had a well-stored mind, astonishing endurance, and an inner impulse to impart what he knew to others. When a friend asked Charles Lamb whether he had ever heard Coleridge preach, Lamb replied that he had never heard Coleridge do anything else. So one might say of Professor Rauschenbusch that he was never known to do anything else than to teach. He could not help teaching, and that with an enthusiasm that roused the dullest of pupils. He tolerated no inattention. As he himself was, so he expected every student to be, *totus in illis*. It was the German type of instruction; it demanded patience and docility in the student; but patience and docility were rewarded. His thirty years of service bore great fruit. The ministers of the gospel trained by him have gone to every quarter of the land and of the globe, and they have carried everywhere sound doctrine and a profound reverence for the Scriptures. That our German churches are so evangelical and so spiritual to-day is largely due to the influence of Prof. Augustus Rauschenbusch.

And, now that I am speaking of the German department, let me not forget to mention Prof. Hermann M. Schäffer, who entered upon his labors as professor of the New Testament in 1872, and continued to teach until his death in 1898. No other man has done so much as he for the material welfare of the department. He was an optimist, and a believer in the power of a cheerful face and a resolute will. He could get people to give money, because he always took No to mean Yes and, after he had been peremptorily refused, soon came again with the selfsame plea for aid. Human nature could not forever resist his appeals.

He was an excellent teacher, as the men whom he prepared for our English department again and again demonstrated to us. But he was even a better manager and administrator. The noble edifice called the German Students' Home would never have been built if it had not been for his collection of the needful funds. It almost broke his heart when he found that successive efforts to raise a German Endowment Fund of $100,000 resulted only in apparent failure. It was anxiety, indeed, that brought him to his grave. Yet his very death brought the answer to his prayers. Like Samson, he slew more in his dying than in his life; for, moved by compunction, men gave then who had refused to give before; and at last the long effort, that had cost Professor Schäffer his life, was crowned with success.

The mention of the German endowment suggests the general subject of the financial progress of the seminary. As has been already indicated, the first attempts to provide for its material wants were hampered by the fact that the University of Rochester had already reaped the field, so that the seminary could only glean what remained. Many who gave to the university, moreover, gave with the view of helping the cause of ministerial education, and they were surprised when a second appeal was made for specifically theological training. The seminary was often confounded with the university. Legacies and gifts really intended for the seminary were, through misunderstanding, paid over to the university. It was difficult to convince the public that two institutions occupying the same building and supported by the same denomination were totally distinct from each other, having different faculties, bodies of students, and Boards of control. It is easy to see how an element of friction was introduced between the two institutions; how they became competitors for subscriptions; how the friends of the seminary began to fear that it might be so overshadowed by the university as to lose its independence; how two noble men like Doctor Robinson and Doctor Anderson, originally fast friends, came to be somewhat jealous of each other's influence.

While the University of Rochester began its sessions in November, 1850, with $140,000 subscribed for its endowment, the seminary began its existence with ten or twelve temporary scholarships of seventy dollars each—aggregating some seven hundred dollars, and with a little over three hundred dollars paid into the treasury for other purposes. The first report of the trustees says encouragingly that board could be obtained of the janitor at $1.50 per week, and that several brethren in the city had offered to take students into their families to board through the year without expense. My father was one of these men of hospitable mind. Yet twenty-six young men were received by the society as beneficiaries, and it was solemnly voted that no worthy young man who gave evidence of being called by God to the ministry should for lack of funds be denied beneficiary aid. If ever an institution was started in naked faith that God would provide, it was the Rochester Theological Seminary, for its total assets at the beginning, in money and subscriptions, could not have greatly exceeded one thousand dollars.

It was wholly without invested funds, and was dependent upon the churches for means to defray its current expenses as well as to support its students.

The first effort to raise an endowment aimed at a fund of only seventy-five thousand dollars. The Rev. Zenas Freeman, at the end of his eight years of service as our corresponding secretary, had succeeded in securing sixty thousand dollars of this sum. Archibald Servoss followed in the secretaryship, and held office for three years. But it was not till Doctor Robinson threw himself into the breach, and added the duties of secretary to his professorship, that the whole amount was raised. Doctor Robinson's labors were so successful that in 1868 the Board of Trustees reported an aggregate endowment fund of $103,666, of which $80,841 was invested, and $22,825 consisted in unpaid subscriptions. At the close of Doctor Robinson's services as president and professor in 1872, and when the seminary was just twenty-two years old, the treasurer of the union, Mr. Cyrus F. Paine, reported the endowment funds as amounting to $113,750, of which $106,275 was invested, and $7,475 consisted in interest-bearing subscriptions. New pledges, however, had been made in response to the solicitations of Doctor Robinson, and Mr. James D. Reid, who had taken upon himself the work of secretary, reported that these pledges would increase the endowment fund to over $200,000.

It was in this year, 1872, or twenty-eight years ago, that the present incumbent, with great self-distrust, took Doctor Robinson's place when that great man and great teacher left the seminary to become president of Brown University. I had not been long in my position before I found that the salaries of our professors as well as my own salary failed to be paid at the proper time. Inquiry disclosed the fact that the interest on endowment funds, increased as they had been, was far from sufficient to meet the needs of a growing institution. Though I had stipulated, in accepting my place, that I should be excused for two years from all work in the raising of money, I saw that without additional funds we must close our doors. With an anxious heart I went to New York City and begged for help. To my great gratification and surprise, men of generosity and wealth responded to my appeals. Our deficit was immediately paid; new funds were soon subscribed; buildings were gradually provided for. From year to year these efforts have been repeated, until now in the fiftieth year of our seminary history we are enabled to report, instead of $200,000, a property of $878,689, of which $77,300 is the estimated value of the library, $131,631 of the buildings and grounds, and $669,758 of the invested funds.

A historical sketch like this would be very incomplete if it did not include some account of the principal givers. First and foremost among these is one to whom we can never cease to be grateful, because he came to our rescue in a time of great need, and stood persistently by, until the seminary was beyond the danger of collapse or extinction. I mean John B. Trevor, of Yonkers, N. Y. He became a trustee of the seminary in 1868, through the influence of his pastor, one of our graduates, Dr. A. J. F. Behrends. He interested himself in our work; he contributed $18,000 toward the erection of the building known as Trevor

Hall; he gave $30,000 for the endowment of the chair of New Testament Interpretation occupied by Doctor Hackett. When I began my own efforts to collect funds for the seminary, I naturally made my first appeal to him. He not only responded most generously, but he did more—he told me in so many words that he had resolved to concentrate his gifts to education upon Rochester, and by Rochester I understood him at that time to mean Rochester Theological Seminary, although he afterward did give almost as largely to the university.

Having once given me his confidence, he did not withdraw it. Again and again he cleared off our annually recurring deficits. He was sometimes brusque in manner, but this was because he knew his own mind and had no time to waste. In his business he made important decisions with lightninglike rapidity, and he carried this characteristic into his benevolence. A few years after my acquaintance with him began, I made an expedition to New York with a heavy burden upon me. He invited me into the upper room of his office, where we could talk in private. "Well," he said, "what is it that you most need?" "Mr. Trevor," I replied, "we have a debt of $13,000 that is hanging like a millstone about our necks." "Don't trouble yourself further about that, Doctor Strong; I will pay that." This so took my breath away that I had hardly presence of mind to say my thanks, when he added: "Is there anything else that you need?" Then I told him of our meager accommodations for lectures in Trevor Hall, and the need of an additional building for temporary use. He asked the probable cost of it.

I told him that $12,000 would be sufficient. "Well," he said, "I will give that. Anything else?" So, before I left him, he had given me $32,000. When he died in 1890, the total amount of his gifts to the seminary had reached the sum of $209,000. Trevor Hall, the Trevor Professorship of New Testament Exegesis, and the Trevor Reading-room Fund, are lasting monuments to his memory; and, since his death, Mrs. Trevor has generously endowed the Trevor Lectureship by a gift of $10,000. But to all of those who intimately knew him there is a remembrance of his quick, frank, faithful, generous nature, which needs no outward monument to perpetuate it.

The next largest giver to the seminary funds is Mr. John D. Rockefeller, and the amount he has already paid into our treasury is $177,608. This does not include his recent pledge of $150,000 upon condition that a like sum be raised by us. Already $65,000 of this amount has been subscribed, and an addition of $130,000 to our endowment has been thus secured. If I were describing the living benefactors of the institution, nothing would please me more than to speak of some of his noble characteristics, but this I must leave to future and worthier historians. And, since time presses, I can mention only hastily the names of a few whose gifts have brought joy to our hearts and have greatly helped the work of the seminary. In 1851 Roswell S. Burrows, of Albion, purchased the Neander Library of forty-six hundred volumes for $2,300. William Rockefeller, of New York, gave $25,000 for the enlargement of the library and $7,000 for other purposes, making a total of $32,000. A subscription of $25,000 by John M. Bruce, of Yonkers, for the establishment of the Bruce Library Fund, was promptly paid by his heirs after his death. Dr. Horatio B. Hackett left to us his whole exegetical apparatus, amounting to seven hundred volumes. These gifts have enabled us to increase our collection until it now numbers over thirty thousand books, exclusive of pamphlets, maps, and objects of archæological interest.

The largest legacy which the seminary has ever received was that of Eli Perry, of Albany, amounting to $85,448. We have also received by bequest $21,404 from Mrs. Helen M. Randall; $10,449 from James Hubbell; $7,000 from H. M. Baldwin, in addition to $2,000 given before his death; $6,304 from John Dowley; $5,606 from Lewis B. Grant; $5,000 each from George A. Woolverton and Alvah Strong; $3,000 from A. W. Miner; $2,000 each from C. C. Bush, N. Kellogg, Francis D. Mason, Mrs. Julia A. Smith, and James Stokes. The following friends of theological education have given during their lifetime: Joseph B. Hoyt, of Stamford, Conn., $54,000, of which $25,000 was for the endowment of the chair of Hebrew in the English department, and $12,000 toward the endowment of a chair in the German department; Charles Pratt, of Brooklyn, N. Y., $26,250, of which $25,000 was for the establishment of a professorship of Elocution; Byron E. Huntley, of Batavia, N. Y., and John J. Jones, of Orange, N. J., $20,000 each, for the endowment of professorships in the German department, Mr. Huntley having contributed $2,640 in addition for other purposes; John M. Davies, of New York, $17,500, and Robert K. Davies, of New York,

$15,000, both for the endowment of the chair of Biblical Theology; J. A. Bostwick, of New York, $17,000; Mrs. Eliza A. Witt, of Cleveland, Ohio, for scholarships, $15,000; J. O. Pettingill, of Rochester, $12,650; John H. Deane, of New York, $9,867; John F. Wyckoff, $9,400; John Bush, $6,100; Nathan Bishop, of New York, $6,000, and Mrs. Caroline C. Bishop, $4,700; Jeremiah Milbank, of New York, $5,350; Mrs. Jeremiah Milbank, $2,000, and E. L. Milbank, $1,000; William A. Cauldwell, William Phelps, Danford Knowlton, Royal L. Mack, A. J. Wellman, $5,000 each; J. F. Rathbone, $4,600; Senator Blakeslee, $4,050; E. L. Hedstrom, of Buffalo, $3,950; Mrs. E. L. Hedstrom and Arthur Hedstrom, $3,150; J. Q. Preble, $3,800; Samuel S. Constant, $3,040; Oren Sage, $2,850; A. J. Fox, $2,800; Mrs. W. H. Randall, $2,500; Charles J. Martin, $2,200; Thomas Cornell, Russell Forsyth, Theoron Fiske, Mrs. H. M. Hutchinson, S. S. Jewett, R. W. Noble, Mrs. Martha Stewart, $2,000 each.

When the university and the seminary were first established, the old United States Hotel on West Main Street was purchased for their occupation. Its cost was $9,000. Additions and repairs brought the expense up to $10,500. Here both institutions had their local habitation for eleven years, when in 1861 the university took possession of Anderson Hall, its new building erected, at a cost of about $40,000, on grounds eight acres of which had been presented by, and seventeen acres of which had been purchased of, Mr. A. Boody. The seminary purchased for $10,000 the premises which it had hitherto occupied in common with the university, and it continued to occupy them eight years longer, or until 1869, when Trevor Hall was completed, at a cost of $43,000, on one of the best locations in the city, and the old premises were disposed of. A site had been offered to the seminary upon the university campus, but the particular portion of the grounds which the friends of the university were willing to set apart did not please the friends of the seminary, nor could the seminary secure a title to the plot thus offered. Under these circumstances it seemed unwise to put their new building upon ground which they did not own. Past experience had taught them, moreover, that the growth and influence of the seminary would be best promoted by an independent existence. When they entered Trevor Hall, they felt for the first time that they had a permanent home of their own, and they have never since seen reason to regret their decision.

Mention should be made of the excellent service rendered us in the secretaryship of the Union by Gen. Thomas J. Morgan. Without his labors in soliciting funds from individuals and churches for the several rooms of Trevor Hall, the building could not have been erected, even with the gifts of $18,000 by John B. Trevor, and of $7,000 by James B. Colgate. We have been blessed, indeed, with a long succession of efficient secretaries. As Zenas Freeman, Archibald Servoss, and Henry L. Achilles preceded General Morgan, so James D. Reid, Samuel Adsit, Henry L. Morehouse, William Elgin, Samuel P. Merrill, and Josiah R. Henderson have in their order followed him. The sums collected by them from the churches for beneficiaries and for current expenses have varied with the years of famine or of plenty, yet on the whole have steadily increased. While the treasurer's report for 1852 shows only $2,219 received for current expenses, the report for 1879 gives the amount as $8,725, and the report for 1899 as $10,967, or including a special gift of $5,000, $15,967.

The erection of Rockefeller Hall in 1879 marked a great step forward in the comfort and success of our work. The fireproof room for our library met the condition upon which John M. Bruce subscribed his Library Fund. Convenient rooms for lectures had hitherto been wanting. They were now provided, together with a chapel for daily worship and for the weekly preaching service of the senior class. Here also has been held for more than twenty years the noon prayer meeting, of fifteen or twenty minutes in length, entirely voluntary, yet largely attended by students and professors alike. This informal gathering for prayer has become a distinct and unique feature of our seminary life, and has exerted a vast influence upon the morale of the institution. If any one has thought theological study unfavorable to devotion, he needs only to hear the fervent prayers and the stirring remarks of these daily meetings to be convinced of his mistake. They have taught many a minister how to conduct the meetings of his church, and have proved to him, even during his seminary course, the truth of Luther's maxim: "*Orare est laborare* (praying is the best of working)."

During the half-century, the institution has made several forward movements in theological education, and the steps should be chronicled. Our first step in advance had to do with the length of our course. The seminary began by providing a course of only two years. This was found, after twelve years' experience, to be insufficient. Thorough preparation for the ministry required a wider range and a longer term of study. In 1862, therefore, the course was lengthened to three years, and for this reason in that year no class was graduated. Our second step in advance had to do with requisitions for entrance. Until 1890 the seminary maintained a partial or English course, for the benefit of those who had not enjoyed the advantages of a college education. But it was found that the number of these unprepared students constantly increased, until they drove away fully prepared men. With considerable trepidation it was resolved to admit to the seminary only college graduates, or those who had an equivalent training. The new régime has worked most successfully. Instead of diminishing our numbers, as was feared, our numbers during the last ten years have well-nigh doubled. Our homogeneous classes do far more and far better work than was possible in 1890. The advantage to both teachers and students of the requisition that all persons entering the seminary shall be prepared both in English and in Greek may be seen from the fact that while, during the year 1889-1890, out of a total number of sixty-four students, only twenty-eight took Hebrew and only forty-four took Greek studies, all of the one hundred and six students of the present year take Hebrew studies as well as Greek.

Other institutions have followed our lead in this respect, although at the first they severely criticized it. In some cases young men to whom we have refused admission on account of their imperfect preparation have turned back and have taken the preliminary college training. A third advance movement has been inaugurated during the past year. It has to do with the conditions of aid. Aid is henceforth to be given to students in proportion to their scholarly standing; and no aid whatever is to be given to any whose scholarly standing does not promise intelligent and efficient service in the ministry. Observation widely extended has shown that the men who fall out of the ministry are, as a rule, the poor scholars. Scholarly attainments and fidelity to the work assigned in the classes are the best practicable test of moral integrity and the best guarantee of future usefulness. Instructors cannot look into the hearts of their pupils or mathematically determine the amount of their piety, but they can observe their diligence in study and assign their proper grades in the performance of their tasks. This seminary now sets itself by the side of the Union Seminary of New York and of the Divinity School of Yale, in refusing aid to slipshod and emotional men who cannot or will not do serious intellectual work. Though by this change we may temporarily lose in numbers, we are sure that we thus spend most economically the money entrusted to us by the churches, and we believe that, as with the previous advances, future growth will justify the new policy to which we have now committed ourselves.

The seminary would never have been able thus steadily to move forward had it not been blessed with a most judicious, progressive, and harmonious Board of Trustees. The executive committee of that Board has been especially faithful. There have been no quarrels and no divisions. The funds have been so admirably kept and administered that the increase in their market value has very considerably exceeded any slight losses due to foreclosures or failures. To these brethren who have for many years freely given their time and their counsel the institution and the denomination owe a debt which it can never repay. Let me mention only a few who have thus borne the burden and heat of the day. Two have finished their earthly work and have gone to their rest. Hon. James O. Pettingill, a man of quick sympathies but steady determination, who served us as trustee for twenty-nine years, as member of the executive committee for twenty-seven years, and as chairman of that committee for sixteen years, until his death in 1883; and Judge George W. Rawson, whose legal acumen and keen conscience made him an invaluable counselor during the eleven years from 1866 to 1877.

Coming now to those who are still with us, let me name only four. Mr. Ezra R. Andrews has now been a member of the executive committee for thirty-four years, and for seventeen years the chairman of that committee. Mr. Austin H. Cole has been a trustee for twenty-three years, but a member of the executive committee for thirty-three, and its recording secretary for thirty-three. Mr. D. A. Woodbury has been both trustee and member of the executive committee since 1861, a period of thirty-nine years. Mr. Cyrus F. Paine has been a member for forty-seven years, and he was treasurer of the union from 1853 to 1899, giving to the seminary forty-six years of as skilful, conscientious, and laborious service as was ever given to a great Christian institution. If any man deserves to have a tablet set up for his memorial, in connection with this fiftieth anniversary, it is this most patient, kindly, and self-forgetful man, who has put into our work so large and precious a portion of his life.

In 1870 three members of the class that had recently graduated returned to Rochester for a year of postgraduate study. They were John T. Beckley, afterward pastor of the Epiphany Baptist Church of New York City; Wayland R. Benedict, now professor of Philosophy and dean of the University of Cincinnati; and Benjamin O. True, now professor of Church History in our seminary. Thomas J. Morgan, now secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, was also frequently present and shared the work of the class. The work was practically identical with that of the German *Seminar*. Hopes were entertained that other postgraduate classes might follow. Doctor Robinson's removal to Brown University, and the increased demands upon the faculty, made it impossible to realize this hope. With our limited teaching force and our limited endowment, we have settled down into the belief that the province of the seminary is strictly elementary, and that the wiser plan is to furnish the best training in the rudiments of theology and to leave postgraduate work to the universities. Nor have we thus far fallen in with the common view that it belongs to the seminary to provide multiplied elective courses. We have chosen rather to offer a fixed curriculum, embracing all the scholastic work essential to a specific training for the ministry. We have regarded a thorough grounding in the Hebrew Bible, the Greek New Testament, church history, systematic theology, homiletics, pastoral theology, and elocution, as the matter of prime importance, leaving special studies to be pursued elsewhere after the seminary course is finished, and in this way conforming our policy to that of the best schools of other professions, as, for example, schools of law and of medicine.

It is a grief to me that limits of time and the proprieties of the occasion do not permit me to praise, as they deserve to be praised, the noble candor, harmony, and loyalty that have prevailed in the faculty of our seminary during all my connection with it as president, and which have made possible all our advances and all our success. It would be a great satisfaction to me if I could properly commemorate the services of Prof. William C. Wilkinson, who held the chair of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology from 1873 to 1881; of Prof. Albert H. Newman, who held the chair of Ecclesiastical History from 1877 to 1881; of Prof. Adelbert S. Coats, who held the chair of Elocution from 1881 to 1892. It would specially please me if I could tell how much the seminary owes to the twenty-five years' service of Dr. Howard Osgood, who this year closes his work among us. His learning, his courtesy, his piety, will leave a blessing behind them. May his days still be long in the land of the living, and every day of them all be filled with usefulness!

Prof. William Arnold Stevens completes this year a period of twenty-three years of instruction in the department of New Testament Interpretation. He has given us a method of inestimable value, and many another teacher has learned from him to teach. Dr. T. Harwood Pattison has for nineteen years taught men to preach not only by precept, but by authorship and by example. His brilliancy and wit, strangely combined with patient regularity and Christian fervor, have been ever like a fresh breeze through what might else have been dusty halls. Dr. Benjamin O. True has furnished a model of enthusiasm in the study and the teaching of the history of the church. For an equal period of nineteen years he has made the dry bones of the past to live, and the sacramental host of God's elect to pass before the student, an exceeding great army.

Dr. Henry E. Robins has not been able to do active work of teaching, but for eighteen years he has without compensation given us his wise counsel and his constant encouragement. We rejoice that the Christian Ethics he has not had the health to teach, he has notwithstanding put into a book that will widely and deeply influence the thought of our time. Dr. Jacob S. Gubelmann for fifteen years has commended Christian doctrine to successive classes in the German department, while at the same time he has shown himself in our American churches to be a model preacher of the word of God. Prof. John P. Silvernail has now for eight years taught and exemplified a simple, natural, and manly elocution. And of our younger instructors, Prof. Walter R. Betteridge, who has served us for eight years as assistant in Hebrew; Prof. Albert J. Ramaker, whose work in the German department began in 1889; Prof. Louis Kaiser, in 1890; and Prof. Walter Rauschenbusch, in 1897, I can say in all truth and soberness that they have fully justified the confidence we reposed in them at the time of their election, and that they promise great and distinguished service to the cause of ministerial education. No one of all the thirty-one men who have at various times taught in the seminary has apostatized from the Christian faith, while many of them have been great lights in our firmament and great leaders of our people.

During the last fifty years our denomination in the State of New York has made great progress in numbers. In 1850 we had eight hundred and ten churches; in 1900 we have nine hundred and thirty-four. In 1850 we had seven hundred and forty-four ministers; in 1900 we have nine hundred and fifty-three. In 1850 we had eighty-one thousand five hundred and nine church-members; in 1900 we have one hundred and fifty thousand eight hundred and seventy-five. During this same half-century, Baptists have increased yet more in the country at large. In 1850 we had in the United States nine thousand five hundred and forty-nine churches; in 1900 we have forty-two thousand eight hundred and ninety-three. In 1850 we had seven thousand three hundred and eighty-five ministers; in 1900 we have twenty-eight thousand four hundred and nine. In 1850 we had eight hundred and one thousand seven hundred and seventy church-members; in 1900 we have four million one hundred and forty-one thousand nine hundred and ninety-five.

While the population of the country has increased a little more than threefold, Baptists have increased between four and fivefold. What has the Rochester Theological Seminary done to help this growth, and how far have we kept up with the general forward movement of our denomination? The statistics show, I believe, that this seminary has been one of the potent factors in this growth, and that a large part of our denominational increase in numbers, in intelligence, in financial ability, in benevolent contributions, has been due to the influence of this institution.

During these fifty years, one thousand four hundred and forty-seven men have pursued studies here, of whom one thousand one hundred and twenty-eight have been connected with the English, and three hundred and nineteen with the German department. Eight hundred and seventy of these students have been graduates of colleges. Three hundred and thirty-five men have taken the so-called English course, now abolished, and of these eighty-seven have been college graduates. Six hundred and eighty-eight have completed the full seminary course, including the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures. Three hundred and eighty-five have taken partial courses or have left the seminary before graduating. The average number which we have sent into the ministry year by year is twenty-five. Whereas the seminary began in 1850 with twenty-three students, it has this year one hundred and forty-eight, of whom one hundred and five are in the English department. Of our graduates, sixty-four have become presidents or professors in colleges or theological seminaries; fifty-five have gone out as foreign missionaries, and thirty-four have served as missionaries in the great West; twenty-nine have been secretaries or agents of educational or missionary societies; and ten have been editors of religious journals.

The seminary has gained its influence by adhering strictly to the aim of its founders, that of making preachers rather than mere scholars. Doctor Robinson gloried in teaching homiletics as well as theology. He declared, in so many words, that "the attempted conjunction of a study of systematic theology with a homiletic use of it is one of the distinctive peculiarities of the Rochester Theological Seminary." We have maintained the early traditions of the institution also by cultivating the habit of theological thought, rather than by insisting upon the acceptance of theological formulæ. Freedom of discussion and the right of private judgment in the interpretation of Scripture are essential principles of the Baptist faith—we recognize these principles in our seminary instruction. We believe in the progress of doctrine, not in the sense that the truth changes, but in the sense that men's apprehension of the truth improves from age to age. Theology can gain in breadth and depth, by taking in the fresh air of modern philosophy and science, by absorbing whatever is good in modern thought and life. For all that is good in modern thought and life is the work of Christ and the product of his Holy Spirit. I believe that our graduates have done a mighty service to the church and to the world by presenting the old truth in new forms, by adapting the gospel to new conditions, by recognizing the good in other systems than our own, by substituting vital and spiritual conceptions for those which were merely mechanical and legal, by insisting on a personal appropriation and a unique expression of Christian doctrine on the part of every preacher and of every believer.

I have taken pleasure in this retrospect, for the reason that I was here at the birth of the seminary and have had acquaintance with every stage of its subsequent history. I knew all of its first students, and I have had the privilege in these later years of welcoming into the undergraduate ranks many of their sons. And the children have been better than the fathers, sharper in mind, of finer culture, and of equal piety. May the prophet's words continue to be fulfilled, that "instead of the fathers shall be the children." May there ever be a truly apostolic succession of consecrated men, and may our graduates do their part in keeping up this succession, by sending their own sons hither, and so committing the things which they heard to faithful men who shall be able to teach others also!

Space-relations are something to God, or he would not permit the local interest and affections to grow up which so bind us to the seminary that nourished us in our youth. To remove an institution is much harder than to remove an individual. Rochester has become a sacred city to which the tribes go up, and many of its children remember it as the Jews remembered Zion. Time-relations are something to God, or he would not have made the memories of the past so precious, nor the steps of our progress so plain, from those early days when here we met with God and yielded ourselves to his service, down to these later years when we recognize the good hand that has so divinely led us and acknowledge that not one word of all God's promises has failed.

Yet God is above space and time, and we are in God. We mark the passage of time, and we write our histories. But we can do this only because in our highest being we do not belong to space and time, but have in us a bit of eternity. John Caird tells us that we could not perceive the flowing of the stream if we were ourselves a part of the current; only as we have our feet planted on solid rock can we observe that the water rushes by. So we recognize the process of events only because we are not a part of the process. We belong to God; we are akin to God; and while the world passes away and the lust thereof, he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.

Fifty years have passed, and but one of the original officers of the Union remains. Another fifty years, and none but the youngest of us will be here. But the seminary will survive, for it was founded in the prayers and tears of the fathers, and those prayers and tears reflected the heart of God. There is a care greater than all human care. It is God's care for his own. And therefore we believe that other trustees and other teachers and other students in long succession will fill these halls and do this work of providing a trained and competent ministry for Christ's church. We who are present actors on the scene shall pass away, and not one who has given care or time or labor or money or prayer for this institution shall fail to hear Christ say: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

But other actors will take our place. The resources of our Lord are infinite. Hitherto hath the Lord helped us. He will provide for the time to come. And if the history of the past gives any pledge for the future, it encourages us to believe that the future will be one of ever growing success and honor, until Christ himself shall come.

And yet we cannot be absolutely sure that any earthly instrument is necessary to God. Times change, and methods change with them. Our part is to do our work, to stand by the institutions Christ has put into our charge, to make them, by our liberality, our teaching, our influence, what they ought to be. The present is ours; the future belongs to God. We trust that the seminary shall abide so long as the world stands. But, after all, the seminary is but a means to an end. That end is the progress and triumph of the kingdom of God. If not the seminary, yet the kingdom, shall endure. For the King is Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; and the Rochester Theological Seminary will have served its purpose if it only has exalted him who is King of the ages and Lord of all.

VI

EDUCATION AND OPTIMISM[1]

My first duty to-day is to salute this new university and to congratulate its members that they pursue their studies in the land of flowers. I have often wished that at this season of the year I could put my own seminary on wheels and transfer it to the sunny South. The spirit of affiliation is in me. As Chicago is now doing part of its scholastic work in Palestine, so I would fain do a part in Florida. I am open to offers from any gentleman of means who will foot the bills. Until such offers come, however, I must content myself to envy and admire. And I am sure that the progress of this institution since its first foundation fifteen years ago may well excite admiration. All honor to its founder and to its president. If to set in motion springs that shall flow down through the coming years with ever-increasing volume and blessing is a worthy ambition, surely John B. Stetson and John F. Forbes have attained the true object of living. We at the North look on as you advance to the intellectual conquest of your great and beautiful State, and we receive stimulus and encouragement, for we feel that hope can never hope too much, as it looks forward to the future of this university.

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[1] An address delivered at the commencement of the John B. Stetson University, De Land, Fla., February 4, 1902.

And yet, even in these days of educational progress, we meet at times men who decry the results of learning. They claim that we are having too much of literary and scientific culture. The mass of mankind, they say, are useful and happy only when they are engaged in manual toil. To train their minds is only to fill them with unattainable ideals, and to make them discontented with their lot. The growth of our colleges is held to be in many ways an evil; they are the gathering-places, it is said, of young men who have little love for learning and much disposition to riot. The rowing set of Oxford and Cambridge is expected to reproduce itself at Harvard and Yale, and the ancient simplicity, the intimate intercourse of teacher and student, the high standard of scholarship, are to die out as our American institutions become great. I am not a Malthusian nor a pessimist. I have no fear of numbers. I believe that competition between the colleges, and competition between the several departments of the same college, will counteract most of these evil tendencies where they really exist. In this country there is a love of learning for its own sake, and this explains the growth of our educational institutions. Sydney Smith's idea of heaven was the eating of *pâté de foies gras* to the sound of trumpets. It is a different spirit that has brought you together today. You sympathize more with the great German who cried, "Give me a great thought that I may refresh myself." So I propose to speak to you of a subject suggested by these preliminary reflections. I take for my theme, "Education and Optimism," and I maintain the thesis that the educated person, whatever be his vocation or calling, should be a professional optimist.

And this, first of all, because education develops the sense of individuality, and so gives each man a better idea of at least one important portion of the world, namely, himself. The German philosopher, Fichte, called that the birthday of his child when the child awoke to self-consciousness and said "I." But there is another birthday later on, and very commonly it comes during one's course in college, when the soul awakens to its own greatness, and begins to perceive the boundless possibilities of its nature. "Bright shoots of everlastingness" thrill through every fiber of its being. In every growing mind there are continents which no Columbus has ever yet discovered; in every youthful heart there are depths of possible joy or sorrow which no plummet has ever sounded. Dim visions of these outlying regions of his own existence dawn upon the student, as he pores over his books or walks out into the silent night. It is a time of *Aufklärung,* or clearing up. The greatest star is seen to be not far away in the nightly sky, but at the small end of the telescope, in the person of the eager observer.

One cannot get this glimpse of his own greatness without the impulse to make the most of himself. This garden is an Eden, which has been given him to dress and keep. I am bound to love my neighbor only as myself. Even my charity must begin at home; for, if I do not take care of myself, I shall have nothing that I can give to others. A little German student not more than five feet in height provoked the laughter of his companions by shouting ecstatically, "*Ich will mich entwickeln*! (I will develop myself!)" But there was something admirable in the utterance. "Respect the dreams of thy youth," said Goethe. Dreams become ambitions, and ambitions sometimes become realities. Before commercialism has dimmed our ideals, it is a great advantage to live among influences that cherish them and fix the vision forever. And education has for its first object to reveal us to ourselves, to show us the heights and depths of our own being. To know one's powers is an incitement to increase them. Let the young bird only learn that it can fly, and it cannot be restrained from flying. To teach possession is to teach use. Education is optimism, because every man thinks well of himself, and

> Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
> These three lead life to sovereign power.

The first result of this dawning sense of individuality is the impulse to omnivorous acquisition. The student determines to fill himself out by the reading of books. The young Erasmus writes: "When I get money I will buy me some Greek books, and after that some clothes." A boundless receptivity is the first sign of developing selfhood, but it needs to be supplemented by spontaneity, judgment, thought. The mind is not a tub to be pumped into, but a well to be pumped out. First, it is true, you pour a little water in, and that is acquisition. But you soon draw out, and that alone is real education. You cease to repeat memorized theorems; you begin to work out original demonstrations; no one is a true mathematician until he does something of this latter sort. You cease to bow to the passing *Zeitgeist,* the spirit of your time; you have a mind of your own. Of all the sayings of Ralph Waldo Emerson, I value most that entry in his diary which he wrote in 1834: "Henceforth I design not to utter any speech, poem, or book that is not entirely and peculiarly my own." He had learned the truth which Robert Browning expressed long afterward:

> To know rather consists in opening out a way
> Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,
> Than in effecting entry for a light
> Supposed to be without.

Mrs. Browning had in her more of the soul of poetry than her husband ever dreamed of. But her metrical training was defective. She could speak of the "apolyptic John" instead of the "apocalyptic John"—a sort of apocope which made critics smile almost as much as her putting "panther" to rhyme with "saunter," and "turret" with "chariot." A little more of technical education would have doubled her power. College training gives us this thoroughness; we learn to leave no stone unturned, to go to the bottom of the subject, to ask not what we would like the truth to be, but what is the truth? All this is a discipline of the will as well as of the intellect. William T. Harris, our national commissioner of education, has well said that the new education is too exclusively a training of the intellect with a view to insight, while the merit of the old was that it also trained the will with a view to character. The ideal education will combine the two. "How can a man come to know himself?" says Goethe. "Never by thinking," he replies, "but by doing. Try to do your duty, and you will know at once what you are worth." I am sure that we who have had college training have won an optimistic point of view by using our wills, by summoning up reserves, by finding those reserves respond to our call, by overcoming difficulties, by learning that

Tasks in hours of insight willed
Can be in hours of gloom fulfilled.

I maintain that education should make us optimists not only because it develops the sense of individuality, but also because it develops the sense of community. If it were not so, the result might be a very unpleasant and pernicious egotism.

Unless above himself he can erect himself,
How mean a thing is man!

The associations of college life all tend to lift us out of our narrowness, to give us better views of our fellow-men, and to identify our interests and hopes with theirs. I almost think that friends are our best educators. We learn more from them than we do from formal instructors. Instructors, indeed, come to have strongest influence over us only when they are felt to be our friends. And the friendships of college days become increasingly precious as time goes on. When the survivors of a college class close up the ranks after the majority have fallen, and clasping hands sing once more:

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
  And never brought to mind;
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
  And days of auld lang syne?

we realize that one of the best gifts to us was the impulse to draw near to our fellows and to merge our life in theirs. From the very walls of the old college there exhales an imperishable aroma, like that of the musk which Justinian mingled with his mortar when he built Saint Sophia at Constantinople. By a strange process of endosmosis, other lives have entered into ours and have become a part of us. "Your heart shall live forever," said the psalmist. Only by love have we become truly possessors of ourselves.

Perhaps I am quoting Goethe more than I ought. But there is a saying of his which deserves to be written in letters of gold. It is to the effect that "loving sympathy is indispensable to productive criticism." You can have descriptive criticism without love. A lady asked Senator William M. Evarts if he did not think women good judges of character, and he replied: "Judges? No, madame. Executioners!" He regarded women apparently as the unfair sex. But education turns women, and men too, from executioners into judges. The democracy of college life is of incalculable value. To learn the nobility that underlies a plain exterior, such as Ian Maclaren describes in the "Bonnie Brier Bush," is worth all the cost of a college course. To live in a community where intellectual and moral standards, standards of manliness and scholarship and generosity, override all considerations of wealth or pedigree, is to enlarge one's sense of the dignity of human nature, and to judge forever after that, in spite of accident or birth or fortune, "A man's a man for a' that."

There are other people in the world besides myself;

their interests are of equal importance with my own; personal government does not obtain; my worth is to be determined by general principles. How greatly these lessons of a college life develop the broad, useful, hopeful, optimistic spirit! Even the exaggerated loyalties of the college classes or of the college societies are the signs of a new altruism and a new sense of community.

There is a wider sympathy and hopefulness than this, and education gives it to us. There is a solidarity of the race. If you were to look down upon the oak tree from a balloon, each leaf would seem separate from all others; viewed from the ground beneath, each leaf is seen to be connected with a stalk, a twig, a branch, a trunk; it is part indeed of a great organism whose life proceeds from the root, and whose origin can be traced back to a single acorn which a deer trampled into the ground a century ago. So each man is a member of the human race; a common life throbs in the veins of all men; God hath made of one every nation of men to dwell on all the face of the earth. I am united to every other human being by the ties of one great family, so that I am my brother's keeper, and nothing human is foreign to me.

" The individual," says Dr. George Harris, " is the central point of an hour-glass, or a strait between two seas which widen behind and before." How, then, do you escape the conclusion that the human race was most numerous at the beginning? Only by remembering that " other children have the same great-grandparents; that there have been intermarriages; and that, after all, the generations run on in parallel lines. It is like a wall covered with paper in diamond pattern; the lines diverge and converge, but the figures are parallel."

I, as an individual, am but a single point in a great network. Variation scatters widely the latent peculiarities of the race, like the shot from the shotgun. But marriage brings these peculiarities together again, so that the tendency to divergence is prevented from resulting in monstrosities. The union of each wedded pair brings the offspring back to type. And so the Indian proverb is true: "There is no lotus without a stem." We are not so much sons of our parents as we are sons of the race. In each one of us humanity comes to a focus. Every man is practically a reproduction of Adam, in whom all these diverse traits and possibilities were originally united; and Christ himself, as respects his merely human ancestry, was not so much son of Mary as he was Son of man.

Charles Darwin did not favor the theory of many origins for mankind, and modern science holds to the unity of the human race. The Scripture tells us more definitely that man was one in his creation, that Eve sprang from Adam, and that she was the mother of all living. However this may be interpreted, one thing is plain: From our first parents a common life has been transmitted, so that humanity is an organic whole. The coral of the South Seas furnishes us with an analogy; young buds sprout out from the body of the parent polyp and remain connected with it even after it is dead; so that a piece of coral is not simply a multitude of individuals—it is a compound animal as well; through the whole organism there throbs one common life. In humanity the nerve connections are more tense and subtle, but here too, it is true that society creates the individual, quite as much as the individual creates society. There is no such a thing as a self-made man. *Unus homo, nullus homo.* The isolated individual is no man at all; and, conversely, the ideal man is only he whose nerves are so strong that he feels every thrust made at the life of his fellow-man, even though that fellow-man be on the other side of the globe, as if the thrust were a stab at his own heart.

A thousand different lines of descent meet in each one of us. But a thousand go out from us also. My influence is perpetuated through my children and my children's children not only, but through all with whom I come in contact. The doctrine of heredity helps me to beware lest I transmit a deteriorated life to my descendants. It encourages me to strenuous effort to perfect my own being, by showing me that to perfect myself is in the end to perfect the whole race to which I belong. So a larger knowledge inspires a larger love. We are drawn out of ourselves to appreciate the needs of universal humanity, and to identify ourselves with it. Some great cause stirs our pulses, and in working for it we ourselves become great. We renounce self-will, self-indulgence, self-exploitation, and lo! the life of the world enters into us, and we are truly free. The sense of community has taken possession of us; we realize that no man liveth unto himself, and that labor for the uplifting of humanity cannot possibly be in vain.

Our optimistic conclusion is helped by observing the tendency of all common sentiments and opinions to become crystallized into institutions. That was a great saying of Tacitus: "*Principes mortales, rempublicam aeternam* (Emperors are mortal, but the State is everlasting)." The sense of community leads men to work together, to organize for effort that shall outlast the lifetime of the individual members. The beginnings of such an organization may be small, but beginnings make endings. It matters not how insignificant a force may be at the start, if there is a prospect of endless growth before it. The greatest of our universities began in pitiful weakness; the Mayflower once held all there was of New England faith and freedom; the upper chamber at Jerusalem contained the whole world-conquering church of Jesus Christ. Because we are members one of another, every good cause can say, like Tennyson's "Brook," that:

Men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

So education gives me a sense of community, and the sense of community makes me an optimist.

But there is something better than all this. Education gives me also the sense of divinity. If it were not so, the sense of individuality and the sense of community would themselves be deceptive. The unifying principle is not in the individual, nor in any aggregate of individuals, but in the divine life that manifests itself in them all. I cannot look abroad and see all things interacting according to law, without believing that intelligence pervades them. Sir William Herschel said that "the force of gravitation seems like that of a universal will." Why did he not say, "Is that of a universal will?" Can wireless telegraphy across the

Atlantic be explained by the vibrations of any known medium? Is not action at a distance the operation of a body where it is not—the influence of the moon upon the tides, for example—is not this totally inexplicable, unless you suppose some living agent at both ends of the process? Surely a dead thing cannot act. The only rational explanation is that nature is not dead, but living. Nature is to be conceived of in terms of spirit. It is the manifestation of mind and will—the mind and will of the living God.

The need of seeing God in the world is not simply a religious need, it is a philosophical need as well. When the Puritan turned from the moss-rose, saying, "I have learned to regard nothing on earth as lovely," he was not only pouring contempt on his esthetic nature—he was contradicting his intellectual and moral nature also. He was turning away from the immanent Deity who dwelt in the rose, and who made it possible for the poet to say:

> To me the meanest flower that blows doth give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

And this is the secret of Wordsworth's power over us. He would have found no pleasure in the pathless woods or on the lonely shore if he had not found there the traces of the spirit of all beauty and all truth. It is the recognition of a divine personality in nature which constitutes the greatest merit and charm of his poetry. He saw in waterfalls and mountain heights

> A presence that disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,

> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
> A motion, and a spirit that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things.

William Watson is in many respects a disciple of Wordsworth. But he is more of an agnostic. The sense of personality is not so strong in him. Yet he too can write:

> For, lo! creation's self is one great choir,
> And what is nature's order but the rhyme
> To which the worlds keep time?
> And all things move with all things from their prime.

Evidently the full meaning of nature requires something more than the poetical imagination to interpret. The religious part of us needs to be aroused. We need to be aroused. We need to have the lessons of the outer world pointed out to us, and then we need to practise the art of discovery. And this is the chief end of education—to show us the divine presence in sun and moon and stars, in the rocks beneath our feet, and in all the mighty forces that are throbbing in the universe. Scientific men tell us that more knowledge has been gained during the lifetime of this generation than in all the history of the world before. But in my judgment the chief progress has been made in the realm of abstract thought, in the rediscovery of God in his creation, in the idealistic interpretation of nature, in the conviction that evolution and law are but the methods of a present Deity.

There was a time when the past history of life upon the planet seemed one of heartless and cruel slaughter.

The survival of the fittest had for its obverse side the destruction of myriads. Nature was "red in tooth and claw with ravine." But further thought has shown that this gloomy view results from a partial induction of facts. Palæontological life was marked not only by a struggle for life, but by a struggle for the life of others. The beginnings of altruism are to be seen in the instinct of reproduction and in the care of the offspring. In every lion's den and every tiger's lair, in every mother-eagle's feeding of her young, there is a self-sacrifice which faintly shadows forth man's subordination of personal interests to the interests of others. But in the ages before man can be found incipient justice as well as incipient love. The struggle for one's own life has its moral side as well as the struggle for the life of others. The instinct of self-preservation is the beginning of right, righteousness, justice, and law on earth. Every creature owes it to God to preserve its own being. So we can find an adumbration of morality even in the predatory and internecine warfare of the geologic ages. The immanent God was even then preparing the way for the rights, the dignity, the freedom of humanity.

When we come to actual human history, the optimistic conclusion seems yet more inevitable. I cannot look abroad over mankind, and see all minds keyed to one pitch and vibrating to the same fundamental note, without recognizing that: "*Est Deus in nobis: agitante calescimus illo* (In us is God: we glow as he inspires)." My personal existence indeed is grounded in God. I cannot perceive the world outside of me nor recognize the existence of my fellow-men, except as he bridges the gulf between me and the universe. Complete self-consciousness would be impossible if we did not partake of the universal Reason. The smallest child makes assumptions and uses processes of logic which are all instinctive, but which indicate the working in him of an absolute and infinite intelligence. True love is possible only as God's love flows into us and takes possession of us; that the poet can truly say, "Our loves in higher Love endure."

What is true of thought and affection is true also of will. No human will is free, unless God emancipates it; only he whom the Son of God makes free is free indeed; work out your own salvation therefore with fear and trembling, for it is God who worketh in you both to will and to work for his good pleasure.

So our moral nature, even more than our intellectual nature, witnesses that we are not sufficient to ourselves, but are complete only in Him in whom we live and move and have our being. No man can make a conscience for himself. There is a common conscience over and above the finite and individual conscience. That common conscience is one in all moral beings. When Abraham Lincoln signs the proclamation of emancipation and the death-knell of slavery is sounded, when good citizens combine to put down the corruptions of Tammany and we see Satan fall like lightning from heaven on election day, we recognize the movement in human affairs of an omnipresent and omnipotent righteousness. In one of his essays, Lord Bacon writes: "A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion. For, while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and to Deity."

I count Robert Browning one of the sanest as well as one of the profoundest of our modern thinkers. He has the sense of divinity in man, as Wordsworth has the sense of divinity in nature. He trusts the intuitions of man, and holds them to be "God's tuitions." As for the existence of God, he tells us:

> I know that he is there, as I am here,
> By the same proof, which seems no proof at all,
> It so exceeds familiar forms of proof.

But science and philosophy lead us to that same result. Huxley, the scientist, tells us that the pursuit of science is "the discovery of the rational order that pervades the universe." Surely that rational order presupposes a rational being who is its author. And John Watson, the philosopher, remarks that "There is no consciousness of self apart from the consciousness of other selves and things, and no consciousness of the world apart from the consciousness of the single reality presupposed in both." If education brings us only so far as this, it shows us on the books of reason a balance in favor of truth and beauty and goodness, for this all-comprehending reality has so made us that we cannot help assuming that truth and beauty and goodness are his attributes. The humblest college student is

> Nigher to heaven's spheres,
> Listening to the lordly music flowing
> From the illimitable years,

and the university itself is

A closer link
Betwixt us and the crowning race
Of those that, eye to eye, shall look
On knowledge.

Thus far I have striven to confine myself to the results of education in general, without regarding that education as specifically Christian. I maintain that such education, when fairly conducted, develops the sense of individuality, the sense of community, and the sense of divinity. But it is not always fairly conducted. Personal considerations, and considerations very unphilosophical, often enter in to mar the conclusions of the student. Not all the graduates of our schools of learning turn out to be strong characters, of broad and generous spirit, and with faith in

That God who ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.

There are educated pessimists as well as educated optimists. The pessimist, as has been well said, is the man who, when he has the choice between two evils, takes them both. He mourns because, however full the bucket may come up from the well, it always goes down empty. Why does he not rejoice because, however empty it goes down, it always comes up full? Only for the reason that the subjective condition of his own mind will not permit him to do so. The world, as Thackeray said, is a looking-glass, and gives you back the reflection of your own features. Laugh, and it will laugh at you; frown, and it will seem as gloomy as yourself. Is life worth living? That depends upon the liver; it is largely a matter of digestion. But it is also a matter of mental attitude. Sometimes the attitude is one of self-conceit, and the pessimist of this sort concludes not that he is not fit to live, but that no one else is fit to live with him. L-I-V-E spells E-V-I-L only when you read it the wrong way.

The true mental attitude is the product of Christianity, and therefore only Christian education can guarantee an optimistic result. I regard it as a sufficient justification of the existence of Christian colleges that they alone fully develop the sense of individuality, the sense of community, and the sense of divinity in their students. They teach that man has free-will; that he is not the mere victim of heredity and environment; that he is capable of obeying the law of his being; that he is responsible and condemnable when he transgresses that law and does wrong. They teach a proper ethics—the law of love, and love as a law; the organic unity of humanity; and the consequent brotherhood of man. They teach that our being and the being of all men is rooted in God; that nature and history are methods of his manifestation; that the universe of time and space is a rational universe. The education of the Christian college is the only true education, because it alone utilizes all the means of knowledge, and makes a complete induction of the facts. "*Licht, Liebe, Lehre*" was the *Wahlspruch,* or motto, inscribed on the tomb of Herder at Weimar: "Light, Love, Learning." Only out of light and love comes true learning. A right education knows no limit of breadth—it takes in the infinite as well as the finite; in fact, it recognizes that no finite thing can be understood, except as it is taken in connection with the infinite. And since Christ is God revealed, Deity brought down to our finite comprehension and engaged in the work of our salvation, it holds that Christ holds in his girdle the key to all the secrets of the universe, and that no education can be thorough without the knowledge of him.

The Christian optimism to which such education leads is not a pantheistic optimism. Pantheism holds that nothing is evil, and that what appears so is the necessary background and condition of good. Sin is holiness in germ, a product and manifestation of God. A Christian optimism abhors this blasphemy. It acknowledges the evil that is in the world, and charges it not to God, but to man's abuse of free-will, and his consequent moral perversion. It sees a flood of sorrow and degradation, of guilt and shame, proceeding from this apostasy, but it does not regard suffering as falling only on man—it sees God suffering even more. Sin grieves God at his heart, and in all our affliction he is afflicted. Christian optimism does not claim that all things are good, but it does claim that all things are working together for good. It does not count God's sorrow for sin a hopeless sorrow—it counts that sorrow remedial rather—voluntarily endured in order that justice may be vindicated and the sinner saved. It does not judge God's plan by what we see at the present stage of its execution; it waits "till God shall make the pile complete," and in the meantime it interprets that plan by the cross of our Lord and

Saviour Jesus Christ, whose suffering and death reveal to us the heart of God and the meaning of the universe.

Frederick W. H. Myers, in his noble poem, " St. Paul," tells us that Christ " shows the hid heart beneath creation beating." A Christian education has not fully attained its optimistic purpose until it has brought us into contact with that Christ, who is God immanent in the universe, who fills all things with all that they contain of good, and in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. Moreover, we cannot properly know him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, until we submit ourselves to his rule and personally appropriate what he is ready to bestow, namely, himself. As Christ is the truth, so no education is complete that does not give us Christ. And this Christ is Christ for us, and Christ in us. So long as I do not know him in both these relations, I may still be a pessimist, for I do not clearly see the provision made for actually cleansing the individual and society. In spite of all the education that has been given me, I may still be unable to say that all is love, at the same time that all is law, because I judge the world by myself, and have no sufficient ground of hope. When I once recognize the external work of Christ for us, the first and greatest reason for doubt disapppears. I find in him atonement and pardon, wrought out through a suffering that discloses to me the inmost being of God.

Dr. O. P. Gifford has said that, as the Niagara River is the overflow of Lake Erie, so the whole Christian church through the ages is only the overflow of Jesus Christ, who is infinitely greater than it.

Let us accept the simile, while we modify and enlarge it. Let Lake Erie be the symbol of Christ, the preexistent Logos, the external word, God revealed in the universe. Let Niagara River be a picture to us of this same Christ, now confined to the narrow channel of his manifestation in the flesh, but within those limits showing the same eastward current and downward gravitation which men perceived so imperfectly before. The tremendous cataract, with its waters plunging into the abyss and shaking the very earth, is the suffering and death of the Son of God, which for the first time make palpable to human hearts the forces of righteousness and love that have been operating in the divine nature from the beginning. The law of universal life has been made manifest; now it is seen that justice and judgment are the foundations of God's throne; that God's righteousness everywhere and always makes penalty to follow sin; that the love which created and upholds sinners must itself be numbered with the transgressors and must bear their iniquities. Niagara has demonstrated the gravitation of Lake Erie. And not in vain. For from Niagara there widens out another peaceful lake. Ontario is the offspring and likeness of Erie. So redeemed humanity is the overflow of Jesus Christ, but only of Jesus Christ after he has passed through the measureless self-abandonment of his earthly life and of his tragic death on Calvary. As the waters of Lake Ontario are ever fed by Niagara, so the church draws its life from the Cross. And Christ's purpose is not that we should repeat Calvary, for that we can never do, but that we should reflect in ourselves the same onward movement and gravitation toward self-sacrifice for others, which he has revealed as characterizing the very life of God.

So Christ for us gives us hope. But we need something more to make us thoroughgoing optimists, namely, Christ in us. How shall I, how shall society, find healing and purification within? Let me answer by reminding you of what they did at Chicago. In all the world there was no river more stagnant and fetid than was Chicago River. Its sluggish stream received the sweepings of the water craft and the offal of the city, and there was no current to carry the detritus away. There it settled and bred miasma and fever. At last it was suggested that, by cutting through the low ridge between the city and the Des Plaines River the current could be set running in the opposite direction, and drainage could be secured to the Illinois River and the great Mississippi. At a cost of fifteen millions of dollars the cut was made, and now all the water of Lake Michigan can be relied upon to cleanse that turbid stream. What Chicago River could never do for itself the great lake now does for it. So no human soul can purge itself of its sin, and what the individual cannot do, humanity at large is equally powerless to accomplish. Sin has dominion over us, and we are foul to the very depths of our being, until with the help of God we break through the barrier of our self-will and let the floods of Christ's purifying life flow into us. Then in an hour more is done to renew than all our efforts for years had effected. Thus humanity is saved, individual by individual, not by philosophy, or philanthropy, or self-development, or self-reformation, but simply by joining itself to Jesus Christ, and by being filled with all the fulness of God.

The college that teaches these things deserves the gratitude and gifts of mankind, for it inspires hope for the lowest of men, and for the whole race of man. The graduates of this college will, I doubt not, look back to her with peculiar honor, because of her as of Zion it may be said, not only in intellectual and moral, but also in spiritual respects: " This one and that one was born in her." At the Columbian Exposition a few years ago there was a famous piece of sculpture called " Pygmalion and Galatea." The artist has just embodied in marble his ideal of womanly beauty and has fallen in love with his own creation; Aphrodite at his request has endowed it with life; a warm glow begins to cover the statue; and the first act of the blushing maiden is to turn in love and devotion to embrace her earthly creator. It is a picture of what we owe to the college that has been the author of so large a part of our intellectual and moral being. She has taught us to be optimists in general. We reward her by being optimists with regard to her. We cannot believe that past progress is to be followed by future deterioration; and, to make sure that this shall not be so, we devote ourselves to her interests, and pledge to her support our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

I do not say that even the professional optimist can solve all the problems of the world. There are blights and storms and earthquakes in nature. There are wars and disasters and shameful oppressions in history. Yet in education, in science, in industrial progress, in national expansion, in the growth of civilization, I see the advancing footsteps of the King of kings. True we see not yet all things put under him; but we see our Lord in the van, and the whole world following. True, there are heartaches, and backsets, and garments rolled in blood—but these last shall be for burning and fuel of fire. What we know not now, we shall know hereafter. As the traveler in the great metropolis ascends the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral and finds that on that lofty pinnacle of the solemn temple all the cries and clamor of the great city beneath him are blended into music, and the din and roar of London is softened by distance into a low harmony like the sub-bass of a great organ, so every soul that now wanders bewildered and oppressed and doubting amid the confusions and calamities of the great rushing and tumultuous world shall reach at last a pinnacle of God's heavenly temple from which the cries of earthly anguish and the heart-sickening turmoil of life, and the terrible roar of wars and battles will all seem hushed and subdued into one low murmur of praise to our God for his goodness. We who work for truth and righteousness may take Gerald Massey's words for ours:

High hopes that burned like stars sublime
  Go down in the heavens of freedom;
And true hearts perish in the time
  We bitterliest need them;
But never sit we down and say
  There's nothing left but sorrow;
We walk the wilderness to-day,
  The promised land to-morrow.

Through all the long, dark night of years
  The people's cry ascendeth;
And earth is wet with blood and tears:
  But our meek sufferance endeth;
The few shall not forever sway,
  The many moil in sorrow;
The powers of hell are strong to-day,
  But Christ shall rise to-morrow.

Build up heroic lives, and all
  Be like the sheathen saber,
Ready to flash out at God's call,
  O chivalry of Labor!
Triumph and toil are twins, and aye
  Joy suns the cloud of sorrow;
And 'tis the martyrdom to-day
  Brings victory to-morrow.

VII

THE TRANSCENDENT ELEMENT IN THE CHURCH[1]

Mr. President and Members of the International Congregational Council, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I RESPOND to your gracious invitation to address you, with some due sense, I trust, of the dignity of the body which I address, and of the responsibility which rests upon me in assuming to speak for the four millions of my brethren in the United States who bear the Baptist name. I bring to you the assurance of their Christian fellowship, of their pride in your glorious past, and of their prayers to God for your future growth and prosperity. I can do this with the more sincere affection because I am a loyal son of Yale, and feel a personal debt of obligation which I can never fully repay to my reverend teachers, Woolsey and Porter and Hadley and Dwight and Fisher. One of the most vivid reminiscences of my college days is that of a cartoon, handed about in my class one morning, which depicted Prof. James Hadley trotting a small baby upon his knee to the tune of "*Ton d' apomeibomenos prosephe polumetis Odusseus,*" and this was the first announcement to the student world that Pres. Arthur T. Hadley was born. With all these

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[1] Address at the International Congregational Council, Boston, September 27, 1899.

Homeric and paternal influences about me, it was a narrow escape for me that I did not become a Congregationalist myself. I feel to-night that I am coming back to my friends.

But, entirely apart from all personal considerations, I am at home with you. Doctrinally and historically, the Congregational and the Baptist strands are woven closely together. Hall Caine says that the Deemster had two sons who were utterly unlike each other; they were as unlike as the inside and the outside of a bowl—but the bowl was old Deemster himself. So there are serious differences between Congregationalists and Baptists, but they both trace their descent from one common stock. Of course we think of ourselves as on the inside. Baptists indeed are only Congregationalists of the Congregationalists—Congregationalists raised to the *nth* power, Congregationalists who, as you will be apt to say, by our inhuman treatment of infants, out-Herod Herod with our congregationalism. Baptist doctrine of the supremacy of Scripture, of each man's right to interpret Scripture for himself, of the duty of conforming the church to Scripture, this is the formative principle of Congregationalism. It is the doctrine of the Pilgrims. It is the Separatism to which the Pilgrims soon converted the Puritans of the Bay. Baptists think it is because we have held consistently to this kernel of your creed, its inmost principle of vitality, that we have grown to be in numbers the second denomination in the land.

The Baptist is only the quintessence of a Congregationalist; a Congregationalist not narrowed, but only condensed and boiled down. The quintessence of most things is volatile, and that accounts in part for our leaving you and setting up for ourselves. The missionary to the Maories in New Zealand, on returning from a vacation, found one of his converts missing, and in reply to his inquiries was told: " He gave us so much good advice that we had to eat him up." Roger Williams would possibly have stayed with you, if you only had permitted him to give you good advice. But the greatest of vices is sometimes advice. It was the greatest vice of Roger Williams. You did not deal with him after the Maori fashion—he would have been very indigestible. But you did intimate to him that Narragansett Bay would furnish him a better auditorium than Massachusetts Bay. So Roger Williams became first a Baptist, and then a Seeker, and gave us the right to maintain that a Baptist was the first to embody in a civil government the principle of entire religious liberty.

I acknowledge that at the first we Baptists had too much of the Separatist spirit. We carried our independence to an extreme. We were inclined to separate not only from the standing order, but also from our own churches. But during the last century we have gained a new sense of denominational unity and, with this, a new sense of our oneness with the whole church of God throughout the world. We have learned something of the new zoölogy which classifies by similarities rather than by differences. We are coming to emphasize the agreements more than we emphasize the disagreements, and we hope that soon denominational barriers, even if they continue to exist, will be completely hidden by the activities of the church, as the fences in the summertime are hidden by the growing corn. I am not sure but that we Baptists have learned something of our recent interdependence from you, our next neighbors in the Congregational faith. Your Associations and Consociations, your Synods and Councils, have been object-lessons to us. We too have our non-legislative Associations and National Missionary Societies, and there are many among us of late who urge that we add to our present system a new form of interdependence in the shape of permanent local Councils, to which the individual churches of any given Association may apply for advice.

But if we learned something of our *inter*dependence from you, I am inclined to think that in earlier times you learned something of your *in*dependence from us, or at least from the Anabaptists who preceded us. You are apt to point to Robert Browne as the first proclaimer of religious liberty in England. But as your distinguished historian, Williston Walker, has generously pointed out, Robert Browne came from Norwich, where more than half the population was composed of immigrants from the Netherlands. Many of these immigrants were Anabaptists, driven to England by persecution. There were Anabaptist Conventicles at Norwich, and Robert Browne could hardly have been so near them without learning something from them. His own Confession dates back only to 1582. But in 1575 Terwoort, the Anabaptist, had suffered martyrdom in London, declaring that "the true church of God is persecuted, but never persecutes." As early as 1560, indeed, John Knox quoted an English Anabaptist as claiming absolute freedom of conscience. Robert Browne's independency may possibly have been original with him, but it is certain that he was not the first advocate of soul-liberty in England. Is it not probable that he caught his independence from his next neighbors, the Anabaptists of Old England, even as later we may have caught a portion of our interdependence from you Congregationalists of New England? Is it likely that he and his followers would have taken refuge in Holland, if he had not known that the principles of religious liberty had come from Holland?

But whether you are a branch of the Baptists or we a branch of the Congregationalists is not a matter of so great importance. The really important thing is our agreement in the great essentials of the Christian faith and in our general conceptions of the Christian church through which that faith is expressed to the world. Both your fathers and ours contended that the church should be spiritual and scriptural. Our ancestors were with yours when they left home and country to establish such a church on these rocky shores. And so we, who went out from you, put in our claim to inheritance from those same fathers. We too share in the memory of that wind-swept graveyard of Plymouth, where during the first year were laid away a full half of those who came over as settlers in the Mayflower. We see something more than human in their persistent courage. Congregationalists and Baptists alike have suffered for their faith, and it is proof that there is a transcendent element in their conceptions of the church.

Abraham Lincoln defined the word transcendental by pointing to the swallow-holes in the banks of the

Ohio River: "Take away the banks, and what is left will be transcendental." The word transcendent in my use of it is something different from this. I mean by it the invisible and eternal which lies at the basis of the visible and temporal. The transcendent element in man is the soul, for the soul, though itself spiritual, energizes and informs the body; without the soul indeed the body is not a true body, but a corpse instead. What then is the transcendent element in the church? It is Christ and his life; for Christ is the soul of the church, and the church is essentially the body of Christ. Here is the ultimate ground and rationale of Christian union, that, as every believer is spiritually united to Christ, so all believers are spiritually united to one another. It is this spiritual fellowship of the universal church of God which we celebrate to-night. I congratulate you and I congratulate myself that we all belong to this one body of Christ, and that through one common Holy Spirit we have access to the Father. Our differences are superficial; in our inmost heart:

We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

Our Congregational and Baptist fathers had this conception of an invisible and spiritual church. But they went further. They seized upon a principle which united Baptists and Congregationalists, but separated both these from other bodies of Christians. What was this principle of their common faith? It was this: They held that the invisible body of Christ was to have its characteristics reflected in visible form, and that there was a divinely appointed embodiment of this supersensible reality in the doctrine and organization, the ordinances and worship, of the church on earth. They did not regard the order of the visible church as merely human and optional; like Moses, they would constitute it after the pattern of heavenly things, the pattern which they had seen in the mount. That mount of vision they thought to be Holy Scripture. They had no manner of doubt that the Scriptures contained such a pattern, and they had no manner of doubt that the pattern there revealed was authoritative and final. To admit into their polity anything that was merely human, traditional, unscriptural, was to be false to that transcendent element which was the distinction and glory of the church of Christ.

If you seek for a symbol of that mechanical and external unity which is consistent with the church's deepest moral corruption, you can find it in the Middle-Age cathedral, with its long vistas of vaulted arches and colonnaded aisles looming up before the traveler while he is yet miles away, the focus of many converging ways and the center of a whole city's adoration, yet, with all its height and space and gloom and glory, a mount of marble piled by human hands, with many a demon face grinning from gargoyle and clustered column to suggest the presence and power of the Evil One. The Pilgrims of 1625 had a fairer and nobler vision before them as they marched three by three, with muskets on their shoulders, up the rough street of Plymouth, between the rows of hewn-plank houses, to the square meeting-house on the hilltop with its six cannon planted on the roof. To them the church was something entirely distinct from the meeting-house; it was an invisible and spiritual structure; they were building it for a habitation of God through the Spirit; and, whether they knew it or not, the city of God, with its streets of gold and walls of jasper and gates of pearl, had already come down from God out of heaven, and God had begun to dwell with men. Being members of the body of Christ, they were themselves a holy temple in the Lord—a temple which should never crumble or dissolve, but whose lifetime was eternity. They were careful about the doctrine, the organization, the ordinances, the worship of the earthly church, only because they saw in it the temporal expression and concrete embodiment of the Jerusalem that is above.

Here is the secret of our independency as Congregationalists and as Baptists. All through the English Revolution under Cromwell, and through the American Revolution under Washington, Baptists and Congregationalists stood shoulder to shoulder in their struggle against ecclesiastical and civil tyranny—and that, because the congregational principle recognizes every believer as a priest and a king, and can tolerate no intermediaries between him and Christ. When Wycliffe preached his doctrine of lordship, he sowed the first seed of the Reformation in England, and when the Pilgrims proclaimed the sole lordship of Christ they prepared the way in America for a Church without a bishop and a State without a king. This principle has made you leaders in education, in theology, and in missions. And why? Because the duty of each believer to take his part in the government of the church requires trained intelligence, and that means education; because this trained intelligence is under the law of Scripture, and the study of Scripture means an improved theology; because direct subjection to the law of Christ makes every believer responsible to the whole world, for which Christ died, and this means modern missions.

During a lull in that awful massacre of the Armenian Christians at Sassoun, when the ground was thickly strewn with the mangled and the dead and the savage Kurds were too tired further to pursue their work of slaughter, the fearful and unusual silence was broken by a question of one of those same Kurds: "Who is that 'Lord Jesus' that they were calling to?" It was the first time that the merciless dragoon had heard Christ's name, and he heard it uttered as Saul heard it uttered by the lips of Stephen. The pallid faces of those Armenian martyrs were turned to Christ, as Stephen's was, and they too cried in their death agonies: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" The overmastering conviction of the sole lordship of Christ has made your converts and ours willing in every land to suffer for his sake. No wonder that the unspeakable Turk fears your Congregational missions. He sees in them the preparation for free government, and the sign that Mohammedan tradition is nearing its fulfilment and Islam is giving way to the religion of the Cross.

You gave us our Rice and our Judson, and your American Board gave the impulse that led to the formation of our Missionary Union. Plymouth numbered only three hundred souls after ten years of settlement, but these three hundred have now increased two thousandfold. Yet it has been Baptists who have shown the greatest power of multiplication. When the critics tell you that congregationalism dooms a church to confinement within the region where it is indigenous, you can tell them that Baptists are Congregationalists, and Baptists have shown that congregational polity is no hindrance to the broadest expansion in a great and growing country like our own. When the critics say that congregationalism is divisive and not unitary, that its voluntary principle has no organizing power, that individual believers and individual churches have nothing to draw them together, you can tell them that Baptists are congregationalists, and that they are one, not only in the faith of their fathers, but in the work of spreading the gospel at home and abroad. When the critics say that congregationalism lacks the power of a sacramental system because it teaches so much by words and so little by symbols, you can point to Baptists as proof that symbols, held to their office as symbols and counted worthless except as signs of a preexisting faith, may have as great a power in a congregational as in a sacramental system. Keep in mind the transcendent element in the church, make sure that Christ himself is with us, and the congregational polity will answer every demand. For

Mightier far than strength of nerve or sinew,
Or the sway of magic potent over sun and star,
Is Love.

The true sacramentalism is the abiding presence and energizing of the transcendent Christ. Even if Scripture gave us no model, or if the model given had no authority, still the voluntary and democratic polity is best on purely rational grounds, because most congruous with the true theory of the church as the body of Christ, and best adapted to reflect and express to the world the direct relation between the believer and his Lord. Congregational church polity is the best polity for very good people. Its greatest merit is that for its successful working its members must live in constant communion with Christ. It would not be a better polity if it gathered the world into the church. Christ has made no provision for the satanic possession of Christians. It is best that a church in which Christ does not dwell should by dissension or immorality reveal its weakness and fall to pieces; and any outward organization which conceals inward disintegration and compels a merely formal union after the Holy Spirit has departed is a hindrance instead of a help to true religion.

Let me quote to you an utterance of one of the most noble and godly of your fathers. About the year 1705, your own Increase Mather declared that "the Congregational church-discipline is not suited for a worldly interest or for a formal generation of professors. It will stand or fall, as godliness, in the power of it, does prevail or otherwise." That was less than a century after the landing of the Pilgrims, yet it was a day of religious declension—which shows that the same danger to which the National Church of England had succumbed still attended the reformed churches in America. Increase Mather went on to say: "If the begun apostasy should proceed as fast the next thirty years as it has done these last, surely it will come to pass in New England (except the gospel depart, with the order of it) that the most conscientious people therein will think themselves concerned to gather churches out of churches." And you know how that prediction was fulfilled. History has given abundant proof that Congregationalists and Baptists alike have grown and prospered because, and when, and just so far as they have kept in mind the transcendent element in the church.

I would summon all Congregationalists, and Baptists among them, to be proud of their polity and to defend their heritage. We have something which religious zeal and patriotism may well defend. And yet it is union with Christ, and not external union with any particular church that represents him, that binds us most closely together. Blood is thicker than water, and the atoning blood is more important than the baptism which merely symbolizes it. "Here," as our John Bunyan said so long ago, "here is a common ground of communion which no differences of external rites can efface." Burke said that "the nation is indeed a partnership, but a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are yet to be born." The church is a partnership grander still. It includes ten thousand times ten thousand who have gone to their rest, and a multitude whom no man can number who shall yet follow their example and share their reward. But there is a silent Partner, a transcendent Partner, more important still. It is Christ, the Son of God. Let us cultivate that personal relation to him which is the living ground of the church of Christ. Then the church shall not only live, but grow. The gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Past increase shall be only, like Pentecost, a first-fruits of the great world-harvest that is to come. God shall lead us out under the night-sky, as he led out Abraham, and pointing us to the myriads of heaven's host he shall say to us also, "*So* shall thy seed be!"

VIII

THE AUTHORITY AND PURPOSE OF FOREIGN MISSIONS[1]

PASCAL, the French philosopher and theologian, said once that "Jesus Christ is the center of everything, and the object of everything, and he that does not know him knows nothing of nature, and nothing of himself." In the spirit of Pascal's aphorism I make but one reply to the questions proposed to me to-day. What is the authority for foreign missions? I answer: Christ. What is the purpose of foreign missions? I answer: Christ. He is the source of all authority, and the object for which all authority is exercised. If I can justify these statements, I shall justify this conference, and all our foreign-missionary work.

Authority is the right to impose beliefs or to command obedience. As the etymology of the word indicates, authority is something *added*—added to abstract truth and duty. The thing added is the personal element—obligation to a person. We are ignorant of much that we need to know,—there are persons from whom we are bound to learn. We are indisposed to do our whole duty,—there are persons whom we are bound to obey.

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[1] An address delivered at the Ecumenical Missionary Conference, New York, April 23, 1900.

The only ultimate religious authority must be a person, the highest person, and that person made known to us. Pantheism can give us no authority, for it has no personal Being who can add his witness to truth or duty. Rationalism can give us no proper authority; for reason is not the highest—it is fallible and dependent—I can safely trust and follow it only as it represents God, who is absolute rationality and absolute righteousness. Nor is even God an authority, except as he is made known to me. Agnosticism can give no authority, for it declares God to be unknown. Christianity alone gives me a proper authority in matters of religion, because it presents to me a God made known, partially in reason and conscience, most fully in incarnation, atonement, and resurrection. Because Christ is a person, the highest person, and that person made known to me, he can truly say: "All authority hath been given unto me, in heaven and on earth."

The Scriptures give us two reasons why all authority belongs to Christ. On the one hand he is the eternal Word, the only Revealer of God, and himself God. He is the creating, upholding, and governing God—the only God with whom we have to do. Behind all subordinate and delegated authorities, such as parents and the State, the Church and the Scriptures, stands the personal Christ. He alone has original and independent right to tell me what truth and duty are. The revelation in nature and in history derives all its authority from our apprehension of some personal presence and authorship in it all; and, though men may not understand it, that personal presence and authorship is Christ's. Christ is the Light that lighteth every man, even though the Light has shined in darkness, and the darkness has comprehended it not.

All authority belongs to Christ, on the other hand, because he has undertaken to dissipate this darkness of the world by a special manifestation of God. He has joined himself to humanity to save it. In him is all the fulness of the Godhead in bodily form; he is God manifest in the flesh; the God who was before invisible is declared and revealed in Christ, for he that has seen him has seen the Father. This manifestation of God's personal love and righteousness in Christ's life and death has added a witness to the truth and a motive to obedience greater than any which abstract reason and uninstructed conscience could ever furnish. The throne of God has become the throne of the Lamb. And from that throne of the Lamb, the throne of the once-crucified but now exalted Saviour, proceeds the authority for foreign missions.

Foreign missions are Christ's method of publishing God's redemption, and so of reestablishing God's authority over an apostate and revolted humanity. Without any uttered command of Christ they would have claims upon us, for they are founded in right reason and in the best instincts of our nature. But that uttered command has been added, and to-day I derive the authority for foreign missions from Christ's express direction, from his single word "Go." His one injunction to the unbelieving world is "Come"—"Come unto me." But his one injunction to all his believing followers is "Go"—"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to the whole creation"; "Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations." It is the sublimest order ever given on earth. When I think of the breadth of the world that was to be subdued, of the time it has taken to subdue it, of the small numbers and the narrow views of those disciples, the audacity of that command seems almost insanity, until I realize that he is God, and that all other authority is but the shadow of his.

The authority for foreign missions is the authority of Christ's character, of his work, of his love, of his life. How slowly that authority has dawned upon the minds of men. At first it must have seemed hardly more than the authority of a human teacher and example. But it was teaching about the fatherhood and the nearness and the compassion of God, about the simplicity and the spirituality of God's requirements, and all this emphasized and exemplified in Christ's own perfect character and life. The disciples knew nothing as yet of Christ's divine nature or of his atoning work, but his character compelled their trust and allegiance. *Noblesse oblige*—nobility lays under obligation not only its possessor, but all who come in contact with it. We feel bound to imitation. When Christ said "Go," his disciples went, because they saw him going—to teach, to help, and to save.

Here is the grain of truth in the modern contention that we must go back to Christ as a merely ethical teacher. His first lessons, to be sure, were lessons in ethics. But these were only *first* lessons, a preaching of the law preparatory to his preaching of the gospel. He did not stop with the law, nor should we. He that does Christ's will shall know of his doctrine. His disciples soon advanced from the authority of a human teacher to that of a divine Redeemer. In his presence they felt themselves to be sinful men—they found that he could forgive sins, as only God can do. When he summoned Lazarus from the tomb and himself rose from the dead, they perceived that he was practically omnipotent. It was not long before even the doubting Thomas fell at his feet, in recognition of his lordship and divinity. Paul and John both saw that his agonizing death had been endured not for his own sins, but as a propitiatory sacrifice for the sins of the world. The head that once was crowned with thorns had come to be crowned with glory, and when Christ said " Go," his disciples went, because his word of command was the word of their Saviour and their God.

Thus far the authority for foreign missions might be something external, and obedience might be matter of duty. There has been much religious propagandism of this sort. But there is something better than this. Authority may take internal form and manifestation. In the case of the disciples it did become, and I trust it has become in us, the authority of an inward impulse, of love to him who died for us. That love breaks through the bonds of isolation and selfishness, and moves us to go out to the sinning and suffering with a compassion like that which Jesus felt for the lost and perishing multitudes. When Christ bids us " Go," we *wish* to go. The outer word has become an inner word. Woe to us if we preach not the gospel. We cannot but speak forth the things which we have seen and heard. The authority of Christ is now the authority of love, the authority of our better nature, the authority of reason and conscience emancipated from the long slavery of sin and endowed with the glad liberty of the children of God.

There is a larger conception still of the authority for foreign missions. It is the authority of Christ as the inmost life of the church and of the universe. We learn that this love of Christ which constrains us is not simply our love to Christ, or his love to us, but rather his love in us—his love overflowing into our souls and manifesting itself in us who are joined to him and have become partakers of his life. When I hear the word "Go," I hear no arbitrary command. It is the echo of the word "Go" which the Father spoke to him, and he sends us only as he was sent by the Father. He imparts to us his own longing to redeem; he reveals to us the heart of God; he communicates to us the very life and movement of the Trinity; he takes our little boats in tow on the broad current that sets in the direction of that one far-off divine event toward which the whole creation moves.

That word "Go" discloses to me the secret of the universe. Since all things were created through Christ and for him, and in him all things consist, I can interpret by that word the whole course of history; for humanity sundered from God feels its destitution and misery, and its struggles for deliverance are due to a preparatory working of Christ's Spirit. By this word I can interpret the inarticulate groaning and travailing of nature,—the plaintive song of every bird, the sighing of every breeze, the mighty currents of the ocean, the steady pull of gravitation itself, all these exist to waft his story, all these co-operate with one who goes to proclaim his gospel. The sun shines, and the heart of man beats within him, in order that this command may be obeyed. For this word "Go" is not simply the word of One who lived and died nineteen hundred years ago in Palestine, but of him whose goings forth are from everlasting, and who is himself the very truth and love and righteousness of God. The authority for foreign missions is the authority of Christ's character, of his work, of his love, of his life; the authority of Christ as a human example, as a divine Redeemer, as a Spirit of self-sacrificing love, as an immanent and universal Lord; and this authority includes that of reason and conscience, of the church and the Scriptures, of all nature and all history; for all these are but faint reflections of him who is God over all, blessed forever, in whom we and all men live and move and have our being.

The authority for foreign missions is Christ. What is the purpose of foreign missions? Still I answer: Christ. Paul was the first great foreign missionary, and he tells us the purpose of foreign missions, when he says: "For me to live is Christ." For Christ is Christianity, and Christianity is Christ. We say that the purpose of foreign missions is to proclaim the truth, but Christ says: "I am the Truth." We say the purpose of foreign missions is to diffuse the spirit of love, but Paul says: "The Lord is the Spirit." We say that the purpose of foreign missions is to give new life to a dead humanity, but Christ says, "I am the Life." Truth and Love and Life are personal. Christianity is not merely the spirit of Christ—it is Christ himself. The Christian church is not only called "the body of Christ," the body of which Christ is the soul, but it is said that "the body *is* Christ," and that the church is "the fulness of him that filleth all in all." The church is the expanded Christ, and the purpose of foreign missions is the purpose of the universe, to multiply Christ, to reincarnate the Son of God, to enthrone Christ in the hearts of men, to make all men the temples for his personal indwelling, that he may be the first-born among many brethren, and may fill the world with himself.

But Christ multiplies himself through the self-multiplication of the individual Christian. He has kindled his light in our souls that we may give that light to others. How long it has taken us to realize that the command to "Go" is addressed not to official servants, but to all Christians, and that Christ's purpose is to make every convert a missionary! *Crescit eundo* is the motto of his army—it grows as it goes. Every enemy subdued is to become a recruiting officer, and the whole population is to be enlisted as his forces sweep on. Christian love begins at home, but it does not end at home. Like the circles set in motion when you throw a stone into calm water, it widens evermore in its gifts and its regards, until it encompasses the globe. How long it has taken us to realize that every endowment of talent, of influence, of wealth, is only Christ's means of helping us to "Go," and so to co-operate in the work of the world's redemption! What are churches for but to make missionaries? What is education for but to train them? What is commerce for but to carry them? What is money for but to send them? What is life itself for but to fulfil the purpose of foreign missions, the purpose for which the blood-stained cross was set up on Calvary, the purpose for which God laid the floor of the firmament with its mosaic of constellations and bade the curtain of night and chaos rise at the creation!

God forbid that we should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ! The purpose of foreign missions is Christ, for all the honor and praise of this world's redemption shall be given to him. At the feet of him who was crowned with thorns shall be cast the crowns of all the saved, from all the continents and all the islands of the sea. Mongolia and Polynesia and Patagonia shall join with Ethiopia in stretching forth their hands with offerings to Christ. A multitude that no man can number shall praise him, of those who have been redeemed from the earth. But why should we limit the praise to the inhabitants of this little sphere? Is it not written that God will sum up all things in Christ; that to principalities and power in heavenly places shall be made known his manifold wisdom; that in the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, as well as on earth and under the earth? May we not believe, with Mark Hopkins, that in the great day of restitution other intelligences will come in long procession from other departments of the universe, "great white legions from Sirius and Arcturus and the chambers of the South," to bow the knee and to confess that Jesus Christ is Lord?

So through the ages one increasing purpose runs. Let our thoughts be widened to take in that purpose and to make it ours. Christ is all in all. As his authority is supreme and universal, so his purpose is supreme and universal also. The prince in the Arabian story took from a walnut-shell a miniature tent, but that tent expanded so as to cover, first himself, then his palace, then his army, and at last his whole kingdom. So Christ's authority and Christ's purpose expand, as we reflect upon them, until they take in not only ourselves, our homes, and our country, but the whole world of sinning and suffering men, and the whole universe of God. I take this great gathering of representatives from all the earth as proof that the earth has begun to hear the word of the Lord, and is preparing to obey. May this conference mark the beginning of the end! May it be a sign of the coming of the King! May the Lord cut short his work in righteousness and make this one day as a thousand years! There is but one authority for foreign missions, and that is Christ. There is but one purpose of foreign missions, and that is Christ. "For of him, and through him, and unto him, are all things. To him be the glory forever. Amen."

IX

THE RELATION OF CHRIST TO NATURE[1]

I CONSIDER it a great honor to be invited here today. Only four years ago we celebrated at Rochester our fiftieth anniversary. On behalf of the theological seminary there I would extend a hand of fellowship to the Theological Seminary of Kansas City, the latest born of our sisterhood. The experience of the past convinces me that the first steps in the organization of such an institution are unspeakably important. To determine its policy and its spirit is to exert influence on all the coming generations. Its type of doctrine will mold the preaching and the practice of unnumbered churches. The future is in the hands of you who control its management. You need, if ever in your lives, the wisdom that comes from God. And since Christ is the wisdom as well as the power of God, my chief desire for you is that you may fitly conceive and fitly express the relation of this seminary to Christ.

Christ is all and in all, and it is only a single aspect of Christ's relations that I can treat this evening. I choose for my subject, "The Relation of Christ to Nature." I have a purpose in this. I am persuaded that there is much truth with regard to it in Scripture which we have failed to apprehend. The modern

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[1] An address delivered at the commencement of the Kansas City Theological Seminary, May 26, 1904.

Ritschlian heresy which has taken possession of so many of our seminaries is essentially a denial of Christ's relation to nature. The fourth Gospel, with its clear statements of Christ's preexistence, his deity, his atonement, his resurrection, his omnipresence with his people, is discredited, and so Christianity is deprived of its greatest motive and reduced to the category of mere human ethics. I would rescue this truth of Christ's relation to nature, and would set it in the forefront of Christian doctrine. In order to do this, I propose to speak to you somewhat at length with regard to the Gospel according to John, the miracle of Cana which illustrates Christ's relation to nature, and the proper philosophy of miracles which that wonderful work suggests to us. We may then draw some conclusions as to the influence upon doctrine and practice which a correct view of Christ's relation to nature would suggest.

The fourth Gospel was written long after Matthew, Mark, and Luke. It was intended as a supplement to them. The synoptics give us the main facts of Jesus' life and teaching, his works, his death, his resurrection. This Gospel gives us the explanation of the facts, in the eternity, the personality, the deity of Christ himself. It presupposes the previous Gospels and builds upon them, but it adds but few facts to those which they relate. The miracle of Cana is the only one described by John that has no parallel in Matthew, Mark, and Luke. And yet it is the first miracle that Jesus wrought, and it gives the rule and type of all his miracles. The purpose of it is intimated when the evangelist tells us that "this beginning of his signs did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested his glory."

That word "glory" takes us back to the first chapter of the Gospel, and we shall better understand the miracle if we consider the place which it occupies in the gospel as a whole. True to his purpose of explanation, John begins with a thesis or proposition which he proceeds to demonstrate. He solves all the problems of the synoptics by boldly asserting at the very start that the eternal Word of God has been manifested in Jesus of Nazareth. It is an argument from the divine to the human, as John's first epistle is an argument from the human to the divine. The argument, however, is deductive rather than inductive. It propounds a principle and then proceeds to point out the operation of it. It declares Christ to be nothing less than Deity revealed, and then shows that this necessarily makes him not only the Christ for whom the Old Testament had prepared the way, but also the Son of God, who has wider relations as Lord of the universe and as Saviour of mankind.

The synoptics had been content to trace Jesus' origin back to Abraham and to Adam. The fourth Gospel asserts that before Abraham was born, Christ already was; nay, it maintains that Christ was the Creator not only of Abraham, but of all humanity. It goes further, and holds that Christ is God's only medium of communication and activity; he is the preserver as well as the creator of all, and whatever has come into being is life only in him. Since he is the life of the universe, he can be its light, and all knowledge of God and of truth proceeds from him. Christ is the only revealer of God. He has been revealing God throughout all human history. The darkness of sin has not been able to overcome or suppress his light, even among the heathen. But the incarnation has concentrated his rays. Better even than Moses and the law are the grace and truth revealed in Jesus of Nazareth.

There is opposition to Christ, but this very opposition is a proof of Christ's deity. Sin must resist holiness; selfishness must resist love. Holiness and love, however, will attract to themselves their like. There will be increasing faith on the part of some, though there is increasing unbelief on the part of others. Hence this Gospel is the record of two opposing tendencies. God's self-manifestation in Christ stirs up hatred that brings the Saviour to the cross, but it also awakens love that insures the triumph of his kingdom. Side by side with the growing opposition on the part of the Jews is the growing devotion of Christ's disciples. They have every worldly example and inducement to forsake him. When they do yield to his claims and recognize his authority, the victory is won, the demonstration is complete, the thesis is proved. And this point is reached when Thomas, the most skeptical of the apostles, is moved after Jesus' resurrection to bow at his feet and cry, " My Lord and my God." This is the proper end of the Gospel, and all that follows in the last chapter is only a supplement, designed to explain why it was that John's service upon earth lasted so much longer than Peter's.

The progressive revelation of Christ's glory—this is the central theme of the fourth Gospel. The first chapter, in which the thesis is stated and the witness of John the Baptist is given, is naturally followed by the second chapter, in which Christ manifests his glory, first by turning water into wine, and secondly, by driving the traders out of the temple. There is an organic connection between the first chapter and the second which forbids us to regard the sublime declarations of the first chapter as of later authorship. The glory is declared in chapter one; the glory is manifested in chapter two. John, the protector and adopted son of Mary the Virgin, is the natural custodian and narrator of the miracle of Cana—a miracle wrought within a family circle, and therefore either unknown to the other evangelists, or seeming to them outside of the range of Jesus' official ministry—an evidence that this fourth Gospel had John for its author.

That this beginning of miracles was wrought in so humble a sphere is quite of a piece with the general plan of Christ. His kingdom did not come with observation. He was not born at Rome, but at Bethlehem; his crown was not of gold, but of thorns. He shows us what true glory is; self-abnegation revealed God best; to him the cross was a lifting-up. Not among "the people," or "the world," was this wonder performed, but in the narrow circle of the family. Though he had just come from his baptism into death and from his struggle with infernal powers in the wilderness, he begins his ministry with no sounding of trumpets or clangor of arms. Instead of this, he enters sympathetically and joyously into the humble and common life of men, helping the poor, increasing their joy, consecrating their marriage.

The simplicity of the story carries conviction of its truth. The late arrival of Jesus and of his newly chosen disciples increased unexpectedly the number of the guests. The mother, who had been already on the ground, perceived that the resources of the household were exhausted and that the married pair were exposed to embarrassment. With expectations, long repressed but newly awakened by reports of the Baptist's recognition of her Son at the Jordan, expectations of some revelation of his power, she whispered to him that they had no wine. It is an intrusion of her motherly influence into a sphere that is above her. Jesus gently puts aside all authority but that of his mission and of the God who has sent him. But at the same time he shows that Mary's expectations were not irrational, for he furnishes wine, and in such abundance that it serves as a symbol of the royal generosity of the gifts of God.

Why should we think of the story as merely a parable? All interpretations that ignore the miraculous element are even more far-fetched and incredible than the miracle itself would be. "Jesus' conversation was so entertaining that the guests said: 'What good wine we have had!'" All this is to contradict the plain teaching of the narrative. The evangelist evidently intended to describe a miracle. The testimony of the servants shows what was in the jars; the testimony of the ruler of the feast shows what it has become. The "filling to the brim" has no meaning, unless it is meant that the contents of all the six water-pots was changed to wine. The very superfluity of the provision was necessary to justify the solemn conclusion of the account: "This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested his glory: and his disciples believed on him."

What was this glory which the miracle made manifest? It was threefold, and in each of its three aspects it had to do with nature and with Christ's relation to nature. It was, first of all, the glory of Christ as the life of nature. We constantly tend to an atheistic and unchristian view of nature. We think of it as self-originated, as sufficient to itself, as independent of God. This miracle shows us on the contrary that nature is only the expression of the divine mind and will, and that this divine mind and will is the mind and will of Christ. He who created the universe has not abandoned the universe. Our Gospel designates Christ's creative activity not by the preposition *hupo* "by," but by the preposition *dia,* "through." Creation is not the work of an absent, but of a present, Christ. And so with preservation. Only through his constant activity do the forces and laws of the universe maintain their existence. Matter is not dead, but living, and it is Christ who upholds all things by the word of his power. And so we who believe in Christ

Behind creation's throbbing screen
Catch movements of the great Unseen.

If all that has come into being is, as our Gospel says, "life in him," then nature is plastic in the hand of Christ. His will is a free will. He is not an Ixion, bound to nature's wheel. He is nature's Lord. Hence it follows, secondly, that the glory which this miracle manifests is the glory of Christ as the Ennobler of nature. He is not the victim of a past process. He adds to the process, and the successive additions from his living energy are the secret of evolution; indeed, no growth or progress is conceivable until we take into account some intelligent and beneficent agent behind or within the process, who is reenforcing it and guiding it to a preordained and rational end. If all growth and progress everywhere is the result of his activity, why should we hesitate to recognize his working here? In this miracle he simply shows the inner possibilities of nature, since it is under his control. He can subject it to the needs of man. The turning of water into wine is a prophecy of the transformation of this mortal body into the spiritual body, and of the coming of the new heaven and earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.

For this glory is the glory of Christ, not simply as the Life of nature and as the Ennobler of nature, but as the Interpreter of nature. All Christ's miracles were signs of something higher than themselves. This fourth Gospel is especially concerned to point out the symbolism of Jesus' works. He opens the eyes of the blind to show that he is the Light of the world; he multiplies the loaves to show that he is the Bread of Life; he raises the dead to show that he lifts men up from the death of trespasses and sins. The universe is moral and religious at its core. The progress is a progress toward the good, the better, the best. Present commonness, and even imperfection, is no measure of the final result. He who made the world is in the world to counteract the evil and to cherish the good. Want, the effect of sin, is to be done away. Separation and isolation, such as an accusing conscience brings about, are to give place to a holy society. Love and joy are to prevail, such love and joy as spring from virtue and the fear of God. All this is to begin in humble spheres, and from them to spread through all the world. Water is but the basis and foundation for wine, and the world, that now is, is but the preparation for the world that is to come.

But we cannot leave this first miracle without a further consideration of the philosophy of miracles in general. We must grant that the old conception of the miracle, as a violation or suspension of natural law, has been superseded by a new conception of the miracle, as belonging to a higher order of nature—an order previously existing indeed, but unknown to men before. Miracle, then, is like the eclipse of the sun, whose rareness attracts attention, but is not unnatural; like the cathedral clock, whose bell only rings at the advent of a new century; like the action of the calculating machine, which presents to the observer in regular succession the series of units from one to ten million, but which then makes a leap and shows not ten million and one, but a hundred million. The extraordinary and unique may nevertheless be an operation of a law of nature. The blossoming of the century-plant is something very unlike its former flowerless condition; no human being may ever have seen it blossom before; yet the provision therefor is in the plant itself from the beginning.

The burning of the Windsor Hotel in New York City may possibly have been due to the gradual charring of the woodwork around superheated steam-pipes.

The temperature rose imperceptibly, until the sudden addition of a fraction of a degree changed heat into flame. The ellipticity of the earth's orbit might go on increasing by regular gradations until centrifugal force overbalanced the centripetal, and the earth from being a planet might suddenly become a comet, yet this change might be perfectly natural. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in the philosophy of the ordinary scientist. Now miracle in a similar manner may be, and probably is, the operation of a law hitherto unknown to men, yet entirely within the range of natural forces, when once these natural forces are fully understood.

I say, when once these natural forces are fully understood. But these natural forces are never fully understood until they are recognized as divine. For matter is really spirit, or a manifestation of spirit, and nature is only another name for God, or for the working of God. The laws of nature are the habits of God. It is not true that God is the author of the miracle only in the sense that he instituted the laws of nature at the beginning, and provided that, at the appropriate time, miracle should be their outcome. This view fails to recognize in the miracle any immediate exercise of will. It also regards nature as a mere machine, which can operate apart from God—a purely deistic method of conception. If, however, we interpret nature dynamically rather than mechanically, and regard it as the regular working of the divine will instead of the automatic operation of a machine, we may regard miracle as a perfectly natural phenomenon, while yet we see in it the action of a present and personal God. There is no such hard and fast line between the natural and the supernatural as some apologists have imagined. With the qualifications already suggested, we may adopt the dictum of Biedermann: " Everything is miracle—therefore faith sees God everywhere; nothing is miracle—therefore science sees God nowhere."

" The Hebrew historian or prophet regarded miracles as only the emergence into sensible experience of that divine force which was all along, though invisibly, controlling the course of nature." So says the Bishop of Southampton, and he speaks wisely. This principle throws new light upon many difficult narratives of Scripture. Miracle is an immediate operation of God; but, since all natural processes are also immediate operations of God, we do not need to deny the use of these natural processes, so far as they will go, in miracle. Such wonders of the Old Testament as the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah, the partings of the Red Sea and of the Jordan, the calling down of fire from heaven by Elijah, and the destruction of the army of Sennacherib are none the less works of God when regarded as wrought by the use of natural means. At Cana Jesus took water to make wine, and on the hillside of Galilee he took the five loaves to make bread, just as in ten thousand vineyards to-day he is turning the moisture of the earth into the juice of the grape, and in ten thousand fields is turning carbon into corn.

I do not hesitate to express my belief that all miracle has its natural side, though we may not now be able to discern it. Recent investigations show the possibility of influence of mind upon body, which go far toward explaining many of the cures of blindness, deafness, and paralysis which meet us in the gospel narrative. The virgin birth of Christ may be an extreme instance of parthenogenesis, which Professor Loeb has demonstrated to take place in other than the lowest forms of life, and which he believes to be possible in all. Christ's resurrection may be an illustration of the power of the normal and perfect spirit to take itself a proper body, and so may be the type and prophecy of that great change when we too shall lay down our life and shall take it again. The scientist will yet find that his disbelief is not only disbelief in Christ, but also disbelief in science. Even though all miracle were proved to be a working of nature, the Christian argument would not one whit be weakened, for still miracle would evidence the extraordinary working of the immanent God, who is none other than Jesus Christ, and the impartation of his knowledge to the prophet or apostle who was his instrument.

Our readiness to accept this naturalistic interpretation of the miracle results wholly from our inveterate habit of dissociating nature from God, and of practically banishing God from his universe. This is the method of modern science, and since science deals with phenomena and not with their causes, science has its rights, and we cannot require it to enter a foreign field. But there is another field which belongs to religion, and the scientist is narrow and prejudiced who denies the existence of realities that are behind the phenomena. In his "Commentary on Isaiah" (33:14), George Adam Smith explains the passage: "Who among us can dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us can dwell with everlasting burnings?" He tells us that the prophet had no thought of future punishment here. It was the present retributions of divine justice that he had in mind—those retributions that the wicked ignore or deny.

If you look at a great conflagration, he says, through a smoked glass, you can see the bricks falling and the walls collapsing, but you cannot see the fire. We may use the illustration for the subject before us. Physical science looks at the universe through a smoked glass. It sees phenomena, but not the cause of them; it sees the sequences of nature, but not God. There is no antagonism between its view and that of religion—the two are simply complements of each other. Faith sees all that science sees, but it sees also the divine agency. And so it can recognize the natural element in the miracle, while yet it recognizes in it the extraordinary agency and the wonder-working power of God.

Those who see in Christ none other than the immanent God, manifested to creatures, find in this fact the explanation and the guarantee of his miraculous working. The Logos, or divine Reason, who is the principle of all growth and evolution, can make God known to finite creatures only by successive new impartations of his energy. Since all progress implies increment and Christ is the only source of life, the whole history of creation is a witness to the possibility of miracle. Every rational step already taken proves that other steps may follow. Miracle is not only possible, but probable, for the reason that Christ is the moral Reason of the world, as well as its intellectual Reason. The disturbances of the world-order which are due to sin are the matters which most deeply affect him. Christ, the life of the whole system and of humanity as well, must suffer; and, since we have evidence that he is merciful as well as just, we have the strongest of reasons for believing that he will rectify the evil by extraordinary means, when merely ordinary means do not avail.

The miracle of Cana would not have been wrought if there had not been need of it. It was needed as a proof that Christ is the Life of nature, the Ennobler of nature, the Interpreter of nature. It taught that he recognized the needs of the world, and that he had come to supply them, not in man's time, but in his own time, with such gradualness and in such proportions as best evince the wisdom and the munificence of God. He has come to make all things new, to make sacred every common relation of life, to turn earth into heaven. But he will do this through his own natural forces and laws. Every new manifestation of his power shall lay hold of and build upon and develop that which already exists, even as he uses the water to make wine. And these transformations of the lower into the higher have only just begun. Cana reveals the plan of Christ as a plan of evolution. After law comes gospel. After labor and sorrow and pain and tears and death come rest and reward and rejoicing and life forevermore. Sin gives its brief enjoyments at first, and afterward brings remorse and ruin. But Christ's gifts are ever increasing in richness and profusion. He keeps his best wine to the last.

May I sum up what I have said by a definition of the miracle? A miracle is an event in nature so extraordinary in itself and so coinciding with the prophecy or command of a religious teacher or leader, as fully to warrant the conviction, on the part of those who witness it, that God has wrought it with the design of certifying that this teacher or leader has been commissioned by him. This definition has certain marked advantages over those which have commonly been accepted. It recognizes the immanence of God and his immediate agency in nature, instead of assuming an antithesis between the laws of nature and the will of God. It regards the miracle as simply an extraordinary act of that same God who is already present in all natural operations, and who in them is revealing his general plan. It holds that natural law, as the method of God's regular activity, in no way precludes unique exertions of his power when these will best secure his purpose in creation. It leaves it possible that all miracles may have their natural explanations and may hereafter be traced to natural causes, while both miracles and natural causes may be only other names for the one and selfsame will of God. It reconciles the claims of both science and religion; of science, by permitting any possible or probable physical antecedents of the miracle; of religion, by maintaining that these very antecedents, together with the miracle itself, are to be interpreted as signs of God's special commission to him under whose teaching or leadership the miracle is wrought.

We are afflicted with a mental and moral astigmatism which sees a single point or truth as if it were two. We see God and man, divine sovereignty and human freedom, Christ's divine nature and Christ's human nature, the natural and the supernatural, respectively, as two disconnected facts, when deeper insight would see but one. Astronomy has its centripetal and centrifugal forces, yet they are doubtless one force. The child cannot hold two oranges at once in its little hand. Our tendency to double vision should be corrected by Old Testament revelation, for that intimates that, in perfect consistency with the operation of natural law, the God of glory thundereth and in the heavens God himself is speaking with a living voice. The miracle of Cana is a New Testament correction of our mental and moral astigmatism, for here Christ shows himself to be the Life of nature, the Ennobler of nature, the Interpreter of nature, as only he can be who, as the fourth Gospel declares, was in the beginning with God, and was himself God. To a transcendent and divine personality miracle and nature are one.

If what I have said is true, then nature ought to assume to us a very different aspect from that which it has had to most of us. We ought to see in it Christ's partial revelation of God. It is he who paints the sunset clouds, and manifests himself in the light and the lightning. All natural beauty is the sign of his goodness and grace. The same hands that hold the planets in their orbits were once stretched for us upon the cross. "The voice that rolls the stars along speaks all the promises." When the Puritan refused to look upon the moss-rose, and said that he had learned to think no earthly thing beautiful, he was unconsciously turning his back upon Christ. The surging upward of sap in plant and tree in this wonderful springtime is the impartation of physical life from our Redeemer, and the symbol of his spiritual life that is ready to possess and fill our souls. The all-encompassing atmosphere that presses into every nook and corner, and that will not be expelled except by persistent effort, is the instrument of his power and the symbol of his mighty spirit that longs to enter the inmost recesses of our being. All nature is alive with the life of Christ, and he is as near to us as the breath we draw or as the beating of our hearts. Surely we should honor him in whose hand our breath is, and should sing with the poet:

Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler of all nature,
O thou of God and man the Son,
Thee will I cherish, thee will I honor,
Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler of all nature.

And this recognition of Christ, as the Life of nature, the Ennobler of nature, and the Interpreter of nature, does not detract from our sense of his atoning sacrifice, but rather exalts and glorifies it. Who was it that thus humbled himself to become man and to die upon the cross for our salvation? It was he who holds the earth in the hollow of his hand and before whom the nations are but as the small dust of the balance. That Christ should in our humanity hide his deity, narrow himself down to a point, empty himself of his infinite knowledge and power, and become as weak and ignorant as a new-born babe; above all, that his holiness should join itself to our sin, and his love take upon itself the burden of our suffering —all this seems more tragic and wonderful when we think of him as the Maker and Monarch of the universe. To belittle Christ and count him only human and historic, a temporary manifestation of God, a being who lived his life and passed away eighteen hundred years ago, is to make his atonement of no account and to transform him into a merely ethical teacher and example. When we perceive his relation to nature, we recover the doctrine of his universal atonement. He is the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, who has suffered in all human sin, who has been afflicted in all the afflictions of his people, and who has so condensed and focused his age-long suffering in the agony of the cross that even blind and stolid hearts are moved by it to repentance and submission.

Well might the sun in darkness hide
  And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
  For man, the creature's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face
  When his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness
  And melt my soul in tears.

So Christ's relation to nature moves us to reverence and to gratitude. But it also moves us to hope. For he who died is now risen again, and is seated at the right hand of God, all authority in heaven and in earth being committed to him. We, like the Apostle Paul, may come to the apprehension of our Saviour's greatness somewhat late in our Christian experience; but when we do realize it, we shall have a mighty confirmation of our faith and a mighty incentive to our efforts. If he is Lord of nature, then he will use all the powers of nature to further our endeavors and to secure the progress of his kingdom. He can take the weak things of this world to put to naught the mighty, and things that are not to put to naught the things that are. Nothing is too great to ask, nothing too great to attempt, if his Spirit only moves us. In ourselves we are nothing, but we can do all things through Christ who strengthens us. Each one of us is weak, and this seminary is weak; but, because all the forces of nature can be identified with the volitions of Christ, there is an infinite treasury of resource upon which we may draw, and we may believe that this seminary and each one of us—its supporters—will be mighty through God for the subduing of the world to Christ.

X

THE OLD AND THE NEW EDUCATION[1]

THIRTY years—a whole generation—the Granger Place School has lived its life and has done its work. There has been much of the heroic both in its earlier and in its later history. We do well to commemorate the past and to add one more laurel wreath of gratitude and affection to the many former tributes of its pupils and friends.

In 1876 there was great need of an institution like this. The higher education of women was in its first meager beginnings. Vassar College had been established, but college training to most girls seemed either undesirable or unattainable. No schools existed where fit preparation could be secured, and the colleges themselves were obliged to maintain preparatory departments. There was a prejudice in some quarters against too highly educated women—men were afraid of them and were jealous of their own prerogatives. Thomas Wentworth Higginson met the prejudice in a logical way when he wrote an article entitled "Ought Women to Learn the Alphabet?" The conclusion was that women had just as good a right to development of their mental powers as men had, and that, if they had a right to learn the alphabet, they had also a right to enter all the realms of knowledge and to carry away whatsoever treasure they could appropriate.

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[1] An address delivered at the final commencement of the Granger Place School, Canandaigua, N. Y., June 8, 1906.

The Female Seminary thirty years ago was still the fountain of learning for most well-to-do women. It had not yet become a college, although Mary Lyon, in 1837, had established the school at South Hadley, Mass., which afterward became Mount Holyoke College, and Emma Willard, still earlier, in 1821, had set up the seminary in Troy, N. Y., which still continues its career of usefulness. These schools had the noble purpose of combining Christian influence and instruction with the training of the mind. This was the purpose of Miss Comstock and her helpers, Mrs. Crocker, Miss Hasbrouck, and Miss Slocum, when they came to Canandaigua. They brought with them the traditions and the spirit of the Howland School at Union Springs, N. Y., that fine product of Quaker intelligence and piety. Established in this old home of refinement and culture, with its lovely society and surroundings, the Granger Place School became a far-reaching power for Christian education.

In June, 1896, the school completed its twentieth year of successful work. A hundred and fifty old pupils returned to greet their friends and to do honor to their alma mater. Miss Comstock relinquished the management, and, though remaining here and tenderly cared for, in two years more she passed from this life to the life beyond, beloved and mourned by all who had ever known her. Her intense love for knowledge, her inexpressible eagerness to impart that knowledge to others, her sunny temper and her abounding sympathy kindled in scores of pupils the ambition to learn and to teach, to make the most of their natural gifts, and to communicate good as well as to receive it. Hundreds of lives have been made brighter by her influence, and she has had a large and important part in building the shining walls of the city of God.

Miss Slocum, with her broad mind and strong character, must never be forgotten. The early teachers were like her, in aiming at reality rather than show, thought rather than feats of memory, practical devotion rather than mere forms of worship. Granger Place was as far as possible from being a fashionable boarding-school. Art was honored, but it was the art of the old masters rather than that of the modern impressionist. There was music here, but music of the great composer and not of ragtime melodies. A sane and well-balanced education, of heart as well as of head, open-minded to all good, pitiful, tolerant, and hopeful even toward the evil, this was the education of the school. I doubt whether any other school has surpassed it in fidelity to its ideals and in the solid value of its products.

The last ten years have witnessed a new life and vigor in school work, and in many ways a refining and broadening influence. It was much to have the gracious presence and support of those who knew so well what culture and character mean to women. They have poured out their hearts' love as well as their material aid, with an unostentatious generosity which no words of mine could exaggerate. With a quiet dignity they have borne the burdens and responsibilities of a large enterprise, and they have brought it up from comparative weakness to assured success. They have shown great wisdom in their choice of a principal, and Samuel Cole Fairley has won from the patrons, as well as from the pupils of the school, sincere admiration for his teaching ability and warm regard for his tactful and kindly spirit. To the Misses Granger, with their sainted mother, and to all the instructors of the past, we bring to-day the gratitude of the alumnæ and of this whole community.

I have had no consultation with the open-handed owners of this historic property, nor have I any authority to speak for them. I can only of my own motion suggest that Granger Place has perhaps served the purpose of its existence. In a time of educational transition it has formed a valuable link of connection between the old and the new. Circumstances have greatly changed in these thirty years, and the school that was so greatly needed in 1876 may now, in 1906, without so great a loss as thirty years ago, yield up its honors to others. Permit me very briefly to indicate what seems to me the difference between this day and that, and to mark the service which the Granger Place School has rendered to the cause of education.

Thirty years ago our public schools were in no condition to supply the needs of an intelligent community. Their methods were antiquated, and their equipment was pitiably meager. The rude benches and the red-hot stoves, the quill pens and the old-fashioned spelling matches, the crack in the floor which was to be toed, and the master's ferule which came down upon the outstretched palm of an offender, were relics of a medieval and semi-civilized age. Instruction was a conglomerate, without order or system. Text-books were not wholly lacking, but they were elementary and unscientific. Everything depended upon individual initiative, both in the teacher and in the pupil. Genius in the teacher and talent in the pupil even then overcame all obstacles and made the village school a place sacred to learning. But for the most it was a place of dull routine and of small accomplishment.

In those days academies for boys and seminaries for girls were places of refuge from the shortcomings of the public schools. They were usually established by men and women who had some original ideas with regard to education, and who taught certain branches with zest and magnetism. In them there were bright instructors who stimulated thought in their pupils and roused their ambition. Many of us can say of the time when we passed from the public school to the academy, as the poet said of old:

> Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,
> From Pyrrho's maze and Epicurus' sky,
> And held high converse with the godlike few
> Who to the enraptured mind and ear and eye
> Speak virtue, faith and truth, and love and melody.

It is peculiarly true that the seminary for young women furnished what the public school lacked, namely, the influence of social refinement and good manners, combined with scholarly taste and religious spirit.

It has been the mission of these private schools to bring the public schools up to their standard. We can now speak of a public-school system. There are grades, and there is division of labor. Instructors are more competent. They have graduated from normal schools where they have learned something of the science and of the art of teaching. The comfortable equipment of desks and chairs, which once belonged only to the private school, now belongs to the public school as well. In fact, the public school can now furnish laboratories and instruments and apparatus which only the highly endowed seminary can equal. All the children of the community are now enjoying advantages which were once reserved for a chosen few. The new high-school building which has risen in so close proximity to this spot will have spacious rooms and a completeness of equipment which only a great outlay could enable the Granger Place School to compete with. I believe that this very high school would never have attained its efficiency and influence if the Granger Place School had not set the pace for it and provoked it to imitation. Our people are bound to have the best, and Granger Place has shown them how good the best can be. The old education has had in it the making of the new. Granger Place has fulfilled its mission by providing a better education for all. Its tried and loyal supporters may conclude their work with approving consciences, because their long and self-sacrificing effort has been the means of permanent public gain.

This school, though deeply entrenched in the hearts of its alumnæ and its patrons, is only one of many similar institutions which in an educational evolution have done their work and have passed away. Thirty years ago at least a score of counties in this Empire State had their academies supported by private patronage. Only a very few of these remain. Female seminaries by the dozen were here in 1876. Only proximity to a great city or some special endowment enables three or four to continue their work. But these institutions of the past have transmitted a priceless heritage to the future; they have molded and elevated our whole scheme of public education; their spirit still lives and walks abroad. Of them it may be said, as Jean Paul said of the obscure teachers of village schools: "They fall from notice like the spring blossoms, but they fall that the fruit may be born."

The older order changes, giving place to new, and God fulfils himself in many ways. The old education had its defects, but it had its merits also, and before I close this address I wish to call your attention to three contrasts between the old and new. First, I would say, the old education gave us concentration; the new education gives us breadth. How narrow was the range of the old Latin, Greek, and mathematics, with a little mental philosophy to conclude the course; but no history, no English literature, no biology, no physical science worthy of the name! Laboratory work was as unknown as were athletics. In Yale College, under a celebrated teacher, I read Homer, but it was never intimated that Homer was a poet; no theory of composite authorship was ever alluded to; we were not told of any influences of Homer on Greek literature or Greek philosophy or Greek freedom; all was grammar-grinding and the analysis of Greek forms. We read Plato, but it was never told us that Plato represented a great system of philosophy, or that there was such a man as Aristotle, or that Plato had had any influence upon the thinking of mankind. I do not remember that any student ever asked a question of any professor—the student's business was to answer questions, not to ask them, and there was no discussion whatever.

But the mind is not a tub to be pumped into, it is a well to be pumped out. Nowadays the professor awakens the thinking powers of his pupil; mere recitation of a memorized demonstration in geometry will not suffice; the student must give evidence that he has worked out the problem for himself. Education is the drawing out of original energies, and this is possible only where the mind is concentrated upon few subjects, and of those only one at a time. I find fault with our modern electives, for the reason that they scatter the student's mental force. Breadth is a poor substitute for power of sustained attention. To know a little of many things, yet to know no one of them thoroughly, is the unsatisfactory result of much modern training. In this respect the concentration of the older education was better than the so-called breadth of the new.

The second contrast which I notice is that between preparation and application. The old education held to the discipline of one's powers rather than to the immediate use of them. A liberal training was considered the necessary preparation for professional training. Now we begin to make application before we have anything to apply; to talk before we have any message; to preach before we have any substance of doctrine. The profession of medicine is more and more inclined to demand that the student shall include in his college course studies which once were reserved for the medical school. Lawyers demand that the Roman law and constitutional history should form part of the collegiate curriculum. And so the academy is urged to do the work of the college, and the youthful mind is filled with advanced learning before it has power to understand or to appropriate it.

I appreciate to the full the need of economizing time and of getting young people into the work of life while they have still something of plasticity and enthusiasm. Modern methods are better than the old, and modern text-books are better than the old. We understand the relation of theory to practice better than our fathers did. The application of principles in the pupil's future life, whether in business or in society or in the home, is more constantly kept in view. Yet all this does not make up for a certain loss of the old preparatory training. We begin our cutting of the grass without a sufficient sharpening of the scythe. We forget that liberal culture must antedate the best professional success. The man of one book cannot know even that book, since to know that book he must be able to compare it with others. While I appreciate our modern devices for rendering education more practical, I still plead for preparation, the merit of the old education, in distinction from application, the chief object of the new.

And finally, let me mention the contrast between intellect and character. Doctor Harris, our gifted commissioner of education, regards the main difference between the old and the new education as lying here. The new education seeks too exclusively by the cultivation of the intellect to increase knowledge. The older education taught by the discipline of the will to form a right character. I would not underestimate the claims of the new science and the glory of the universe in its infinite and its infinitesimal aspects. The modern student has reaches of thought opened to him of which the earlier ages never dreamed. But to what purpose is the universe studied, if we are filled with conceit of our own knowledge and set up our wills against the will of Him who made us?

I have sometimes thought that the kindergarten, which aims to make learning easy, is in danger of cultivating a go-as-you-please spirit in the children, and of giving them the impression that no knowledge has claims upon them except that for which they have a natural taste. But the child's taste is unformed; he does not know what he will like or what he will need when he is grown; parents or teachers must judge for him; he needs to set himself to tasks which are at first unpleasing. In fact, willingness to grapple with repulsive problems, and to wrestle with them until they are solved, is the one test of ability and of success in all the higher walks of life. It was well that the rector of the German gymnasium opened the session of the school by saying to his pupils: "The object of this institution is to teach you what you do not wish to learn." Professor Münsterberg regards this discipline of the will as one of the main excellencies of the German system in contrast with the American.

In education no power of the mind is more important than the power of attention. The holding of the mind to a single point, or to a single task, until that point is clearly perceived and fastened in the memory, or until that task is absolutely mastered, is the condition of all success. But attention is a matter of the will. Here come in our freedom, our responsibility, our morality. Man is not like a balloon of the older type, borne hither and thither unresistingly by currents of the air; he is a dirigible balloon that can avail itself of favorable currents and can even steer in the teeth of them. Education should, above all things, aim at self-control, the discipline of the will, the choice of right motives instead of wrong. And here the intellectualism of our modern system needs to be supplanted by the regard for character which was characteristic of the old. The seminary aimed to develop character as well as intellect, and the public school must be supplemented by the Sunday-school and by the influence of the home, or the best results of education will be lost.

The Granger Place School, for these last thirty years, a whole generation, has stood for concentration as well as breadth, for preparation as well as application, for character as well as intellect. It has finished its course; it has kept the faith; there is laid up for it a crown. Institutions get their reward in this life, and we present the crown to-day—the crown of our praise and our gratitude. There is another crown for the faithful teachers and the generous supporters of this school—that amaranthine crown will be given not in time, but in eternity. It will be a crown of sacred memories, of fully discovered benefits, of unspeakable rewards, bestowed by Him upon whose head are many crowns, crowns which he shares with those who have followed him in his life of self-denial and in his devotion to goodness and to truth.

The academy of Plato still lives, even though two millenniums are past. Rugby School would survive, even though all its teachers should follow Arnold. "There shall never be one lost good." God garners up the past and in new forms reproduces it. Granger Place School has been dear to many. In their memories, and in their lives, it will ever live. But, better than all else, it will ever live in the mind and heart of God, who ordered its beginning and who now orders its end.

XI

THEOLOGY AND LITERATURE[1]

I BELIEVE that Rochester is the nearest theological seminary to Auburn, and so I give you my neighborly congratulations upon the new administration which formally begins to-night. The inauguration of a young and energetic president of this widely known and widely honored institution vividly reminds me of the day when, twenty-seven years ago, I myself took upon me similar responsibilities. I have heard that spinsters think themselves the best authorities with regard to the education of children. When I was a novice I thought myself an authority in theological education. I knew much more theology then than I do now, and at that time I could have given a large amount of advice to president and professors alike. I had the impression that nothing new was true, and that a theological school was set mainly to defend the ancient faith. I think I hold the ancient faith to-day more firmly than ever, but I recognize the fact that modern science and philosophy have thrown great light upon the world's problems, and that it is now the duty of the theologian and of the preacher to bring forth out of his treasure things new as well as old. So the one thing I would urge to-day is openness of mind, readiness to receive truth from any quarter, even though it come from heretics or heathen. For Christ is the Light of the World, and rays of his light have shot into many dark places of the earth even though the fulness of his glory is found revealed only in the incarnate Word, and in the written word of Scripture.

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[1] An address delivered at the inauguration of the Rev. George Black Stewart, D. D., as president and professor of Practical Theology in the Auburn Theological Seminary, Auburn, N. Y., September 22, 1899.

The wide range of subjects proposed for this evening's consideration is a good sign of breadth in your program for the coming years. I think the vision of the larger Christ must have dawned upon you. I confess that I now enjoy the teaching of theology, because theology includes everything in heaven, on earth, and under the earth. Christ, the revealer of God, has many activities. We no longer confine him to Palestine or think of him as narrowed down to the three and thirty years of his tabernacling in the flesh. He reveals God in nature. His goings forth are from everlasting. The diatom is worthy of study, because in it Christ reveals the omnipresence, omniscience, and omnipotence of God; and the circling of planets round their suns is possible, only because the hand of Christ guides planets and suns alike. The immanent God, in whom all things consist, and in whom humanity lives, moves, and has its being, is none other than Christ. He is the moving force of human history, and he alone makes all things work together for good. Beauty and art in Greece, law and organization in Rome, constitutional monarchy in Britain, representative democracy in America, these are all parts of his educational process, as truly as was the development of man's ethical and religious nature among the Hebrews. And literature, the record of the world's thought and knowledge, and particularly pure literature, in which, as John Morley has said, moral truth and human passion are touched with a certain largeness, sanity, and attraction of form, can never be comprehended or explained, unless we see in it a partial and progressive manifestation of Him who is not only the Way, but also the Truth and the Life.

It must be evident then to even a superficial thinker that theology and literature have important relations to each other. They are revelations, in different degrees, of Christ's wisdom and goodness. They are parts of one whole. They supplement each other, and neither one can be fully understood without the other. Both express truth, though the truth is of different sorts, and is far more mixed and adulterated in the one than in the other. This was the grain of wheat in the bushel of chaff which Matthew Arnold scattered over the world some years ago under the title of "Literature and Dogma." Mr. Arnold insisted, and rightly, that Scripture is literature, and is to be interpreted as literature. The literalizing method, which would make each sentence by itself a divine oracle, is a mistaken one. Scripture texts, like railway coupons, are "not good if detached." The language of the Bible is fluid, passing, and literary, not rigid, fixed, and scientific, and we shall only run into absurdity if we interpret literally Jesus' command to pluck out the eye and to turn the other cheek to the smiter, or if we interpret the command to love the Lord our God with all our heart and soul and might and mind and strength, in a precise and analytic way.

Mr. Arnold greatly overstated his principle, and practically broke down all distinction between the secular and the religious, the inspired and the uninspired. But his main contention has justified itself, and modern interpretations of Scripture are reaping the benefit of his criticism. We see to-day, as our fathers did not, that God may use all methods of literary composition in the making up of Scripture, so long as these are consistent with truth. Impersonation, apologue, drama, these may find place in the Bible, just as they find place in good literature, and the only question for us to settle in any given case is, what method the Holy Spirit saw fit to employ; for inspiration is consistent with them all. Our faith in inspiration is not less but greater with our broader view.

As Scripture is literature, so dogma is literature also. It was quite a revelation to me when I was a student at Yale and Prof. George P. Fisher showed me one day in his study that Calvin's "Institutes" were orations, conceived and composed from the point of view of the habitual preacher. We can never understand the theories of the atonement, from Justin Martyr to Grotius, until we remember that men's ideas of human government have in every age determined their conceptions of the divine government. It greatly pleased me some years ago to read an article by Doctor Curry, that extreme Arminian theologian, in which he declared that no scientific definition of the act of faith can possibly be given, because faith is an intimate fact of life, the joining of a finite intellect and heart and will to the Infinite One, the voluntary merging of the life of man in the life of God. So all theology is our weak effort to put the inexpressible into some form that will suggest the truth to others. Dogma is literature, and therefore some literary insight, and specially the insight which Christian experience gives, is necessary in order to understand it.

I have perhaps startled you already by declaring that theology is literature. I propose to startle you yet more by averring that literature is theology. By this I mean, however, that in all literary production that is worthy of the name, in all literary production that grasps and expresses truth, there is an upholding, enlightening, informing, energizing spirit, which must be regarded as the Spirit of Christ. All men who write, know something of what the psychologists call the subliminal self; they find ideas coming to them like foundlings, whence they know not; and, from the start, these ideas are joined in indissoluble wedlock to the fit and only words. The creative imagination can never be explained, unless we admit that there is in each of us a spark of that divine reason which animates the world. But that divine reason is Christ, the light that lighteth every man. A Byron writes his "Hebrew Melodies" and his "Destruction of Sennacherib," and he seems for a brief moment actually religious. Thomas Moore gives us hymns for our hymn-books. So Balaam and Caiaphas prophesied.

I do not think it enough to say that all this is mere Providence, and that Goethe and Shelley took in by a sort of endosmosis the Christian ideas of the world around them. For the last fifteen years I have devoted my summers to the study of the great poets. There has gradually dawned upon me the conviction that the poetry of the world is one whole; that it is the product of evolution; and that this evolution is simply the method by which Christ has been instructing humanity. Poetry is fundamentally and essentially Christian; the greatest poets are the most religious; and there has been a growth in their conceptions of God, of man, and of man's relations to God, from the earliest times until now. Virgil improves on Homer; Dante on Virgil; Milton on Dante; and, though Shakespeare intends to be only the poet of secular humanity, his portrayal of man's ethical nature, for truth and impressiveness, leaves all his predecessors far behind. I cannot explain the influence of Homer and Virgil and Dante and Shakespeare and Milton—their vast influence in the education of the world—without believing that they have been to a large extent guided by Christ himself, and have been unconscious recipients of his truth and wisdom.

The poet is a seer before he is a creator. He can stir the hearts of men only as he points them to the deeper truth that lies beneath the shadow of things. All the beauty of the world is rooted in God, and the more completely the poet perceives the infinite relations of what he sees around him, the more power he has over mankind. Shairp tells us that literature takes no account of God, while Scripture thinks of nothing else. I maintain, on the contrary, that no literature can be great that does not take account of God, and that it is progressively recognizing the divine element in nature and in history, and so is every day lessening the gap between itself and Scripture. I beg that you will not misunderstand me. I do not call Shakespeare inspired. I confine the word inspiration to that special work of the Holy Spirit which was distinctively religious, which had for its direct object the revelation of the personal God, and of the way of life and salvation through Jesus Christ his Son. But I maintain that a lower degree of the Holy Spirit's influence must be recognized in John Bunyan and in John Ruskin. There is a Christological element in Wordsworth and Browning and Tennyson, which fits them to be teachers of the race.

Some one has said that Virgil and Shakespeare would have had a rough time if they had embarked in the Mayflower with our Pilgrim fathers. True, but the Pilgrim fathers might nevertheless have been improved by their company. Something of their narrowness and bigotry might have disappeared, even while they impressed the poets with the supreme importance of religion. Poetry, like art, is the imaginative reproduction of the universe in its ideal relations; and since the universe is moral and religious at its core, neither the poet nor the artist can afford to neglect ethics or theology, and just so far as he does neglect them, just so far does he come short of being the greatest artist and the greatest poet. The doctrine of the moral indifference of literature, like the doctrine of the moral indifference of art, is a doctrine of the devil. Art for art's sake is commonly sin for sin's sake, and ends in the utter degradation of art itself. And to take the personal God out of literature is simply, as in the case of Goethe, to cut the sinews of its strength, deprive it of the very breath of its life, condemn it to atrophy and death.

Since literature in its highest forms is "a serene creator of immortal things," since it sees the unseen in the seen, since it presents truth and works with God; above all, since it is one of Christ's main instruments for the education of mankind, the theologian and the preacher cannot afford to be ignorant of literature. He who knows only his Bible can never rightly understand his Bible, for the Bible can be understood only in connection with other products of the human mind and heart under the influence of Christ's indwelling. When I read of Berdoe, the medical student, converted from agnosticism to Christianity by the reading of Robert Browning, I seem to see a new power for good arising in the world. I hear Browning's verse:

> I say, the acknowledgment of God in Christ
> Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
> All questions in the world and out of it,
> And hath so far advanced thee to be wise;

and I conclude that the theologian or the preacher may often administer poetry to his hearers as a sort of sugar-coated theology.

The preacher cannot even afford to neglect novels. Aside from the fact that he must know what his people are reading in order properly to instruct them, he may find in this light literature much that is worth learning as to the right way of reaching the mind and the heart. Historians never knew how to write history until Sir Walter Scott taught them, and the story-tellers may show us how to speak in parables, and yet only follow the example of Him who spake as never man spake. I have heard Doctor Hillis, of Brooklyn, severely criticized for devoting a whole sermon to Hawthorne's

" Scarlet Letter," and another to Victor Hugo's *" Les Miserables."* But, if the business of the preacher is to apply the gospel to life, to replace wrong ideals by right ones, to interpret the world and its phenomena to those who are too dull to do it for themselves, then I do not know why the preacher may not occasionally take for his starting-point some great work of literature, and show how Christ has entered into it, and without the intention or consciousness of the author, has made it a witness to Christian truth.

Will there ever rise a great poet-genius who will depict the religious side of human life as Shakespeare has depicted its secular side? To my mind this is only to ask whether the evolution of humanity will come to an end and God's plan fail of its fulfilment. As Greece with all her art and beauty left the world unsatisfied, and Athens only waited upon Jerusalem, and Socrates was the forerunner of Jesus, so all literature thus far seems to me to be the *avant-courier* of that which is to come. " As the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns," they tend more and more to complete themselves by the contemplation and exposition of the supremely good and the supremely fair. The greatest poets must express the greatest ideas, and the greatest thought of the finite is that of the infinite. The greatness of Christ is looming up before us as never before. We begin to see that he is the only revealer of God, and that he fills all in all—all things in the universe with all things that they contain. But only he who realizes this greatness by an inward experience can ever describe it. Let us pray that religion may complete itself by including culture, and that culture may reach upward till it is absorbed in religion. Then theology may find in literature its most serviceable handmaid, and literature itself may be penetrated through and through with the noblest theology, and both together may prostrate themselves before Christ. For on his head are many crowns; and to the crown of science and the crown of art and the crown of philosophy and the crown of theology, must yet be added the crown of literature, that he may be Lord of all.

XII

THE ELEMENT OF JUSTICE IN WAR[1]

THE great Peace Congress in Boston is a sign of advancing civilization. I cannot too strongly emphasize the essential principle which it represents. But I wish to speak to-night of a complementary truth—"The Element of Justice in War." "Revenge," says Lord Bacon, "is a wild sort of justice." War also is a wild sort of justice, and, unless we recognize the element of justice in it, we shall never be able to tame its wildness. It is my belief that an insufficient appreciation of this feature of war has done much to delay the advent of peace. We can purchase peace at too great a price. The only peace worth having, the only peace that has promise of permanence, is peace upon the basis of justice. Even international arbitration is desirable only so far as it will insure international justice.

The two great foci of the moral ellipse are rights and duties, righteousness and love, self-affirmation and self-impartation. In the nature of things, justice must precede altruism, the sense of one's own rights must precede the sense of others' rights, duty to one's self must precede duty to others. Self-defense is the condition of all benevolence, for unless I maintain my own existence, I shall have nothing that I can give away. Self-love is just as important as the feeling of community. Both are recognized in Christ's system, for I am bound to love my neighbor only as myself.

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[1] An address delivered at the Eighth Annual Lake Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration, May 28, 29, and 30, 1902, and at the Peace Meeting at the Brick Church, Rochester, October 3, 1904.

In the age-long evolutionary process, by which a divine hand has prepared the way for human history, I find both these principles at work. I find the beginnings of altruism in the instinct of reproduction and in the care for offspring. In every lion's den and tiger's lair, in every mother-eagle's feeding of her young, there is a self-sacrifice which faintly shadows forth man's subordination of personal interests to the interests of others. But in the ages before man I find incipient justice as well as incipient love. The struggle for one's own life has its moral side, as well as the struggle for the life of others. The instinct of self-preservation is the beginning of right, righteousness, justice, and law on earth. Self-defense is a duty, because all life is a trust. Every creature owes it to God to preserve his own being. So I find an adumbration of morality even in the predatory and internecine warfare of the palæontologic ages. The immanent God was even then preparing the way for the rights, the dignity, the freedom, of humanity.

The right to one's own being and the duty of preserving it involve the right to property, the means of sustaining self; and the right to family, the means of perpetuating self. The right to property and to family is a corollary of the right to life. When others attack property or family, it is my duty to defend, for it is an attack upon my right to live. And as the family, the tribe, the State, is but the enlarged individual, or the aggregate of individuals, the same duty of self-defense rests upon them. So long as there are attempted violations of individual or social rights, there must be laws, police, prisons; in other words, the means of forcibly suppressing wrong-doing.

Count Tolstoy regards all this as a perversion of morality and a contradiction of the commands of Christ. He would interpret with absolute literalness the injunction to give to him that asketh thee, to resist not evil, to turn the other cheek to the smiter. In public places he is followed by a crowd of beggars to whom he distributes coin, and his principles would certainly forbid resistance to the burglar and the assassin. In view of the utterances of the Apostle Paul with regard to the powers that be, and to their bearing not the sword in vain, we must interpret our Saviour's words as a vivid declaration that all personal and selfish withholding is wrong, but that withholding and resistance for God's sake and for the sake of the larger interests of society is right. We are to please our neighbor only for his real good, and unto edification. To give to the tramp is not really to give at all in the Saviour's sense, for it is doing him a harm instead of a benefit. The world would soon be a desert, if that principle were generally acted on. Marauders and thugs would soon outnumber the industrious and law-abiding population. God's interests and the interests of humanity require that Hampden should refuse to pay the ship-money, and all heroes of defensive war may also be Christian heroes.

William Ellery Channing uttered only a half-truth when he traced all war back to the fact of human sin.

There would be no war if sin had its way. Selfishness would simply swallow the earth. It is opposition that makes war. The sense of justice that stands for its rights is just as important an element in war as is the original aggression. And even this aggression not only puts on the semblance of justice—it has in it a grain of justice. It is the effort of the strong to hold its own. It asserts the right of the fittest to survive. It is largely the result of ignorance, of unfounded fears, of bad policy. The wars that are begun out of sheer ambition or malignity are few and far between.

There are people who believe that all litigation is selfish, and that all lawyers are the instruments of knaves or are themselves knaves. Larger knowledge of the world shows us that such cases are very rare; most litigation is an attempt to settle honest differences of opinion; most lawyers have some feeling that they are officers of the law and helpers to the courts in the administration of justice. Lawyers and courts are imperfect methods of adjudication; but, if there were no sense of justice and no effort to do justice, their occupation would be gone.

Let not the imperfect administration of justice blind us to the fact that in most controversies justice is the main thing sought. Moses has been blamed for demanding an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. It was but the provision of the best justice that age could understand. There are phases of society where the duel is the only way of settling disputes—to be praised simply because it is better than nothing. And even lynch-law is better than no law at all, as was made clear in the early history of California. Hideous as it is in its practical working, it witnesses to the existence of a moral sense, and it can never be done away until men are convinced that, instead of the law's delays and the purchase of pardons, swift justice can be done by regular methods upon wrong-doing.

In a similar manner, war is not all butchery and murder. In the majority of cases war is a mistaken and barbaric attempt to secure justice. War is duel and lynch-law on an enormous scale. And war is to be abolished just as we have abolished duel and lynch-law at the North. There are some parts of this country where men still go about like walking batteries, with dirks and pistols and blunderbusses projecting like the guns from a man-of-war. One citizen goes heavily armed, and another puts on heavier armor to meet him. How ineffably absurd these would-be combatants have come to seem! Yet the nations that lead the van of civilization—the Christian nations, heaven save the mark!—still strut under the open sky armed to the teeth, and silently dare one another to knock the chip from the shoulder. How shall we abolish this gigantic anachronism and absurdity? Just as we abolished lynch-law and the duel—by providing justice in a trustworthy and regular way.

It is sometimes said that education will do away with war. It certainly teaches that a nation is not the best judge in its own case, any more than an individual man is the best judge in his own case. But education has not abolished affairs of honor in Germany, where education is most nearly universal, nor will education abolish conflicts among the nations. It is sometimes said that trade and commerce will abolish war. They certainly draw nations together and make them feel their mutual dependence. I learned the other day that a large part of the product of a great harvester manufactory in western New York goes to Siberia. But helping Russia to develop her vast territory is also helping her to threaten Japan and all western Europe as well. Trade and commerce profit in some ways by the fever and inflation of war, as was shown by our own experience during the great Rebellion, and British commercial enterprise undoubtedly did something to bring on the war in South Africa.

It is said finally that war is a moral evil, and can be stopped only by moral means. This moral means is thought to be a new sense of community, a new feeling that mankind is of one blood, and that no portion of humanity can suffer without every other portion suffering with it. True enough, and inadequate as it is true. Still the question returns, how to apply the principle. Love can never condone iniquity. Even the sense of community, the love for man as man, will not put an end to war, unless the conscience is satisfied and man's greatest moral need is met. That need is the need of justice. Good-will alone cannot insure peace. Peace is possible only upon the basis of right. The men who once appealed to the bowie-knife or the revolver to settle important questions of right now submit their case to courts of law; but, if they did not believe they would get justice there, they would fight it out in the old way. And so, when nations differ, they will give up war, only as some court is provided where justice will be swift and sure.

The ideal international court is unquestionably a court where reference is compulsory and where decisions are final. Humanity demands such a court, and it has the right to establish one. What right have I to stop a fight between two brutal men? The right of common humanity. Rights of humanity are above rights of individuality—they are above rights of nationality also. Massacre, atrocity, oppression, on the part of any nation, are beginning to be recognized as warranting other nations to interfere. And the day will come when war will be regarded by the community of nations as warranting interference in the conflict, and the binding over of both belligerents to keep the peace. The nation that stands in the way of the world's progress must be set aside, not by war, as the Boers have been set aside by Britain, but by the judgment of a court, sitting in the interest of the world's civilization.

Compulsory arbitration is yet an ideal, a distant goal, at present unattainable. It presupposes a federation of the world and a partial relinquishment of sovereignty by the individual States. International law and treaties between nations are steps toward it. International law, to be sure, is not law at all, because there is no power to enforce. But it may be almost as effective as law. There is a growing public opinion which civilized nations are loath to contradict. It has been well said that "fine and imprisonment do not deter decent people from violations of law half so much as do social penalties of ostracism and disgrace," and it is coming to be so among the nations.

I rejoice in the great new forward movement of five years ago. I refer to the Congress at The Hague. President Roosevelt has called for its reassembling. The actual establishment of a tribunal for even voluntary appeal is a moral victory whose importance cannot be measured. It shows that, in spite of armies and wars, the conscience of the world is on the right side. And it offers a safe and practicable means of securing the ostensible end for which war is waged—namely, the establishment of justice. An international tribunal may not, in the near future, be able to enforce its decisions. Judgments, without ships and armies, may indeed be law without penalty. But exclusion from civilized society is a sort of penalty. The decisions of such a tribunal will have the same sanctions as a treaty, and treaties have proved themselves, not impotent, but mighty.

And yet the chief value of occasional and voluntary arbitration is that it opens the way for arbitration that is compulsory and universal. It is very significant that the same word *Recht,* which in German means "right," has come also to mean "law"—*Das deutsche Recht* is "German law." And the Latin word *jus* has suffered a similar extension of meaning. Etymology teaches us many lessons, but no lesson is more impressive than this, that what was once merely subjective and ideal has come gradually to express itself in objective and external enactment. I see in all this the influence of the omnipresent Christ. He is moralizing the world, making keen its conscience, revealing to man his own better nature, putting truth and righteousness more and more into statutory form. His ways are ways of gradual development, and they are ways of justice as well as of love. First pure, then peaceable. At the first he brings not peace, but a sword, because that is the only practicable justice. But later, when the world is ready, and his spirit of love has taught men to see their essential oneness in him, he will turn all outward law into inward law, and there will be universal peace, because there is universal justice, under the sovereign sway of him who is Prince of Peace because he is also King of Righteousness.

My hope of peace is bound up with my hope of justice. I do not expect love alone ever to abolish war. I regard war as a necessary evil so long as better means of adjudication are lacking. War is a stern and savage tribunal, but it has settled many a dispute. It will give way only to a tribunal in which justice is more rapid and unerring. Let good-will then bend its energies not to vain outcry against war, but to the perfecting of its substitute. Arbitration is our hope, because arbitration secures the justice of war, without its wildness. Because arbitration promises this, I can say with the poet:

> Down the dark future, through long generations,
>   I hear the sounds of war grow fainter, and then cease;
> And like a bell, with solemn sweet vibrations,
>   I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"
>
> Peace! And no longer from its brazen portals
>   The blasts of war's great organ shake the skies,
> But, beautiful as songs of the immortals,
>   The holy melodies of love arise!

XIII

EDUCATION AND RELIGION[1]

I COUNT it one of the honors of my life that I may speak to-day for the trustees of this college. We are deeply sensible of the loyalty and the generosity which have prompted this gift to Vassar. Art and architecture have a large part to play in education, and the memory of this beautiful structure will be to thousands a joy forever. But I well know that higher considerations than mere love of beauty have influenced these liberal donors. This chapel is the offering of Christian hearts, and it is intended for Christian use. It witnesses to the strong belief that education has intimate connection with religion, and that all the paraphernalia of modern training are only adjuncts and approaches to the temple of God.

The great cities of the world have commonly grown up around some fortress-height that served both for defense and for worship. Some projecting rock was a rallying-point and a place of appeal to God. Mount Moriah at Jerusalem, the Acropolis at Athens, the Capitoline Hill at Rome, the Castle-crag at Edinburgh —these all have been centers of aggregation for whole peoples, incentives to patriotism, guarantees of national unity, because they have been also places of common worship. When I passed the Porter's Lodge this morning and saw at my right hand the noble tower of this chapel, it seemed to me that the college had now a worthy center for all its future growth, a unifying principle for all its intellectual activities, a divine assurance of its highest and most lasting beneficence.

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[1] Address at the dedication of the chapel of Vassar College, November 4, 1904.

Education must find its beginning, middle, and end in religion. It must *ground itself* in religion. Man is capable of education only because he is akin to God and can grow in likeness to God. Prodigal though he may be, he is still a son, with powers of mind and heart and will which the husks of sense cannot satisfy. All the relations to his fellows of which education informs him rest upon deeper relations of all to God. The continents and islands of our globe seem at first sight to be separated by the dissociable sea and to have no connection with each other. But if the ocean were once dried, we should perceive that there are submarine connections; that the solid crust of the earth underlies them all, and that from the great common treasury beneath come earthquake shocks which all the continents and islands feel, and volcanic outbursts which prove that the isolation is only apparent. Our separate human personality is in like manner only a part of the truth. The deeper truth is that we live, move, and have our being in God, from whom there come into our lives subliminal impulses comparable only to the uprushing streams of the volcanoes. The brotherhood of man, indeed, is inconceivable without the underlying fatherhood of God. Education has its foundation in religion because only religion shows that man, as a child of God, is worth educating.

Education must *nourish itself* in religion. As a matter of history, religion has been the chief support of education. The most powerful motive for the study of truth or beauty or goodness is found in their relations to God. For what is truth but the correspondence of thought with the divine reality? What is beauty but correspondence with a divine ideal? What is goodness but correspondence with a divine standard of right? Proudhon said well: "If you go very deeply into politics, you are sure to get into theology." And what is true of politics is true of art, of psychology, and of ethics. Each of these is a single ray of the true light. Follow any one of them to its starting-point, and you will be led to the Sun of Righteousness, to God, and to Christ the Light of the World. I know there are some who think education possible without religion. So I have seen trees at Christmas-time that bore twelve manner of fruits—oranges and pears, grapes and apples. But these fruits never grew upon the Christmas-tree—they were only tacked on; when they were taken off, the tree could bear no more. Religion without education is indeed a tree without fruits; but education without religion is a tree without roots. The only motive that will permanently counteract the indolence of the individual and the selfishness of the community is the religious motive, and the education that fails to nourish itself in religion will leave the greatest want of the individual and the greatest want of the community unprovided for.

Education must *complete itself* in religion. Education is not the learning of facts, but the learning of meanings, and we cannot learn the meaning of the universe except by rising from nature to nature's God. Education is the drawing out of all our powers —not the intellect alone, but also the affections and the will. The greatest thought of the finite is the Infinite; God is the most transforming object of our love; the most cogent motive for service to our fellow-men is God's self-sacrificing love to us. In no one of these directions do we grow by merely passive reception. To know the truth we must do the truth; to love God we must obey God; to rule we must serve. Dante, in his "Paradiso," makes the angels who are nearest to God to be also and at the same time ministrants to the humblest of his saints on earth. To exclude religion from education is to narrow it, to degrade it, to pervert it. Education must complete itself in religion because the noblest minds are most drawn to God, their great Original, the satisfaction of their reason, the source of their strength, and the inspiration of their service.

I see in the dedication of this chapel the frank and joyful confession that religion is the bottom and the middle and the top of education. I have sometimes asked my learned and traveled friends why it is that chapels and religious services are found at the center of English universities, while there are none or next to none in the universities of Germany and the continent. They have variously replied that the English colleges were originally houses for the education of the priesthood; that the continental universities were founded not by the Church, but by the State; that these latter were established for learning only, while the English intended a general preparation for life as well; that the hierarchical tendencies of the continent forced intellectual activities into purely secular channels. However we may answer the question, I think we can congratulate ourselves that we came from Puritan stock, and that the pioneers of American education followed the English model. In making the chapel the center to which all the currents of the college converge, we acknowledge that religion is not only an important part of education, but that religion and the highest culture are absolutely inseparable. "Unless above himself he can erect himself, how mean a thing is man!" The chapel is the glory of the college, because it presents the loftiest ideals, the most inspiring motives, the most needed and sufficient helps,—ideals and motives and helps to be found only in God Most High.

One of the most liberal-minded yet the most cultivated graduates of this college said to me that, though twenty years had passed since she went out from Vassar, its chapel services remained with her as the most sacred and precious memory of her college days. I doubt not that this will be the experience of many a student here in time to come. Here will appear the irrationality of an aimless and animal existence. Here an egotistic intellectualism will seem unworthy. Here the all-comprehending love of God will awaken an answering love. Here the high ambition to serve others will take possession of some who before have served only self. Those who wander in the dark ways of doubt will have light cast upon their path; in time of sorrow grief will be assuaged; the lonely will become conscious of Christian fellowship; the penitent will find pardon; and as the song of trust and thankfulness and self-surrender is borne upward upon the wings of this great organ, God will send into the heart his Spirit of peace and purity and power.

It is a privilege greater than we can estimate to dedicate such a place to God. But what do we mean by dedication? We can give to God only what he has first given to us, and we cannot give even this unless we also give ourselves. A year ago I visited the city of Blois, in Touraine, and under the shadow of the great château I found the church which was built by Gaston, brother of Louis XIII. And this was the inscription on the tablet of bronze which commemorated his gift: "*Deo templum et in templo cor suum dicavit Gasto Franciæ* (To God Gaston of France has dedicated this temple, and in the temple has dedicated his heart)." This is the purpose of all temples, that they may incite and express the dedication of the heart. It is the purpose of this chapel to consecrate and ennoble all the life of the college, at the same time that it constitutes an offering of the donors to God. It is a pledge to the college of God's own benediction; for no temple was ever truly given to God which he did not fill as of old with his own presence and glory, and from it send forth streams of life and salvation to the ends of the earth.

A recent writer has said that the ground of hope for the church is in the universities. It is even more true that the ground of hope for the universities is in the church. A godless university is a greater anomaly than an ignorant church. Education and religion are bound together in indissoluble wedlock.

What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder. As education is founded upon religion, so it nourishes itself and completes itself in religion. I began by comparing the college to one of those world-famous cities which have grown up around some fortress-height that served at once for defense and for worship. Education is a defense in proportion as it leads to worship. I am reminded of Mont St. Michel, that ecclesiastical fortress perched upon a rocky islet at the vertex of the angle formed by the coasts of Brittany and Normandy. That fortress dominated and protected the whole French coast, and furnished William the Conqueror with six ships for his conquest of England. Madame de Sevigné called it the eighth wonder of the world. Originally an isolated mass of granite, a mile from the shore, a thousand feet in diameter and rising a hundred and sixty feet above the sea, by immense substructions of masonry the conical crag was turned into a broad platform; upon that platform a church was erected with soaring arches and heaven-piercing spire, with a complete set of conventual buildings around it whose lower chambers were hewn out of the solid rock, while the church and its dependencies were encompassed near the water-line by a massive wall, with battlements and turrets that could defy all the armies of Europe. The piling up of that Gothic structure into the region of sailing birds and silent air is a work of art that can be likened only to the building of a cathedral upon the summit of the great pyramid of Egypt. As I climbed the six hundred and sixty-two steps that led upward to the gilded statue of St. Michael which crowns the spire, Mont St. Michel, at once a church and a fortress, lifted high up for all the world to see and drawing travelers from every land, seemed to me the fit symbol of an education which protects and defends because it puts God and his truth in the center and at the top of all earthly culture. May this chapel be ever such a fortress, a refuge for the soul, a temple for its worship, a sign to all the world that this is a Christian college, and that God himself is here!

XIV

SCHOOLS OF THE PROPHETS[1]

ROCHESTER salutes her elder sister, Newton, at the beginning of this new régime, and wishes her all honor and success. Rochester owes much to Newton, for you gave us Robinson for our first president, and Hackett for our great teacher of the New Testament. Hovey and Wood are household words with us, and synonyms of cautious and devout scholarship. To Newton belongs the glory of being the first exclusively theological institution established in this country by Baptists. For eighty-four years she has furnished our denomination with the best of training, and with many of our noblest preachers and pastors. Under this new leadership there opens before her an illimitable opportunity of service to the kingdom of God.

An illimitable opportunity this, if she will remain true to the purpose of her founders. Their purpose was to establish a school of the prophets, and that phrase provides me with my theme. If we can disentangle the substantial truth from its mere accidents of expression, we shall have before us the proper object and goal of this new administration. We must confess that our fathers unduly idealized the prophetic office of the Old Testament. In Scripture we have no such phrase as "schools of the prophets," but only the phrase "sons of the prophets"; and this implies not organization and instruction, but only aggregation and companionship. In other words, the so-called "schools," in the times of Samuel and Elijah, were only collections of men who withdrew from their fellows to engage in prayer and to seek inspiration.

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[1] Address at the inauguration of the Rev. George E. Horr, D. D., as president of the Newton Theological Institution, Newton Center, Mass., June 9, 1909.

The dark and critical days in Israel's history were the days when these companies were most numerous. The dangers to which the nation was exposed, and particularly the danger that the religion of Jehovah would be overwhelmed by the floods of heathen invasion, drove a few of the pious among the people to come together and to seek God. They clustered about the shrines where sacrifice was offered and where Jehovah was worshiped, as at Gilgal and Bethel. It was a rude ritual which they practised—songs that would seem to us only wailing, a sort of ecstatic dancing, the casting-off of the outer garments and the flinging of the body upon the ground in solemn waiting for some movement or communication of the divine Spirit—all these, by individuals separately, and then by many in unison, formed parts of the quaint and half-barbarous curriculum.

And yet this aggregation and companionship must have intensified individual longings and beliefs. These devotees doubtless rehearsed to one another the traditional law of the covenant, and the great deeds of Jehovah when he delivered Israel in Egypt and at the Red Sea. There is no hint that either Samuel or Elijah was ever formally a teacher, though the purity of the first and the power of the second made deep impression upon the younger recluses, and they followed the steps of the elders with awe and veneration. The "sons of the prophets" were thrown upon God, for insight and for strength, more than they were upon the fathers. The fathers were examples, rather than instructors. Having themselves come out from God's presence-chamber, they taught others to apply to that same divine source of enlightenment and of energy. We may be sure at least that these "sons of the prophets" learned of God's past revelations, held religious fellowship with one another, and together sought power from on high.

It is the fashion of our day to underestimate all these incidents of Old Testament history, and to call them mere naturalistic phases in the evolution of religion. This philosophy ignores two very important facts; first, that history has in it a divine element, and secondly, that evolution always builds the future upon the foundation of the past. It is not enough to ascertain what Old Testament worthies and writers understood or meant, we must also learn what God understood or meant, by their acts and words. There are two authors of Scripture—the human? yes; but also the divine. In the childhood of the race and in its gropings after God, the Holy Spirit was already working, and in these beginnings of prophecy we see already the first glimmerings of the dawn, the first reflections of the great Sun of Righteousness, who was in due time to rise above the horizon and be visible to all. And since no proper theory of evolution can deny that the little child grasps some truths that are hidden from sophisticated worldlings, so no proper theory of evolution can deny that the childhood of the race may have been granted by the indwelling Spirit of Christ an inspiration and an open vision beside which our later reasoning is but a learned ignorance.

But the New Testament gives us the best illustration of our theme. The key to all prophecy is to be found in Christ, for he is the Prophet *par excellence,* and so the gathering of the Twelve around our Lord constituted a " school of the prophets "—a school far more advanced in method than any that had been known in ancient Israel. Here was positive instruction of the highest order, and more of it than we commonly suppose. We cannot imagine that Jesus' walks with his disciples through the corn fields or by the seaside were unillumined by discourse. When they withdrew from the multitudes to solitary places, it was not merely to rest—it was also to learn from the Master's lips the meaning of his parables and the lessons of public events. Much was taught them which they did not fully comprehend; like the teachings of our childhood, it could be understood only in the light of after experience. There was a vast store of truth communicated, which only the resurrection and the pentecostal Spirit enabled them to interpret. The objective atonement, for example, was taught in germ, when Jesus declared his blood to be shed for the remission of sins and his life to be given as a ransom for many. But the full meaning of these phrases was understood only when Paul and John explained that this atonement was a propitiation to righteousness, offered by God himself in the person of his Son.

But example is better than precept, and with all Christ's positive teaching there was something even better—the personal presence and example of the Lord. It was his praying that moved his disciples to ask him to teach them how to pray. It was his boldness in the face of enemies that made them bold, so that those who heard them took knowledge that they had been with him. It was his meekness and long-suffering that enabled them when persecuted to pray for their persecutors. The training of the Twelve, as Professor Bruce has shown, was a composite of the most convincing and divine instruction with the most intimate and sacred fellowshp.

There was another element in our Lord's school of the prophets which, with larger equipment, our theological seminaries might well imitate—I mean practice under competent supervision. First the Twelve, and then the Seventy, were sent out to preach, and afterward were required to report the results of their preaching. They were not to be mere closet theologians. They were to test what they had learned; to apply principles, to carry the gospel of the kingdom to sinning and suffering men. This utterance of the truth gave them confidence in its efficacy. They found that even in his seeming absence Christ's power was still with them to heal and to save, and they became prepared to receive believingly the promise that he would be with them alway, even unto the end of the world.

That last lesson the disciples did not learn at once. It was not until Pentecost that the New Testament school of the prophets conferred its diploma. The visible Christ must become an indwelling Christ before his apostles could graduate and begin their ministry. They prayed together for insight and boldness and power from on high, and in answer to that prayer Christ came by his Holy Spirit and became their ever-present and perpetual teacher. We err greatly when we think that the Scriptures of themselves are our sufficient guide. Christ has never intended that the Scriptures should enable us to dispense with his personal presence. We need him with us by his Spirit to interpret Scripture. And so one great aim of a theological seminary should be to secure the immediate influence of the Holy Spirit in understanding and proclaiming the truth. The New Testament school of the prophets combined positive instruction with the example of Christ, practice under supervision, and prayer for the teaching of the Spirit.

Bringing together now these various hints as to an Old Testament and as to a New Testament school of the prophets, I would make our theological seminaries a combination of the training school and the devotional retreat. And yet it is a question whether this latter element, which historically came first, ought not to have the precedence. The Roman Catholics and the Episcopalians have certainly followed biblical models in setting apart whole weeks and months in which their ministers retire from the world to seek God. The Lutheran Reformation and the Wesleyan Reformation alike were the result of continuous calling upon God for light and guidance. In this rushing and tumultuous age our young men need perhaps more than all else to learn the art of meditation and of prayer. As Pastor Wagner told us: "If one would speak for God, the first requisite is that he be silent. Silence before speech, always. Every word that is not preceded by silent pondering and opening the heart to receive the divine message is an empty word." Paul, after his conversion, goes up to Jerusalem to consult with the earlier apostles, but not until he has spent three years in Arabia, and in both cases his aim is not so much to be taught by men as to learn from Christ himself. The New Testament prophets furnish us in this respect with models for our modern ministry. We too are to be interpreters of God's past revelations, and we need to know our Bible. But the school of the prophets in our day should be a place where the study of Scripture goes hand in hand with prayer for insight, where human teachers lead their students to seek knowledge and power from God, where the old truth is seen in new lights and is practically applied to the present needs of men.

Many years ago, when I used the microscope, I found that what I saw in an object depended largely upon the sort of light I threw upon it. Light upon its upper surface would give a superficial view; sidelights enabled me to make new discoveries; light from beneath sometimes made the object transparent, revealed its internal structure, showed many features not seen before. Yet these new lights did not create; they only made visible what was there already. Histologists tell us that the ultra-violet rays are bringing out secrets of vegetable and animal tissue entirely undreamed of until now. Now the seminary is to teach the theology of the Bible, but of the Bible with all the lights thrown upon it which can be furnished by modern philosophy and science, linguistics and history. Truth in every other department of creation enables us to understand truth in the Bible, and he who knows Scripture alone does not really know Scripture. Recent investigations into the origin and development of Scripture leave us in full possession of the great fundamental truths of sin and guilt, of the deity and atonement of Christ, of regeneration by the Holy Spirit, and of eternal retribution. These truths are rooted not only in Scripture, but in the nature of man. Paul's doctrine of sin and of propitiation, and John's doctrine of regeneration and union with Christ, commend themselves to every conscience enlightened by the Spirit of God. They are the only doctrines that will work in a rescue mission, or in any mission field at home or abroad. They prove themselves to be God's truth by being the power of God unto salvation. They exalt Christ as God and Saviour, and since Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, the foundation of God stands sure.

Professor Goodrich, of the Yale Divinity School, used to say that one great use of theological study was to show the student what not to preach. That is one of the chief uses of church history. But systematic theology is equally necessary to show him what to preach. It is amazing to see how small a substance of doctrine some bright men bring from the college to the theological seminary. I have examined a score of applicants for admission, whose whole Christian experience seemed to be summed up in the declaration that at a certain age they had made up their minds to serve the Lord. They could tell their whole Christian experience without once mentioning the word "sin," or the word "Christ." And yet they proposed to be preachers of the gospel. Without a seminary course to teach them the meaning of their own experience and the truth of Scripture, they would preach a gospel which is not another, but such a perversion of the truth as that upon which Paul launched his anathema.

The natural man understands not the things of the Spirit, and one cannot preach or even apprehend the fundamental truths of Christianity without a deep personal experience. And since the theological seminary is founded to propagate these truths, it must cultivate the spiritual life as well as the intellectual life of its students. The heart is the organ of religious knowledge, and only he who does Christ's will can come to an understanding of his doctrine. In this materialistic age, when sociology and pedagogy are thought so much more of than the simple gospel, I would return to the teachings of Paul and of John. I would revive the New Testament school of the prophets, with Christ himself for teacher. I would rather our seminaries should send out great believers than great scholars, if I had to make choice between the two. But there is no antagonism here. The true heart will insure the clear head, and love to Christ will enable a man to lay hold of all that modern science can furnish, while yet he proves all things and holds fast only that which is good. On the other hand, a purely intellectual search for the truth in religion will be incurably skeptical, for only he who loves God can know

God. In this agnostic age let no man think of himself more highly than he ought to think, but let him think soberly, according as God has dealt to every man the measure of faith. Not knowledge, but faith, is God's measure of a man. We are weak and insignificant beings, except as we are inhabited and energized by God. And it is faith that lays hold of God in Christ and makes him ours. So my best wish for the Newton Theological Institution under this new administration, with my accomplished friend and brother at its head, is that it may be a true school of the prophets, a school of faith, a school of constructive rather than of destructive criticism, a school in which the open vision of God in Christ, as well as the thorough study of Christ's word in Scripture and the reception of Christ's Holy Spirit, may fit a multitude of men to be able and efficient ministers of the gospel of the grace of God. For these men and these schools, I ask your gifts and your prayers.

XV

SEMINARY OUTLOOK[1]

My first duty this morning is to congratulate the McCormick Theological Seminary upon the completion of the eightieth year of its history. Though by reason of strength it has reached fourscore years, yet its strength is not labor and sorrow, but a bearing of abundant fruit. Prince Bismarck said, facetiously, that the first eighty years of one's life are always the pleasantest. This seminary may well hold to a contrary opinion, for its old age is surrounded by " honor, love, obedience, troops of friends." My own Seminary at Rochester numbers only sixty years to your eighty, yet I well remember how admiringly I looked up to your larger equipment when I did my first preaching on this North Side of Chicago in 1860 and 1861. You have far more to be thankful for to-day. You have been greatly blessed in your benefactors, and the name you bear is the synonym of princely generosity. Your teachers have stood for the faith once for all delivered to the saints. You have a past full of splendid influence and achievement. May your entire century of years be rounded out with yet greater success and honor!

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[1] An address delivered November 2, 1909, at the fiftieth anniversary of the location of the McCormick Theological Seminary in Chicago, the eightieth anniversary of its foundation, and the hundredth of the birth of Cyrus McCormick, its greatest benefactor.

I am to speak to you of seminary outlook. To me this means the present outlook in theology. The theme itself implies that we live in a changeful time, and that we need to define our relation to the movements of thought around us. No one will deny that the ideas of development and evolution have taken fast hold of the modern mind, and have greatly influenced both biblical and theological investigation. I am inclined to concede much to these views, and to believe that, when evolution is regarded as God's ordinary method of revelation, it throws valuable light upon many problems that are otherwise insoluble. A theistic evolution is simply the doctrine that God builds the future upon the past, that later revelations are prepared for by the earlier. As our Lord used water to make wine, and took five loaves and two fishes as the basis of his feeding the multitude, so natural law, as far as it will go, is respected in God's communications of knowledge. Truth is gradually communicated, both to the individual and to the race. We receive the divine fulness in instalments, " a penny a day " and " grace for grace." God is not shut up to merely external revelation; he can reveal himself within the soul as well as without; " it pleased God to reveal his Son in me," says Paul. God is not shut up to merely external revelation; he can move the heart of a whole nation as easily as the heart of its chosen leaders; he makes himself known in history as well as in Scripture. God is not shut up to a single nation as the recipient of his enlightening influences; nowhere has he left himself without a witness; the progress of the race is not a merely naturalistic progress; all real advance in science and philosophy is due to God's teaching. The sunflower reaches upward to the sun, but it is the sun that draws it upward; and it was the Sun of Righteousness, the immanent Christ, who, before the incarnation as well as after, was God's one and only revealer, the Way, the Truth, and the Life of men.

I therefore feel free to accept all that the higher criticism can prove with regard to the origin and development of Scripture, and all that modern science can prove with regard to the origin and development of man; believing that this evolution is a theistic evolution, with Christ as its agent and goal. The word evolution, however, has to some minds a sinister sound, as if it necessarily implied a purely automatic and necessary development. While I claim for it a Christian use and meaning, I cannot deny that there are not wanting in our day professedly Christian teachers who so emphasize the element of change in the history of doctrine that all permanence is virtually denied. Because we are in process of development, both in body and soul, development is regarded as the law of universal being, and is unhesitatingly attributed even to Him whom the Scriptures declare to be without variation or shadow of turning. There is no such thing as objective truth, it is said, and both ethical and religious doctrine are impossible, because both are in constant flux. Even Christ and Christianity are held to be merely temporary phases of evolution, and both may be outgrown. Views of this sort seem to me not necessary correlates, but rather needless exaggerations and inexcusable perversions, of a sober theory of evolution. I maintain that they have no foundation either in reason or in Scripture. I can best depict the present outlook in our seminary instruction, and the dangers that beset our theology by criticizing this mistaken evolutionism, and by showing, in spite of its grain of truth, that it is bad metaphysics, bad ethics, and bad theology.

It is bad metaphysics. It is the revival of the Heraclitic philosophy. Heraclitus of Ephesus, who lived five hundred years before Christ, could see nothing in the universe but constant change. He maintained that there is no such thing as permanent being, the only actuality is an everlasting becoming. All things flow, he said. Modern phenomenalists have adopted this philosophy, and have furnished it with a score of illustrations from physical science. The rainbow is no fixed entity, but an ever-changing reflection from successive falling water-drops. The wave of the sea has no lateral movement, it is simply an alternate elevation and depression of particles that make no advance with the wind which impels it. The musical note has no substantive existence, it is the result of a continuous series of vibrations, and these vibrations are changing at every instant. The flame of the lamp, the growth of the tree, but above all, the continuity of the human body, are all instances of a flux of particles, which makes upon us an impression of permanence, while at the same time the so-called permanence is an illusion created by our short-sighted imaginations.

And we must grant that this philosophy is plausible so long as we confine our attention to physical nature. The defect and fault of it is just here: It starts out from physical nature and makes that the rule for the whole world, whereas it ought to start out from the soul of man, which knows and dominates physical nature. In the soul of man we find something abiding. Here is a personal identity, which subsists through change and in spite of change. This personal identity, and not man's changing thoughts or the flux of particles in his body, should give us the key to the physical universe around us. Arguing from ourselves, we can see in the world of nature the operation of intelligence and will, none the less personal because it is regular. The regularities of nature are the activities of a personal being; yes, are the habits of God, and all the changes of the world have behind them the presence and power of the Unchangeable One.

The Heraclitic philosophy of change is true only when supplemented by the Eleatic philosophy of permanence. The philosophy of becoming has its little grain of truth; impersonal reality, taken by itself, has nothing in it that is abiding; the plant and the brute are its models, and they are mere successions of varying states. But if we stop here and confine our attention to mere physical things, we shall have a materialism that is exalted to include man and to exclude God; for there is no place in it either for man's personal identity or for God's free will. To save these great interests we must add, to the philosophy of becoming, the philosophy of being; we must be Eleatics as well as Heraclitics. Not all reality is impersonal. Noumenal and ontological reality is personal; and personal reality can have varying states and yet remain the same. Even the world of matter needs a permanent conscious self to explain it. Unless there is something abiding, there can be no becoming. The very conception of change, if the change is not capricious and useless, implies a law behind the phenomena, and an end to which the phenomenal process leads. In order to rational progress, this law must be intelligent and benevolent, as it can only be if it is the expression of a righteous mind and will. Nor can any becoming be observed, unless there is an abiding intelligence in the observer; only when I stand on the rock apart from the stream can I see the rush of the water flowing by. So, in a true metaphysic, becoming is bound up with being. Development? Yes, but there must be something to develop; there must be some law of development, and there must be some end to be secured by development. The two ideas, of change on the one hand and of permanence on the other, are as inseparable as the inside and outside of a curve, or as the positive and the negative poles of a magnet. The grievous error of this modern overstatement of evolutionism is that it divorces the phenomenal from the noumenal, makes bodily change a rule for the soul, makes science as vain as the cat's pursuit of its own tail, turns the universe into a medley of accidents, without law and without God.

This philosophy of becoming is bad ethics as well as bad metaphysics. It gives us the ethics of pragmatism. It claims that "the true is the expedient in the way of our thinking, as the right is the expedient in the way of our behaving." The conception of an object is simply the conception of its future, its results, its use. There is a grain of truth here. The conception of an object does *include* an awareness of practical consequences. Truth and right have results, and are proved by their results to be truth and right. But the proof of a thing is not the thing itself. The error of pragmatism is that it regards truth and right as meaning only what we can make by them. It holds that truth and right are simply what works well. An idea is true when it carries with it valuable results. An act is right which has happy consequences. This is utilitarianism, taking the place in ethics which belongs to objective truth and righteousness. It deprives us of any *standard* of truth or of right, except this, that it makes a difference in practice whether we recognize them or not. It denies that there is any intuitive perception of difference between right and wrong. As the other so-called intuitions are generalizations from experience, so this one is merely a racial calculation of self-interest. Conduct is right because it is useful, not useful because it is right. A great modern authority has told us that Swedenborgianism is materialism, with the nails clinched on the inside. Modern pragmatism seems to be a survival of such materialism. The right is whatever succeeds in asserting and maintaining itself, which is much the same as saying that might makes right. Conscience is only ripened expediency, and altruism is only egoism perfected. This perverse evolutionism holds that consequences not only *indicate* truth and right, but that they *constitute* truth and right. It is an outgrowth of the sensational philosophy which holds that as the world consists of sensations, so the soul consists of states of consciousness, thoughts without a thinker, psychology without a soul, a string of beads without any string. Literature and the drama echo the teaching. Nietzsche and Ibsen and Bernard

Shaw profess this same philosophy when they say the Golden Rule is that there is no Golden Rule.

Ethics of this sort is like the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out. To say that right is only a becoming, that it exists only in process, that it consists only in useful moral results, is really to deny that there is any such thing as morality. For our whole moral nature is so constituted that we judge certain acts or states to be right, according as they conform to some previously accepted standard. Belief in the existence of objective right and in our obligation to do the right is born with us, even though our conceptions of what *is* right may change. The sense of duty is prior to the experience of consequences. We are compelled to decide what we will do in any given case without waiting to see whether our action will have good results; in fact, doing the right is often required in scorn of results, as when one tells the truth at cost of contumely, or witnesses for Christ at risk of a martyr's death. Is it said that this too is a necessary phase of evolution, and that the fittest survives? I reply that in *moral* evolution it is for each man to determine what *is* fittest; as another has phrased it, we and our ideals are factors, not products, of evolution; will explains evolution, not evolution will; we determine evolution, and evolution does not determine us. In other words, we are persons, and not things; conscious selves, not mere streams of consciousness; free beings, not waifs borne hither and thither on the current of circumstance, as a deterministic philosophy would have it. The Hindu Vivekananda indeed regards all of us as mere shifting phases of the infinite, for he said to his Boston audience: "There is not a person in this room; we are not persons." But we know better than this. Back of the stream of consciousness we know that there is an abiding self; over that abiding self we recognize an unchanging moral law; that unchanging moral law is an expression of the nature of God. We can add to our faith virtue, only because God has called us by his own glory and virtue. "By their fruits ye shall know them," says Christ. But that is very different from making the fruits of virtue to be the only virtue, in heaven or earth. To make truth and right the mere product of our changing circumstances, identical with the ascertained usefulness of our thinking and action, is to deny that there is any truth or right that has objective and eternal validity, to deprive moral life of its sanctions, and to cut up ethics by the roots. Moral progress is impossible, since there is no definite end to which progress can lead. Unless there is a heavenly perfection as our guide and goal, effort after righteousness is as useless as the gyrations of a squirrel in the treadmill of its cage.

This philosophy of becoming is as bad theology as it is bad metaphysics and bad ethics. It is a thoroughgoing agnosticism, for it regards all religious ideas as simply creations of man, and as destined in time to be supplanted and to pass away. Here too is a grain of truth. There is progress in theology, just as there is in astronomy. But that does not mean that there is change in the objective truth, but only that there is change in our apprehensions of the truth. Progress in astronomy is not man's creation of new planets; it is man's discovery of planets that were never seen before, or man's bringing to light of relations between them that were never before suspected. So progress in theology is only man's growing knowledge of God's unchanging truth. There are no new planets, and there are no new books of the Bible, but our understanding of both is improving from day to day. Through this progressive understanding of nature and of the Scriptures the eternal God is revealing himself. There is no danger that two and two will ever make five in this or in any future world, and why? Because this mathematical intuition is the revelation of a fact in the being of God. That virtue is praiseworthy and vice condemnable, that love is a duty and that selfishness is wrong—these statements are not conclusions of experience or of argument, they are utterances of our moral nature. Conscience in men, declaring that right must be done though the heavens fall, is the reflection of the unchangeable holiness of God. And this is the meaning of Ecclesiastes, when it tells us that " He hath set eternity in their heart."

This unchangeable element in religion the philosophy of development would abolish. Man, it says, creates his own gods, and his gods, like himself, must change and die. Man makes God in his own image, and God himself is in an endless process of becoming. It belongs to the very nature of the Absolute to grow. The process is wholly internal to the nature of man; God is immanent, but not transcendent. God never speaks, for God is only the growing product of man's intelligence. There is no God who could possibly reveal himself to man; there is no revelation of unchanging and eternal truth; there is no Messiah but man's ever-advancing ideals; the Bible, like the sacred books of India and Persia, represents only the temporary gropings of the human spirit after an ever-flying goal. Christ and Christianity, instead of being a final revelation, may in some distant day be as far behind the times as Judaism now is to us. And so, upon the altar of the merely temporal, is sacrificed all that gives to the temporal its meaning and value, and that is the Eternal. God's reaching down to man in incarnation and atonement gives place to man's vain reaching upward to an impersonal and unknown spirit of the universe, that ever eludes his grasp and yet ever lures him on.

Though an angel from heaven should preach to us this new gospel, we must call it an apostasy from the Christian faith. For Christ is the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever; and while heaven and earth shall pass away, his words shall not pass away. It is not only an apostasy from the Christian faith, but it is a surrender of even natural religion. Man's intuitions are God's tuitions, and unless we hold to their incontestable authority we have no God and no certainty of any kind whatever. Truth, beauty, goodness, are meaningless, unless there is an immutable standard of truth, beauty, goodness in God. Unless perfection is something definite and attainable, there can be no striving after it, either in knowledge or in conduct. The Scriptures declare that eternal life consists in the knowledge of God; and that, as we now know in part, we shall one day know as we are known. The theory we combat destroys all possibility of such knowledge, and it renders theology as hopeless as the boy's search for the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow. It destroys all belief in personal responsibility; for without a divine rule of conduct there is no responsibility. It destroys all hope of personal immortality; for without a divine support and goal for the individual life no personal immortality is conceivable. How different is this doctrine from the teaching of our Lord: "I go to prepare a place for you; because I live, ye shall live also." Nay, how different is it from the teachings of purely natural religion, for that can look up to an unchanging God, and can promise rest for the weary soul in him. How sweet and solemn is Edmund Spenser's "Canto of Mutability":

> Then 'gin I think on that which nature said,
> Of that same time when no more change shall be,
> But steadfast rest of all things, firmly stayed
> Upon the pillars of Eternity,
> Which is contrayr to Mutability;
> For all that moveth doth in change delight;
> But henceforth all shall rest eternally
> With him that is the God of Sabaoth hight;
> Oh thou great Sabaoth God, grant me that Sabbath's sight!

Where does this apostasy from the Christian faith begin, and where does it end? It begins in the refusal to accept Christ's word as law. Knowledge of doctrine depends upon obedience to the truth already revealed. Take Jesus at his word, believe that he is with you alway, pray to him for the teaching and guidance of his Holy Spirit; in other words, take Christ for your Master, and you shall be led into all the truth. Do the advocates of the new theology pray to Jesus? Do they pray at all, with faith in a personal God who hears and answers prayer? Have they not lost the sense of sin and need, which once led them to prostrate themselves at the feet of that ever-living Saviour who said: " Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest?" Have they not failed to take his yoke upon them, and so have failed to learn of him? He would have increased their faith instead of allowing it to evaporate. He would have shown them that the Christ of John's Gospel, with its Logos doctrine and its propitiatory suffering of a divine Saviour, is absolutely needed to make intelligible the declarations of the synoptics; for in the synoptic Gospels the human Christ bids the whole race of man come to him and take upon them his yoke, claims to be their final Judge, promises his own omnipresence with his people, and, in prospect of all this, gives his life as their ransom from guilt and sheds his blood for the remission of their sins.

There *is* a theology of becoming, to which we may justly hold. It is such a becoming as Jesus predicted, when he declared that the Holy Spirit would lead his followers into the truth which before resurrection and Pentecost they could not receive. But, instead of such progress toward truth, we are pointed to a backward evolution which does little credit to the theory. Had God so little care for the work of Christ that he suffered it to be misrepresented and perverted so soon as Jesus died? Here is the absurdity of this exaggerated evolutionism: Forgetting that the historical Christ is not the whole Christ, and that the synoptics show us only what he "began to do and to teach," it would ascertain the real truth by going back from Paul and John to the three Gospels. Even then it must purge the narrative of all its supernatural elements, so that it may present to us not a divine Saviour, but only a human teacher and example, fallible and imperfect like the rest of us. The virgin birth of Christ must be denied, even at the expense of Mary's purity or of the evangelist's veracity. With the new creation of humanity at the birth of Jesus, there disappears all faith in any new birth of the individual Christian under the influence of the Holy Spirit; regeneration and conversion become only names for a gradual development of the powers in religious education. And if we can dispense with a personal God in incarnation and in regeneration, why can we not dispense with a personal God in man's original creation? Neither beginning, middle, nor end shall be supernatural. To this pantheistic or atheistic conclusion such philosophy inevitably leads. The personal God, as was said of Auguste Comte's philosophy, is conducted to the frontier, and is bowed out of his universe, with thanks for his provisional services.

This *facilis descensus Averno* is impossible to any who cling to the living Christ. The abyss of skepticism to which this philosophy leads should warn us against taking the first steps in the path of error. The Christ of John's Gospel is required to vindicate the truthfulness of the synoptics. Only Christ's deity can explain his perfect humanity. The pitiful spectacle of the man who has outgrown Christ, and who picks flaws in his Redeemer, ought to teach us how self-exalting and self-deceiving sin is. Unbelief is progressive and cumulative. The deity and the atonement of Christ are the two towers of the Christian citadel; you cannot hold the outworks when you surrender the citadel to the foe. Education which ignores these fundamentals of the gospel is not Christian education. The philosophy of mere becoming gives us a false metaphysics, a false ethics, and a false theology. Unless there is an abiding reality back of all change, an abiding right back of all action, an abiding Deity back of all our conceptions of him, life is but a succession of pictures on the screen, and faith is only the child's notion that the pictures are reality. Truth and right are possible, because God is truth and right, and can make himself known to his finite creatures. He has made himself known in Jesus Christ. He that is of God hears Christ's words, as Christ utters them in Scripture. The Holy Spirit bears witness to their truth, and in this testimony of the Holy Spirit, as the Reformers taught, we have the final proof of inspiration. These wonderful words of life are self-evidencing, and they are the power of God unto salvation. By his word and his Spirit, Christ is made to us wisdom and justification and sanctification and redemption. And so the living, personal, present Christ is the interpreter and the guarantee of God's whole revelation. Many things shall be shaken, but he shall abide, Immanuel, God with us. As he is himself the Rock of ages, he joins unstable men to himself so that they become a rock, upon which he can build a church against which the gates of hell cannot prevail. To him we pray with the poet:

O living Will that shalt endure
  When all that seems shall suffer shock,
  Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow through our deeds, and make them pure.

The Christ, who thus speaks to us by his Spirit in Scripture, claims the absolute submission of all men, not, as President Eliot intimates, because he is a deified man, but rather because he is the humanized God—God manifest in the flesh, the atoning and redeeming Deity, the Creator, Upholder, and Governor of the universe, the object of prayer, the Judge of the living and the dead. No mere historic fame and influence are his, but an eternal rulership and an absolute supremacy. No longer *becoming,* as in the days of his earthly life, but *being,* he exercises an unchangeable priesthood, and no man can come to the Father but through him. He who has seen him has seen the Father; all men are to honor the Son as they honor the Father; whosoever denieth the Son hath not the Father. Let us not crucify the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame. Especially let our theological seminaries, founded as they were to train preachers of Christ's gospel, beware of admitting to places of instruction men who are Heraclitics in metaphysics, pragmatists in ethics, and agnostics in theology.

May the McCormick Theological Seminary guard that which is committed to it, turning away from the profane babblings and oppositions of the knowledge which is falsely so called, which some professing have erred concerning the faith!

XVI

THE OMNIPRESENT CHRIST[1]

I HAVE had many receptions in my day, but never one more welcome than this. I have greatly desired to meet the New England alumni before I died, and to give you some word of affectionate reminder of the days gone by. It is now or never, and I may be delivering my last will and testament. I shall need to be autobiographical, and what I say will have to do with my personal history. I have had some new and trying experiences of late. For thirty-seven years I never missed a single lecture on account of ill health. But recently I have been really laid aside. I seemed to myself to be afflicted with sciatica, and lumbago, and rheumatism, and gout, and shingles, and paralysis, and locomotor ataxia, and angina pectoris, and pneumonia, and consumption; and, if there are any other ills that flesh is heir to, I thought at times that I had them, though perhaps I had none of them. Until lately I have hardly ever known pain, but I cannot claim that ignorance now. And pain had a singular effect; it made a poet of me; not much of a poet, it is true, yet still a maker of verses. As I tossed upon my bed, there were squeezed out of me some lines which I have concluded to inflict upon you, and here they are:

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[1] Address at the annual meeting of New England alumni of the Rochester Theological Seminary, Boston, April 4, 1910.

The pain that I bear is heavy
  And the night is long and drear;
But time is nothing to Jesus,
  And he is unceasingly near;
He comforts my soul with his promise:
"Your pain will be gone in the morning."

The night of my life is near ending,
  The day-streaks begin to appear;
But time is nothing to Jesus,
  He can make an hour equal a year;
Then work on, my soul, in his presence,
For your joy will be full in the morning.

When you get down into the depths of sickness, it seems as if you never could be well again. And at the last gasp, when heart and flesh fail you, it is surprising what new meaning the promises of Scripture have, and how real and assuring the presence of Jesus is. Neither the historical nor the ideal Christ suffices for such a time—one needs the living Christ, who is with us alway, even unto the end of the world. When Albert Barnes was nearing his end he said that Christ appeared to him as the sun would appear to one who had escaped the attraction of the earth and was drawing near to the celestial luminary; in other words, Christ filled the whole horizon of his thought. So I am sure when our last hour approaches Christ will appear to us all, and the hymns that we often sing perfunctorily will come to us with thrilling impressiveness:

Thou, O Christ, art all I want
All in all in thee I find.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

On Christ the solid Rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

There are two things for which I am especially thankful in my past life. One is that God revealed to me the depth and guilt of my own sinfulness, so that I was led to abhor myself and to cry for mercy. And the other is that God revealed his Son in me, so that I was led to understand the greatness and adequacy of Christ for all human needs. That last experience came to me after I had entered the ministry, and it determined the character of my preaching and of my theology. Before that time I had thought of Christ as far away. Now I came to understand that he was nearer to me than the breath I drew, nearer to me than the very beating of my heart—the soul of my soul and the life of my life. Paul's experience on the way to Damascus was not more decisive than mine. When Paul saw Christ in his glory, he at once identified him with God, saw in him the Shekinah of the Old Testament, recognized him as the omnipresent, omniscient, and omnipotent medium of all God's revelations. So I learned " the mystery of the gospel, which is Christ in you the hope of glory." That experience was my best preparation for the teaching of theology, for I saw that Christ had in his girdle the key to all the problems of time and of eternity.

That conviction of an omnipresent Christ taught me the unity, sufficiency, and authority of Scripture. Never afterward could I look upon the Bible as having arisen in some naturalistic fashion, or as being a hodgepodge of separate documents, without harmony or relation to one another. In the written word I saw the eternal Word revealing himself. It is Christ who has converted the plural *biblia* into the singular *Bible*. The writers of the Old Testament searched " what time or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ, which was in them, did point unto, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glories that should follow them." Because Christ, as well as the human authors, had a hand in its production, he could say that the Scripture " could not be broken," and could show his disciples " in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself." I believe in a progress of revelation and an evolution of Scripture teaching. But this progress and evolution have been the method of Christ, and this gives the resulting Bible a unity, a sufficiency, and an authority which otherwise it could never possess. This is true not only of the earlier, but also of the later, Scriptures. The Epistles of the New Testament are the posthumous works of Him who began to do and to teach when he was here in the flesh, but who continued to do and to teach through his apostles. I need, of course, to compare Scripture with Scripture, and to interpret the earlier Scripture by the later. I must find the key and culmination of all these writings in Christ himself. But when I have found what the total Bible teaches, it has for me the authority of God, and becomes my sufficient rule of faith and practice. It gives me not only principles, but precedents; not only precedents, but precepts. Christ's authorship and Christ's Spirit shine in its pages. The omnipresent and personal Jesus speaks to us through its words. The same Spirit of Christ who inspired it witnesses in our hearts to its truth. This testimony of his Holy Spirit to the individual soul is the final proof of its inspiration. If I am to hold to the Jesus of the Bible, I must also hold to the Bible of Jesus, and to deny its teaching is to deny my Saviour and my God.

My experience of personal union with Christ prepared me also for a new understanding of the nature of the church. I once had the idea that the church is a merely voluntary aggregation of individuals, like a temperance society or a social club. If that were the true idea of the church, it could not have survived to this day. There is a transcendent element in the church, of which this explanation takes no account. The church, in its innermost essence, is the body of Christ, the outward expression and vehicle of his indwelling life. As well call the human body a voluntary association of trunk, head, and limbs, as to call the church a man-made society. The life antedates, and creates, and organizes the members of the body; and Christ antedates, and creates, and organizes the members of the church. As Aristotle said long ago, the whole precedes the parts. The union of the members of the church with one another is the result of their previous union with Christ. Without a proper conception of this sublime relation of the church to Christ, we cannot appreciate our dignity as members of the church or as shepherds of the flock. In every child who enters the school of Christ, in every dusky convert from among the heathen, in the poor and weak Christians who depend upon our charity, we may see the members of Christ and may hear him say: " Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me." The polity and ordinances of the church have a sanctity and impressiveness far beyond those of any human constitution or ceremonial. This is the true doctrine of "the real presence." The omnipresent Christ dwells in his church and manifests himself in the ordinances of his appointment. We believe in no saving ordinances, but we do believe in a saving Christ. The Pilgrims at Plymouth went solemnly up the hill, muskets on their shoulders, to the foursquare meeting-house with cannon on the roof, because they had determined to establish in these Western wilds a church built after the pattern shown in the mount; and we shall do well to keep the ordinances and the doctrine of the church as Christ has delivered them to us, because in these monuments of his grace he is himself present to teach and to save.

I learned a last lesson from my union with Christ which lay in my mind germinally for many years, and at last blossomed out into my doctrine of Christ in creation. Christ dwells not only in Scripture and in the church, but also in the universe. All nature is transfigured when once we see all its dark places and problems lit up by him who is the Light of the World. The sunset clouds are painted by his hand, and the thunder is his voice. In him all things consist, or hold together, so that the same hands that were stretched out upon the cross hold the planets in their orbits and make them circle round the sun. Gravitation is his operation in space, and evolution is his operation in time. In Jonathan Edwards' recently discovered "Observations on the Trinity," I am delighted to see that he declares the beauty of the springtime to be the smile of Christ. How much we need this doctrine of personality in nature to deliver us from the materialism of our time—the philosophy that would reduce the universe to a mechanism, automatic and purposeless, and would make man the product of unconscious and necessary forces! How much we need this doctrine of personality in history! It is the Captain of our salvation that is conducting the march of civilization. It was he who led Israel through the wilderness by the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night. The same voice that uttered the Sermon on the Mount spoke from Sinai, amid thunderings and lightnings, the words of the law. The Rock that followed the chosen people in the desert was Christ. And he is still with the humanity he came to save. He is moralizing the nations, giving a new sense of community, increasing sympathy with the wronged and oppressed, bringing the classes and the masses together, educating the race, and preparing the way for freedom and true religion. He is the architect and builder of the moral as well as of the physical universe. He is the Ruler among the nations. All power is given to him in heaven and on earth. He will subdue and glorify this humanity to which he has united himself, until every knee shall bow and every tongue shall confess that he is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

I pity those who still remain in the kindergarten stage of Christian experience, and who see no more in Christ than an ethical teacher, devoid of miracle and of dogma. And yet I would not deny that they are Christians, infantile as is their faith. He that is not against us is for us. I am glad that I can see in Christ the Son of the living God: God manifest in the flesh, the Creator, Upholder, Redeemer of men, the Lord of nature, the Way, the Truth, and the Life, apart from whose teaching, conscious or unconscious, no man can come to the Father. Many a pious Jew will wake at last to see that he owes his salvation to the Lamb of God, who takes, and so takes away, the sin of the world. Many a pious Unitarian will come to bow to the atoning Saviour, who now follows him only as a moral teacher and example. Let us be thankful for even the beginnings of Christian faith. But let us declare the whole counsel of God, the gospel of sin and salvation, of Christ and him crucified, the gospel of the resurrection, of Christ enthroned at the right hand of God, and yet forever dwelling in the hearts of his people.

I rejoice in the new applications of Christianity to all human relations, to labor and capital, to commercial and social evils, to legislation for the equalization of human conditions. But let us not forget that the root of all evil is in the heart of man, and that, until that heart is changed by the gospel and the Spirit of Christ, sociology will not save. It is hard to kindle a coal fire if you put your kindlings on top. Begin lower down and you may succeed. God's regenerating grace is the only agent that can make a new society. I believe in the coming millennium, because Christ is the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever. He will not fail nor be discouraged till he has set judgment in the earth. If we join ourselves to Christ, and adopt his methods, we shall conquer the world.

I have been accused of Christomania. But I am not mad, my noble friends; I speak only the words of truth and soberness. In resolving to know nothing but Christ and him crucified, and to preach Jesus and the resurrection, I am most truly rational. For Christ is the Reason as well as the Word of God, and all human reason is only the efflux and expression of his wisdom. In him we live and move and have our being, and apart from him we can do nothing. Baptism is the symbol of the merging of our life in his; the Lord's Supper is the symbol of our living by continuous reception of his power. If there is anything for which I repent most deeply, it is this, that I have not kept always before me this inner relation which I sustain to Christ. If there is anything I can urge upon you as essential to a successful ministry, it is this, that you say with Paul: "For me to live is Christ." "It is no longer I that live, but Christ liveth in me, and that life which I now live in the flesh I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself up for me." Union with Christ is the central truth of all theology and of all religion. Here in Boston Dr. A. J. Gordon made it the central truth of his ministry, and you know how saints of every denomination, and sinners of every degree, flocked to hear him and to follow him. What Boston and what New England most needs to know is Christ. Dear men of Rochester! Join yourselves anew to Christ; preach only Christ; live only the life of Christ! Then you will turn New England from her aberrations of skepticism back to the faith of the fathers, and forward to a new manifestation of Christ's love and power such as the fathers never knew!

XVII

TIMELESSNESS, IN MAN AND IN GOD[1]

We are gathered to-night to commemorate a great achievement. That a young man fresh from the theological seminary should have taken a down-town church in New York City forty years ago, made it a great aggressive evangelistic force in the community, moved it to this magnificent location, increased its membership and its influence continually, and in this swirl and maelstrom of life held his own as preacher and administrator till he has virtually become the patriarch of all evangelical denominations, is itself a wonder incapable of explanation, except we believe that he was a man sent from God, and that God has been the source and the strength of his ministry. When I perceive that, after this long struggle and warfare, his eye is not dim nor his natural force abated, I am reminded of Moses, that great leader of Israel, and of his forty years in the wilderness. But Doctor MacArthur has no need of Pisgah—he is already in the promised land, and for aught we can see he is good for twenty years to come. The secret of everlasting youth is his, indeed. He has succeeded so well because he illustrates, in his own abounding vitality and endurance, the possibilities of the normal life, the life that is hid with

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[1] A sermon on the text Eccl. 3: 11, delivered at the fortieth anniversary of the pastorate of the Rev. Robert Stuart MacArthur, D. D., in the Calvary Baptist Church, New York City, and subsequently enlarged.

Christ in God. And so I come to my text in the third chapter of Ecclesiastes and the eleventh verse, "He hath set eternity in their heart."

In the book of Ecclesiastes inspiration has given us a picture of the pessimistic and half-skeptical moods which afflicted good men before the coming of Christ. We see such moods surviving to-day in outwardly moral men, who shut their eyes to Christ's deity and atonement. But these moods do not prevent God from speaking to them. Down deeper than their conscious thinking, feeling, and willing, there is a witness to God's power and godhead. "He hath set eternity in their heart."

This text, like the book of which it forms a part, has been a puzzle to interpreters. In King James' version it was translated "He hath set the world in their heart." But the word translated "world," and suggesting the boundlessness of space, is elsewhere and generally used to denote the boundlessness of time. It is the word used in the phrase "forever and ever." The best modern interpreters, therefore, translate it in this place by the word "eternity." I take this to be its real meaning. So taken, the text is a nugget of pure gold, shining out from the dry sand and bare rock. The book which mourns over the vanity of earthly things, and sees so clearly the limitations of human knowledge, recognizes, notwithstanding, a divine element in man. In spite of man's ignorance and weakness, God has put eternity in his heart.

By the word "heart" here we are not to understand man's affections alone, but his whole mental and moral being. The assertion is that all man's powers and processes, whether of reason or of will, involve and imply an eternal constituent, whether man is aware of it or not. And by "eternity" we are not to understand the endless prolongation of time, the everlasting continuance of successions, but rather superiority to time, elevation above successions. God himself is not under the law of time—he is "King of the ages." And we are made in his image. Though we have a finite and temporal existence, we are not wholly creatures of time. To some extent we are above its laws. We have "thoughts that wander through eternity," a consciousness that we are too large for our dwelling-place, a conviction that the past and the future are ours as well as the present.

Persons who have been resuscitated from apparent drowning tell us that, at the moment when all things earthly seemed to be slipping from their grasp, every event of their past lives stood out in their memories, as in a great panorama: the scenes and the sins of childhood, youth, manhood, all were revealed in one intense, all-comprehending intuition. In the Apocalypse of John, the angel swears that "time shall be no longer." And this may mean that in the future state the gathering of knowledge by piecemeal will give place to instantaneous vision.. The judgment-books that open may be simply the books of memory, the books of conscience, and the books of character.

The death-vision of one's whole existence may witness to an abolition of time standards hereafter. But even here and now we have experiences which show us the timeless element in our nature. God has put eternity in the heart of all men by making it impossible for them to live without giving proof of his power and divinity. Our spirits are rooted in God; in him we live, move, and have our being. Our separate individualities are like separate islands of the sea. But if the waters that part these islands were drained away, it would appear that they were only protuberances of one common crust of the earth. The most isolated mountain peaks rest upon the vast underlying rock that constitutes the framework of our globe. So our separate personalities rest upon the Rock of Ages, and from that organic unity into which they all dip down, they receive at times, like the volcanoes, quick and overflowing impulses of insight, feeling, and energy. God is the source of much that we complacently attribute to ourselves.

May I lead you for a moment into an intricate region? Think about your MENTAL PROCESSES. We all become aware of subconscious activities. I do not refer to the involuntary movements of our dreams, or to the problems which are sometimes solved by us in our sleep. I am speaking rather of those subconscious activities which are essential to all our thinking, which, indeed, are presupposed in all our thinking. These subconscious activities, so far as they are normal, are under the guidance of the infinite Reason. Our *intuitions,* of self and not-self, of space and time, of cause and substance, of design and right, these intuitions are God's tuitions—tuitions of truths that are themselves timeless and eternal. Sensation takes for granted an inner self and an outer cause. The great principle of causality, which binds the world to its Maker, is already at work even before the child begins to think, and this principle is furnished by mind—the mind of the Infinite One. And so the merest baby is rocked in God's cradle before the mother gets her chance at it.

In every act of *memory* I show that eternity is in my heart, for memory transcends temporal differences. I have a sense of personal identity, which rises above time and links the present to the past. The mind must gather up its experiences in a single timeless act, in order to become aware that present experience is a reproduction of past experience. I could not perceive succession if I were not above it; as I could not perceive the flowing of a stream if I were one with the stream; I must stand upon the bank, or upon a rock apart from the stream, in order to appreciate the rush of the water flowing by. Memory has in it a premonition of eternity.

In every act of *judgment* we rise above time. We perceive the whole, as well as the parts, of a sentence for example; for if we recognized only the separate words, one by one, we should never grasp the connecting idea. "Whenever you hear any three successive words," says Doctor Royce, "you unite present, past, and future in a single consciousness; for one word is past, another is present, at the same time that a third is future." Or, consider what you mean by a melody. Separate notes, separate strains, constitute a melody only when you put them together and think of them in their unity. Even more obviously, the conception of the whole composition is timeless, and the greater the composer the greater is his power to hold the complete work in a single act of intuition. Mozart said of the writing of his symphonies: "All the inventing and making goes on in me as in a beautiful, strong dream. But the best of all is the hearing of it all at once."

Amiel, the French philosopher and theologian, has set forth the relation of time to eternity in so vivid a way that I venture to quote his words: "Time," he says, "is the inner prism by which we decompose being and life, the mode by which we perceive successively what is simultaneous in idea. Time is the successive dispersion of being; just as the solar spectrum is the spatial analysis of the ray of light; and just as speech is the successive analysis of an intuition or an act of will. In itself time is relative and negative, and it disappears within the Absolute Being. Time and space are fragments of the Infinite, for the use of finite creatures. They are the mode under which creatures are possible and conceivable."

God grasps all the events of history—past, present, and future—in one timeless act of intuition. All the chords of the great symphony are perceived by him at once, while we for the most part hear only the single notes; or, at best, only snatches of the melody. We are like persons in a narrow entryway, who look out upon a procession passing by; we see only a single rank or row of soldiers at a time; while one upon the housetop can see all the ranks of the procession at once. God looks down from above, and sees past, present, and future with equal clearness. But there are times when we too rise to a height from which we see, not parts, but wholes; and we may believe that if sin had not weakened our powers of vision, we might even here know, not in part, but fully, even as also we are fully known.

I have been trying thus far to show that God has put eternity, or superiority to time, into all our mental processes. You will be more deeply interested when I pass to consider our MORAL impulses and acts. How plain it is that in all true *affection* there is an eternal element! "Change and decay in all around I see." But he who has truly loved knows that no change or decay impairs his feeling toward the sweet child that he lost many years ago, or toward the mother that bore him, though her gray hairs have long lain under the sod. Shakespeare told only truth when he wrote:

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
  Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
  But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

"Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." "Infinite passion, and the pain of finite hearts that yearn"—these are evidences that God has put eternity in our heart, and that we are not made merely for time. "Your heart shall live forever," says the psalmist. And when Jesus declares that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are objects of God's love, and love can never let go its own, he gives us the model for our own love, and the assurance of an eternal life where love shall find satisfaction which was denied it here. Robert Hall in his youth was a materialist and an unbeliever in immortality. But when he looked down into his father's grave, and heard the earth falling upon the coffin lid, it flashed upon him that the fatherly affection he had known for so many years could not have ceased to be. He refused to think of his father as dead; he remembered Jesus' words, "Because I live, ye shall live also." He became a Christian and a great preacher of the gospel.

We never know how great this heart of ours is till some exigency of joy or sorrow calls forth its hidden resources. Men have died of joy when a great fortune or a great deliverance has come to them. Men have died of grief when they have lost that which they loved as their own lives. The death of Jesus, our Lord, was a rupture of the heart caused by sorrow; the physical organ yielded to the strain upon the affections. We cannot compare any suffering of ours with that of our Saviour, when he bore the heavy load of our transgressions. But we see what our nature is capable of when at its highest and noblest. This human heart can experience unspeakable pangs of distress and unspeakable thrills of rejoicing. A whole heaven, a whole hell, can be crowded into the recesses of a single soul. The maxim of the philosophers is: "On earth there is nothing great but man; in man there is nothing great but mind." Let us revise the maxim and add, "In mind there is nothing great but affection." Only affection makes life worth the living, for God has put eternity into our heart.

Our *aspirations* are a witness that death does not end all. "God has formed the mind like a glass," says Lord Bacon, "capable of the image of the universe, and desirous to receive it, as the eye to receive light." In other words, man's heart is a microcosm in which the macrocosm is mirrored. The poet writes:

> We look before and after,
>   And pine for what is not,
> Our sincerest laughter
>   With some pain is fraught.

It is the pain of the immortal spirit that is made for the infinite and eternal, and that cannot content itself with the transitory and finite. Here is the secret of man's great ambitions, his constant quest of novelty, his prying into the secrets of nature, his expeditions to the pole. "All things are full of weariness," says the wise man; "no man can utter it; the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing." Man seeks for wisdom, and power, and love. When he has reached the limit of earthly wishes or dominion, he is like Alexander the Great, he still longs for other worlds to conquer. The theater has become too narrow for the drama, and through the roof the eternal stars appear.

Here sits he shaping wings to fly:
His heart forebodes a mystery:
He names the name Eternity.

Conscience has a timeless voice. It is independent of the human will. It utters truth about right and wrong that transcends circumstance or present need. The right is different from the merely expedient. The right is to be done, though the heavens fall. There is an absoluteness and finality about our moral judgments which makes conscience an echo of the voice of God. Wordsworth can say of duty:

Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens through thee
  are firm and strong.

But this is only to say that man recognizes in the fixed order of physical nature the analogue, or the reflection, of that which is most unchanging in his own moral being. The Apostle Paul declares that men

" show the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience bearing witness therewith." God has set eternity in their hearts, by making even those who have not the written law to be a law unto themselves. There is a timeless element, not only in the law itself, but in the penalty of the law. When conscience is outraged by transgression it never ceases to chastise the sinner. Remorse has no tendency to exhaust itself. The memory of an evil deed grows not less but more keen with the lapse of time, and self-reproach grows not less but more bitter. Doctor Shedd has told us only truth when he writes: " Though the will to resist sin may die out of a man, the conscience to condemn it never can. This remains eternally. And when the process is complete; when the responsible creature, in the abuse of free agency, has perfected his ruin; when his will to do good is all gone, there remain these two in his immortal spirit—sin and conscience, ' brimstone and fire.' " It is possible for us even here so to resist and oppose the working of God's Spirit as to be guilty of " an eternal sin," which has no forgiveness either in this world or in the world to come. Many a man has already, in his own tormenting conscience, the worm that dieth not and the fire that is not quenched.

Thank God, there are *acts of will* which work in a different direction, yet are equally eternal. Here I can best illustrate what I mean from my own experience of conversion. In a college vacation I was visited with conviction of my sins, and I tried to seek the Lord. But prayer seemed vain, and I groped in the dark. Vacation was just about to close; I was obliged to return to college, where many temptations awaited me; I boarded the train with a heavy heart, and I seemed to hear the words of doom: The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and my soul is not saved. As I took my seat, I asked myself the reason for my failure to find pardon and peace. It occurred to me that I had been only making an experiment, and had been saying to myself that if I did not succeed I could still go back to my former life. I saw that this was not what God required of me. I bent my head forward and said: " O Lord, I give myself to thee, for time and eternity; it is right that I should serve thee, regardless of consequences; even if I never know a moment's peace, I will obey thy commandments; from this hour I am thine forever." I believe that act of will was prompted by the eternal God; that it was an essentially eternal act; that it joined me to the eternal; that it was the beginning in me of eternal life; that eternity alone can measure its significance.

But it took another act of will to give me peace. I returned to college and took my stand among Christian men, though I did not yet reckon myself a Christian. One evening I read the words of Paul to the Corinthians: " Wherefore come ye out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you and will be to you a Father, and ye shall be to me sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." " That is what I have done," I said to myself. " I have come out from among God's enemies, and I have put away my sins. This word, 'I will receive you,' is for me. God has promised to be my Father. I am his child." And then by an act of faith, just as real as that previous act of surrender, I took the promise for mine; I took God for my Father; I believed his assuring word, and joy came into my soul. I looked out of my window and saw the stars shining through the branches of the old elm trees, and I said to myself: "God is my Father and my friend; and when those stars grow old and die I shall live with him and love him." That act of faith was an eternal act; the half-century that has followed has proved it to be such; for ever since that time I have had a hope both sure and steadfast, and entering into that within the vail.

> Yes, though this heart and flesh should fail
>   And mortal life should cease,
> I shall possess, within the vail,
>   A life of joy and peace.
>
> This earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
>   The sun forbear to shine;
> But God, who called me here below,
>   Will be forever mine.

Thus we have seen our superiority to time in our mental processes of intuition, memory, judgment, and in our moral activities of affection, aspiration, conscience, and will. Let me sum up my doctrine with regard to timelessness in God and man, and point out the relation of this matter to physical science and to philosophy, respectively. You are familiar with the moving pictures of the cinematograph. There pass before you the successive snapshots of a photographic film. If each one of these pictures lingered more than one-sixteenth of a second, you would see them separately. But since they pass more rapidly than this, they seem to melt into one another, and you have a semblance of continuity. The continuity, however, is not in the pictures themselves; it is furnished by your own combining and constructive mind. Now physical science deals with things only as they can be represented as successive and separate pictures, and so can be mathematically measured. Kant regarded all science as mathematical, and what could not be measured he called unknowable. But how plain it is that many things are known which are not subject to such a standard! A falling body, for example, does not reach the ground by successive jumps; there is a continuity of motion which is beyond the power of merely physical science to explain. The old dilemma has never been solved by mere logic: A thing can move only in the place where it is, and it certainly cannot move in the place where it is not; but the place where it is, and the place where it is not, are all the places there are; therefore the thing cannot move at all.

Mere logic and mere mathematics do not suffice to explain any form of motion. They are only partial and superficial aspects of reality. Intellect needs to be supplemented by intuition. Mere quantity can be apprehended mathematically, but quality requires a different method of approach. Life can be understood only when studied biologically. The growth of the plant, of the human body, of the human mind, is not a series of mathematical jumps, and its meaning is to be discerned only by an act of intuition such as that which converts the successive pictures of the cinematograph into the semblance of vital continuity. And Bergson is the greatest philosopher of our century and the proper successor of Lotze, because Bergson has declared the timelessness of this act of intuition, and the validity of judgments with regard to things in themselves which Kant asserted to be unknowable.

We have two kinds of knowledge: the knowledge of the discursive intellect, which sees things as succeeding one another in time; that is, the knowledge of phenomena which is the business of science; and the knowledge of intuition, which, though not rejecting what science gives, sees through science to the meanings of science, and in a timeless act grasps that which is unseen and eternal. This is a world of shadows, and Hume was right when he denied the causal connection between phenomena. Intellect, it is true, sees only succession. But Hume was wrong in denying that there was causality. He should have located it behind the phenomena, in the noumenal world which phenomena only manifest. The phenomenal world is a world of shadows, but behind the phenomenal world there is a real world that is timeless and dynamic, and that world is open to the intuitive and timeless spirit of man. Here is a horse and here is a cart; there is the shadow of the horse and the shadow of the cart; the horse certainly draws the cart, but it is not so clear that the shadow of the horse draws the shadow of the cart. The only real causality must be found in *will,* and behind the sequences of nature lies their true explanation in the will of God, for the things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal.

In his commentary on Isaiah, George Adam Smith explains the text, " Who among us can dwell with the devouring fire? who among us can dwell with everlasting burnings?" as referring not to future punishment, but to the continuous operation of God's judgment upon the doers of evil. He tells us that when we look upon a great conflagration through a smoked glass, we can see the tumbling bricks and the falling walls, but we cannot see the fire. So merely physical science sees the successions of time, but it does not see the divine justice that is timeless and eternal. We need the help of the divine Spirit to open our eyes; to enable us to use our faculty of intuition; to enter into that timeless insight which normally belongs to us as made in the image of God.

There are certain theological and certain practical lessons which this subject ought to teach us. Among its theological lessons is one with regard to *inspiration.* Inspiration may be regarded as a simple intensification and purification of a faculty of timeless insight which is to some degree possessed by all men. The rare instances of telepathy, presentiment, and second sight, which seem to be unquestionable, show that the gift of prophecy may have its natural side, and yet be finally explicable only as the result of an extraordinary working of that Spirit of Christ who to some extent manifests himself in the reason and conscience of every man, but who at times lifts men up into his timeless view of the future.

Another lesson is that with regard to *election and predestination.* The timeless existence of God may be the source of many of our speculative difficulties, and with a proper view of God's eternity these difficulties might be removed. If God's decree is eternal, the terms 'before' and 'after' do not apply to it; in a certain sense the decree is contemporaneous with man's belief in Christ; our willing and doing may be at the same time the working of him who decrees our willing and doing; as our own faith in Christ and submission to him has in it a timeless element, that faith and submission may be regarded as the fulfilment of the timeless purpose of him who chose us in Christ from before the foundation of the world.

Still another theological lesson has respect to the *atonement.* God is not subject to the law of time. With him not only one day but one hour is as a thousand years, and in one act of righteousness he condemned sin forever. Only in one who was divine as well as human could the sufferings of eternity be telescoped into the moments of time. The age-long suffering of God for human sin was condensed and expressed in the agony of his only Son. As God's holiness gathered all the thunderbolts of his anger into one terrific fulmination, so God's love gathered into his own bosom all the darts of the divine justice. "So then as through one trespass the judgment came unto all men to condemnation, even so through one act of righteousness the free gift came unto all men to justification of life." God's timelessness gives us a completed salvation.

And a final theological lesson may be learned with regard to *future punishment.* What is meant by the words, "eternal sin," and "eternal punishment"? I think we may say that they are to be understood in the light of God's timelessness. They do not necessarily involve endless successions of suffering. As God's eternity is not mere endlessness, so we may not forever be subject to the law of time. What eternity may mean to the wicked is surely separation from God and from the holy, and the misery of souls determined to be self-willed and lawless. But it may not involve either outward torment or perpetual increase of evil. Eternal punishment may be only eternal loss of freedom, and of all the higher prerogatives of manhood. In heathen fable men were turned into beasts, and even into trees. The story of Circe is a parable of human fate—men may become apes, tigers, or swine. They may lose their higher powers of consciousness and will. By perpetual degradation they may suffer eternal punishment. All life that is worthy of the name may cease, while still existence of a low animal type is prolonged. We see precisely these results of sin in this world. We have reason to believe that the same laws of development will operate in the world to come. Death is atavism that returns to the animal type. As moral evolution is from the brute to man, so abnormal evolution is from man to the brute; for "man that is in honor and understandeth not, is as the brutes that perish."

But there are practical as well as theological lessons to be drawn from our subject, and with them I conclude my discussion. It is time for us to ask *why* God has thus put eternity in our heart. And one answer is obvious: He has put eternity in our heart that we may not fail to recognize our kinship to himself, the eternal God. The Scripture declares that we are his offspring, made in his image. He is our true resting-place and home, the true center about which we are to revolve. As soon think that a planet can find rest by breaking away from the attraction of the sun, as to suppose that a human soul can find peace by making itself its own center and requiring the universe to revolve around it. Only darkness and disaster can befall the man that turns away from God. We are weak and insufficient to ourselves. We have no strength, or security, or permanence until we make the eternal God our refuge and find underneath us the everlasting arms. And these intimations of immortality within us:

> Our vague emotions of delight
> In gazing up an Alpine height,
> Our yearning to the lamps of night,

are themselves divine invitations to seek God, if haply we may feel after him and find him. For the eternal God is not far from any one of us, and there is nothing he desires so much as to take our frail and transient lives under the protection and shadow of his eternity.

How much we need these evidences of a future life to counteract the materialistic influences of our day! How many there are who are almost ready to say: let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die! Why does not the tempter triumph when he tells us that death ends all?

> Who forged that other influence,
> That heat of inward evidence,
> By which we doubt against the sense?

Ah, it is God speaking to us through the operations of our own being. The great needs of our nature are promises of the God who made our nature. These universal needs prepare men for direct revelation, and this we have in Christ's resurrection and his definite assurance of a future life. Our Lord's great words: "I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and will receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also." These words are only the articulate expression of that same truth of immortality which God had dimly revealed in the longings of the universal human heart.

"The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord," said the author of the book of Proverbs. Yes, a candle, but not necessarily one lighted; a candle, but one that can be kindled only by the touch of the divine flame. To the natural man immortality is only a future of possibilities. To make it a future of realities we need to join ourselves to Jesus Christ. Take Christ, and eternity in the heart will not be an aching void, an unsatisfied longing, a consuming thirst. There is satisfaction here and now. He that believeth on the Son *hath* eternal life. Immortality is a present possession. The present is potentially the future. As Newman Smyth has said: "Just as the consciousness of the child contains in it the germ of his manhood, and just as gravitation on earth tells us what gravitation is among the constellations, so eternity in the heart here shows us what eternity will be hereafter."

One of our great multimillionaires said recently that the main difficulty in making money was in getting together the first million. And the main difficulty in securing a blessed immortality is here and now, in its earthly beginnings. God has put eternity in our heart that we may make those beginnings. We, of all beings on earth, have this consciousness that we are not made for time, but that we are creatures of eternity. This differentiates us from the brute creation. No horse or dog ever said with the Latin poet: " I shall not wholly die." Here is the greatness and value of the human soul, that it alone is able

To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of its hand,
And eternity in an hour.

But man has this infinite outlook. He belongs to another world more than he does to this. And this world is but the kindergarten stage of his education and preparation for the world beyond. God has put eternity in his heart in order that, being faithful here in a few things, he may there become ruler over many things.

I have been speaking to you of " the abysmal depths of personality," and I have had in mind thus far the needs of our own souls. But there is no corner in divine grace. Christ has not died merely to save *us*. God has put eternity in our heart in order that we may save others also. And this subject shows us the possibilities of Christian service. In every man upon the footstool there is a possible king and priest unto God. In every child's nature there are continents which no Columbus has ever yet discovered.

Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace may restore;
Touched by a loving hand, wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

Argument cannot reach those depths of feeling, but the word of Christian love when prompted by God's

Spirit can rouse the will to lay hold on eternal life. It will find in the deepest nature of those we address an element that will respond. God has put eternity in the heart in order that there may always be an answering vibration to the trumpet call of Christ's gospel.

In the great church of the Holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem, the Greek archbishop, long before the dawn on Easter morning, enters the so-called tomb of Christ bearing in his hands a candle not yet lighted. Thousands of people wait without, until at last he emerges from the narrow vault with lighted taper, which is supposed to have been kindled there by supernatural power. The thronging multitude press round him, each one holding a candle and lighting it from his, until the darkness of the great church is chased away by the flooding radiance of many thousand lamps. The crowd disperses, each one going through the streets to his separate habitation, but lighting many another candle as he goes, until, little by little, the whole city is illuminated. In spite of the superstition and imposture which mix with this ancient custom, there is a symbolism here which we may well appropriate. It is an illustration of the method which God adopts in the origination and propagation of Christian influence. The fountain of its life and power is in the presence of the Lord; not the dead but the living Christ; not the crucified but the risen Redeemer. He has the power of an endless life. "Thou wilt light my candle," says David. Eternity in our hearts is an unlighted candle until we come into living union with Jesus, and he lights our lamp. Then eternity in the heart becomes a glad and radiant center of influence. No longer dark and dead, the newly illumined soul hastens to communicate its light to others, and these others give their light to others still, until the whole town, the whole land, the whole world, shines with the light of God.

I am coming round to the thought with which I began. These forty years of service, which we gratefully remember to-night, have been made possible because God first put eternity into Doctor MacArthur's heart, and then through him put it into the hearts of thousands who have found Christ and salvation here. Who can measure the results of this ministry? The line of Christ's servant has gone out through the earth, and his words to the end of the world. And his influence will go on forever; it is self-multiplying. Like the snowballs which the boys roll up in the early spring, it grows greater at every step. The works of the righteous follow them even after they are dead, and Christian service has an eternal value. " When saw we thee hungry and fed thee? or athirst, and gave thee drink? " God's servant shall say at the judgment, " or did anything worthy of such great reward? " And the Judge shall reply: " Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me." It is this unselfish and generous devotion to Christ's followers that we honor to-night. It has its reward here in the affection of all who know Doctor MacArthur. But it will have its greater reward hereafter. For " they that are wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

XVIII

THE ROMAN WALL IN BRITAIN

AN ESSAY IN CHURCH HISTORY[1]

History has at last become positively interesting. It is not less veracious, but more veracious, than of old. But it now selects that part of the truth which best represents the whole, and tells the tale vividly and dramatically. Sir Walter Scott taught historians that exhaustive statement of facts is wearisome and bewildering. To separate the salient and characteristic elements from the mass, and to organize this material in such a way that the thrill of real life runs through it all, requires historical imagination. If one is going to teach history, the less he has to do with facts the better. President Woodrow Wilson has well said: "'Give us the facts,' is the sharp injunction of our age to its historians. But facts of themselves do not constitute the truth. The truth is abstract and not concrete. It is the just idea, the right revelation of what things *mean*. It is evoked only by such arrangements and orderings of facts as suggest meanings." President Wilson might even say that history entirely devoid of philosophy is no history at all.

Rudyard Kipling has recently taken up the rôle of historian. True, his history is entitled "A Child's

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[1] A paper read to The Club, Rochester, November 26, 1911.

History of England," but that does not prevent it from being a valuable summary of the great determining influences, personalities, and events in the life of the English people. The chief criticism passed upon the book by the London "Times" is to the effect that Mr. Kipling's collaborator has apparently furnished the history, while Mr. Kipling himself has furnished the poetry. I interpret this as an objection to the imaginative element in the work, and I regard the objection as unwarranted. To my mind the historical plays of Shakespeare give us a truer picture of the English kings than can be found in any chronicle of their times. Robert Louis Stevenson declared that the historical novels of Alexandre Dumas present to us the French kings, with whom they deal, more correctly and impressively than do the current histories of their reigns. I am the more inclined to stand by Mr. Kipling in this matter because of my examination, within a few weeks past, of one of his earlier ventures into the domain of history, an examination which has convinced me of his carefulness in the gathering of facts, and at the same time of his breadth of judgment with regard to them. His philosophy is a sane deduction from the facts themselves, and the gold is solid in spite of the rich chasing of imagination.

Only a little time ago Rudyard Kipling published a book for children with the quaint name of "Puck of Pook's Hill." It consists of a series of talks about the chief epochs of English history. But the talks are given to picnic parties by actual personages of the past who suddenly appear before them. Among these personages who successively engage the children's attention is Parnesius, a centurion of the Seventh Cohort of the Thirtieth Roman Legion—the *Ulpia Victrix*. He is a young man in armor, on whose head shines a great bronze helmet with a red horse-tail that flicks in the wind. He tells the story of the Great Wall. And as it is the Roman Wall which I have taken for my subject, I propose first to give a matter-of-fact description of it, then to invest it with a little of Kipling's imaginative life, and finally to connect with it some observations with regard to the Romans in Britain.

The purpose of the wall can be quickly told. It was intended to defend the south of England from the invasion of the barbarians of the north. Cæsar had in 55 and 54 B. C. twice landed a force of Roman soldiers in Britain; first, two legions; secondly, five; but had contented himself with a merely nominal conquest. Tribute was imposed, and Cæsar returned to Gaul. When Augustus became emperor, the policy of expansion gave way to a policy of consolidation, and wars of conquest came temporarily to an end. The republic had been war, the empire was peace. The testament of Augustus, which was read publicly in the senate after his death, advised confinement of the empire by the Rhine and the Danube on the north, the Euphrates on the east, the deserts of Africa and of Arabia on the south. The successors of Augustus, Tiberius and Caligula, followed the advice of Augustus. Roman generals were ordered to guard the frontiers, but not to acquire new territory.

Britain was the first exception to this salutary rule. In the year A. D. 43, the Emperor Claudius, with four legions, attempted its subjugation. Then came forty years of war under Claudius, Nero, and Domitian. South Britain, with a part of Caledonia, was overrun by the Roman general Agricola in 78 and 79, and was reduced to the condition of a province. The Britons who still resisted and escaped slaughter were driven back, step by step, into the highland fastnesses of our modern Scotland; and Agricola, after their final defeat in A. D. 84, at the foot of the Grampian Hills, erected a fortified rampart of earth across the neck of land which separated the Forth from the Clyde. This rampart was afterward, in 138, renewed by Antoninus Pius, and it has been for that reason called the Wall of Antoninus.

When the Emperor Hadrian visited Britain in 119, this northernmost rampart seemed too far away from his base of supplies, and he constructed a second rampart across that other neck of land, from Solway to Tyne, which lies wholly within the boundaries of our modern England. We commonly speak of it as extending from Newcastle to Carlisle, though it begins at Bowness (Ituna), farther west than Carlisle (Cærleon, Luguvallium), and extends farther east than Newcastle, to the point called Wallsend (Segedunum). Its total length is seventy-three and one-half miles. This *vallum,* or rampart of earth, was eleven feet wide and nine feet high, and the earth that formed it left after its excavation a moat, or ditch, of equal depth, so that assailants had a continuous hill eighteen feet high to overcome. It was not till the time of the Emperor Severus, however, that the Roman Wall proper was erected. Severus died at York in A. D. 211. He completed the defenses by building a *murus,* or wall, internally of rubble, but with facing of squared (20 inches x 8 x 10) and hewn stone, which ran north of the *vallum,* or earthen rampart, and parallel to it, throughout its whole length. Between these two lines of defense, the *murus* and the *vallum,* which were generally from sixty to eighty yards apart, ran the great military road of rubble-stone about eighteen feet wide, on whose pavement at all times communication was kept up and supplies transmitted to the garrison.

The Roman Wall cannot of course compare for length or for solidity with the Great Wall of China. That wall, following its windings, is fifteen hundred miles long. Begun in the third century, B. C., it was repaired in the fifteenth century, and in the sixteenth century was extended by three hundred miles. The height of the wall is generally from twenty to thirty feet, and at intervals of some two hundred yards are towers about forty feet high. Its base is from fifteen to twenty-five feet thick, and its summit twelve feet wide. The wall is carried over valleys and mountains, and in places is over four thousand feet above sea-level. Its purpose was substantially the same with that of the Roman Wall, namely, to defend a comparatively civilized race from the inroads of barbarous tribes.

The stone wall commonly attributed to the Emperor Hadrian, but actually built by the Emperor Severus, was eight feet thick and eighteen feet high. In its course of seventy-three miles, running in a straight line and sometimes twelve hundred feet above the sea, there were twenty-three military stations which required at least two legions to man them. At each interval of a mile were forts, or mile-castles, eighty-one in all, and each fort was held by one hundred men. Between each pair of forts were four watch-towers, with sentinel soldiers in charge, so that every quarter of a mile had its means of protection and its ability to summon help. The sites of nineteen of the twenty-three principal stations have been identified. Each of these stations enclosed an area of five and one-half acres, and fully to man it was needed a force of a thousand men.

While the *vallum,* or rampart of earth, is uniformly to the south of the *murus,* or stone wall, this stone wall " was accompanied on its northern margin by a broad and deep fosse which, by increasing the comparative height of the wall, added greatly to its strength. This portion of the barrier may yet be traced, with trifling interruptions, from sea to sea. Even in places where the wall has quite disappeared, its more lowly companion, the fosse, remains. When the ditch traverses a flat or exposed country, a portion of the materials taken out has frequently been thrown upon its northern margin, so as to present to the enemy an additional rampart. No small amount of labor has been expended in the excavation of the ditch; it has been drawn indifferently through alluvial soil, and rocks of sandstone, limestone, and basalt. The great labor which this involved is well seen at the top of Limestone Bank, where enormous blocks of whinstone lie just as they have been lifted out of the fosse. How they were lifted is a wonder to many. The fosse never leaves the wall to avoid a mechanical difficulty. The ditch to the north was, as near as convenient, thirty-six feet wide and fifteen feet deep."

This description of the fosse, or ditch, to the north of the wall, I have taken from a "Handbook to the Roman Wall," by the late Dr. J. Collingwood Bruce, and published by the Longmans of London. From north to south then, a section drawn through the works would show: First, a ditch thirty-six feet wide and fifteen feet deep; secondly, a wall, or *murus,* eight feet wide and eighteen feet high; thirdly, a military road from sixty to ninety feet wide, with stone pavement eighteen feet wide in its center; fourthly, a rampart, or *vallum* of earth, six or seven feet above the level of the surrounding ground; fifthly, a second ditch, twenty-six feet wide by ten deep. While the wall warded off the hostile tribes of Caledonia, the *vallum* was intended as a protection against sudden surprise from the south. Agricola is represented by Tacitus as saying: "With me it has long been a settled opinion that the back of a general or his army is never safe." The natives of the country on the south side of the wall, though conquered, were not to be depended upon; in the event of their kinsmen in the north gaining an advantage, they would be ready to avail themselves of it. The Romans knew this and with characteristic prudence made themselves secure on both sides.

"The existence of the *murus* on one side of the military road, and of the *vallum* on the other, would be of great service in securing the safety of the soldiers in their marches, and of the transit of provisions and military stores. Besides the protection of the military way from station to station, the interval between the wall and the rampart might have its use as a secure enclosure for the horses and cattle of the garrisons to pasture in, while each of the twenty-three stations on the line of the wall were military towns, suited to the residence of the chief who commanded the district, and providing secure lodgment for the five hundred or a thousand soldiers he had under him."

The building of the Roman Wall may be said to mark the acme of imperial expansion and at the same time the beginning of imperial decline. When it was built Britain seemed an integral part of the Roman Empire. It was at York that Constantine was born; at York he was proclaimed emperor; and from York he marched forth to unite its eastern and western halves under one government. During the first century of the Christian era, London, Gloucester, Exeter, Chester, Colchester, Leicester, Chichester, Doncaster, Manchester, Lincoln, York, and Carlisle had all become Roman towns. But the names of most of them suggest that they were also Roman camps, and that they were held by Roman arms rather than by the will of the inhabitants. The Roman legions were not composed of Britons, but of men recruited in other lands. They were Scythians, Numidians, Belgians, and Gauls, with no personal interest in the country they subdued. Britons were made soldiers, but were then transferred to other parts of the empire. No tie of common feeling bound the garrison to the people, unless it were the luxury and the financial gain which accompanied the Roman rule.

A visit a year ago to the Roman remains at Bath and at Lincoln gave me a desire to know more about the Roman occupation of Britain. The hot springs of Bath are still put to use in this ancient watering-place, but none of the modern appliances can vie with the large and splendid accommodations which have been unearthed far beneath the present surface of the ground, and which bear witness to a numerous and wealthy and cultivated community. At Lincoln I saw the pedestals and bases of a dozen great columns which formed the front of a Roman temple two hundred feet long—a temple that would have done credit to Rome itself. Watling Street was a paved road reaching from Dover to Chester. Ermine Street reached from London to Carlisle. Fosse Way connected Exeter and Lincoln. The Roman legion could tramp from the rampart of Antoninus on the north, through Carlisle, York, London, Sandwich, Boulogne, Rheims, Lyons, Milan, Rome, Brundusium, Dyrrachium, Byzantium, Ancyra, Tarsus, Antioch, Tyre, to Jerusalem, three thousand seven hundred and forty English miles, yet all the way, with the exception of short sea-passages, might never take their feet off a solid pavement of stone. On these roads there were houses at intervals of five or six miles. Forty horses were kept in each hostelry. The imperial postman, or messenger, could make his hundred miles a day. De Quincey has vividly portrayed the practical omnipresence of the emperor, who was master of all the roads, and from whom no fugitive could escape.

Yet the roads and the wall could become sources of weakness rather than of strength. A great force of money and of men was needed to keep them up. The barbarians learned from the Romans their arts of war. An ever-increasing tide of invasion kept rolling in from the east. Luxury and division weakened the empire in Rome. Generals who were aiming to become emperors withdrew their legions from Britain in order to fight their rivals nearer home. The Roman legion was—originally at least—composed of six thousand citizens, but it carried with it a heterogeneous body of auxiliaries which made its fighting material number ten thousand men. Four of these legions had been engaged in the work of conquest, so that Rome in her palmy days had probably as many as forty thousand legionaries in Britain. It is doubtful whether more than twenty thousand were ever engaged in building or in garrisoning the wall. They were men who could wield the pickaxe and the spade, as well as the lance and the short sword. Two legions at least were needed properly to defend the wall. But the inrush of barbarians from the east, and the deadly conflict of rival aspirants to the imperial purple left no alternative but to withdraw soldiers from Britain. Instead of twenty thousand defenders of the wall, two thousand only were left, after three centuries of occupation, and in the year 412 the few remaining Roman cohorts were recalled from Britain by the Emperor Honorius; the Anglo-Saxons seized their opportunity and came in under Hengist and Horsa; since they came from southern Denmark, their invasion might not unfairly be called a preliminary conquest by the Danes, whose final onset occurred four centuries later. The "Saxon Chronicle" says: "This year, A. D. 418, the Romans collected all the treasures that were in Britain, and some they hid in the earth, so that no one has since been able to find them, and some they carried with them into Gaul."

These hidden treasures have in modern times to some small extent been found. They have rewarded the search of archæologists and are gathered now in museums. Many sculptured and inscribed stones have been dug up in excavating for the foundations of new buildings. Bronze axes and worked flints testify to a prehistoric age long before the Roman occupation. Spear-heads, metal clasps or buckles, intaglios or engraved gems, seal-rings, and coins of gold and silver dating all the way from Augustus to Honorius, give us a means of determining the dates of Roman influence. The centurions who superintended the building of the wall have left their names and the names of the cohorts they commanded, either in the quarries from which the stones were taken, or upon some portion of the forts which they erected, and from these indications we learn that the wall must have employed at least ten thousand men for two years in its construction, and that it must have cost at least five millions of dollars in our money to build.

But the most interesting of all the remains discovered are the altars to known and unknown gods, which reveal the immense variety of nationalities and religions represented in the wall's original defenders. To Jupiter, best and greatest, the letters " I O M " frequently bear witness. To Neptune the soldiers who have come by sea dedicate an altar, in gratitude for their preservation. Roma Dea seems to have been personified and worshiped. But the cults of the Orient are recognizable also. There is a face of the sun-god, with rays branching out in every direction, which was probably a votive offering to Mithras, the Persian Apollo, made by some eastern cohort to the supposed divine giver of light and warmth in these cold regions of the north. There is an altar to Astarte, the goddess of the Phœnicians, which shows that a Syrian cohort still kept up the worship of what Scripture calls "the abomination of the Zidonians." The Tyrian Hercules has his votaries as well as the Roman Mars. A cavalry officer consecrates an altar "To the Mothers, common to all horsemen"—a recognition of female deities presiding over that arm of the service, but whose names it was not lucky to mention. One large altar is dedicated to Silvanus, perhaps a god of the forest, otherwise unknown; another to Cocidius, a native British god; still another to Antenociticus. And, as if to leave no deity unworshiped, a very fine altar bears the inscription: "To Jupiter, the best and greatest, to the other immortal gods, and to the genius of the camp." Each legion had its guardian genius, and there are funeral stones inscribed "*Dis Manibus*"—"To the Spirits of the Dead." So men from Palmyra in the east, Asturia in Spain, Batavia in Holland, erected monuments to the departed.

There are statues of well-known gods and goddesses, such as Cybele and Mercury. But there are also figures of personified principles, such as Victory and Fortune. One of the most interesting discoveries in connection with the survey of the Roman Wall was that of a long-hidden well of springing water. When this well was uncovered, there was found a large slab of stone sculptured with the figures of three nymphs, who presided over the spring. Not far away was a statue of Coventina, an otherwise unknown deity, of whom the aforesaid nymphs were servants. The débris which had choked the well was removed, and a mass of coins met the gaze of the excavators. Of these coins there were more than sixteen thousand, a few of gold, the most of them silver or bronze. With these coins were found Roman pearls, vases, silver cups, metal ornaments in great number, all of them votive offerings to the goddess of the spring. The coins present the effigies of all the emperors during the Roman occupation, as indeed almost all of these emperors at stations along the wall had statues or tablets set up in their honor. But the votive offerings also antedate even Roman times. Arrow-heads of flint, and rude stone implements, witness to the superstition or devotion of the early Britons.

The votive offerings thrown in successive generations into this sacred well are evidences of a universal sense of divinity. Here, on the northernmost confines of the Roman Empire, and running back even to prehistoric days, was a recognition of superior powers and of gratitude to them. Lanciani, in his work on "Ancient Rome," (page 46) tells us of a similar treasure which a half-century ago was discovered about twenty miles northwest from Rome. I transcribe his brief description of the find: "In 1852, the Jesuit fathers, owners of the celebrated sulphur springs at Vicarello, which the ancients called *aquae apollinares,* on the west border of the Lake of Bracciano, sent from Rome a gang of masons to clear the mouth of the central spring, and to put the whole into neat order. In draining the well, a few feet only below the ordinary level of the waters, they came across a layer of brass and silver coins of the fourth century after Christ. Then they discovered a second layer of gold and silver *imperial* coins of the best period, together with a certain quantity of votive silver cups. In the third place they came across a stratum of silver family, or *consular* coins, belonging to the last centuries of the republic, and under this they found bronze coins, sextants, quadrants, trients, and so forth. Seeing that there remained nothing but brass to plunder, after having partaken of the precious booty in equal shares, the masons resolved to announce their discoveries. It is unnecessary to say that when Padre Marchi, the well-known numismatist, ran to the spot, he found only a few hundred pieces of *aes grave signatum,* the earliest kind of Roman coinage. Under these there was a bed of *aes rude,* that is to say, of shapeless fragments of copper, a kind of currency which preceded the use of *aes grave signatum.*

"At the bottom of the well, under the shapeless fragments of copper, there was nothing but gravel, at least the workmen and their leaders thought so. It was not gravel, however; it was a stratum of arrowheads, and paal-stabs, and knives of polished stone, offered to the sacred spring by the half-savage people settled on the shores of Lake Bracciano before the foundation of Rome. Thus this admirable series of votive offerings, beginning with the age of stone, and perhaps with the first appearance of mankind in central Italy, and ending with the fourth century of the Christian era, has been dispersed and made useless in a certain degree to science, partly by robbery, partly ignorance. Still, the few hundred pieces saved by Padre Marchi, and deposited in the Kircherian Museum in Rome, are considered the finest numismatic group in existence with reference to the origin of Roman and Italian coinage."

You have doubtless been wondering why I have not mentioned Christian remains in connection with the Roman Wall. The answer is a very simple one: Christian remains are conspicuous by their absence. Although the Romans held possession of Britain for three hundred years, and although an aggregate of a hundred thousand different legionaries must at various times have served there, not a single Christian tablet or monument or coin has been found to show that any Roman officer or soldier knew of Christ or of his religion. This of course does not prove that Christianity was unknown or uninfluential in Britain in those times. It only proves that it had not yet subdued the army or become the established religion of the empire. In or near the Roman Wall there are statues and altars to many of the gods of heathenism, but there is no indication of worship paid to Christ. And what is true in this northernmost part of Britain is almost true of the whole British isle. Of all the Roman camps that have been thus far unearthed, there is but one that shows the remains of a Christian church. That one is Silchester, ten miles south of Reading, and almost equidistant from London and from Oxford. There we find the foundations of a small edifice, forty-two by twenty-seven feet, consisting of a nave and two aisles, which ended at the east in a porch as wide as the building, and at the west in an apse and two flanking chambers. No direct proof of date or use has been discovered. But the ground plan is that of an early Christian church of the basilican type. Many such churches have been found in other countries, especially in Roman Africa, but no other satisfactory instance is known in Britain.

There can be little doubt that outside the Roman camps Christianity had gained a foothold before the Romans left England. The tradition of the martyrdom of St. Alban in the third century is not entirely untrustworthy. But the best evidence is furnished by the presence at the Synod of Arles, in France, of bishops from London, York, and perhaps Lincoln, in the year 314, and of other bishops from Britain at the Council of Rimini in 359. These dates, however, belong to the fourth century, and they precede only by a little time the period of the Roman departure. Britain did not derive its Christianity from the Roman legions. There were reasons why soldiers found it hard to embrace the gospel. Following Christ made it impossible for a man to worship the image of the emperor on the regimental standard, and bloody warfare was uncongenial to one who served the Prince of Peace. Some Christians there were in the Roman army, but they were so few that their influence was negligible, and they have left no mark of their existence upon the Roman Wall.

The Roman pontiffs had as little to do as the Roman soldiers with the conversion of Britain. Christianity in the island seems to have been derived from the Eastern rather than from the Western Church. There was early commercial intercourse between Britain and the east of the Mediterranean. The Eastern was a missionary church long before Roman missions began. The type of Christianity which the Romans found in Britain was not the Roman type, but that of Greece, Syria, and Egypt, such as Irenæus brought from the East to Gaul. When Pope Gregory, after the Romans left, sent Augustine to bring the Britons under his rule, the Britons for a long time resisted his overtures, because their customs were so different from those of Rome. They had no diocesan episcopacy; their churches were independent and semi-monastic; they had their own peculiar tonsure; and their date for Easter was the date observed by the churches of the Orient. The Christianity which Augustine found in Wales and in western England in the sixth century was a survival of the old British faith. Crowded into those mountainous districts, first by the Roman arms and then by the inroads of the Saxons, it was kept comparatively pure by the study of Scripture and by persecution, and it became a missionary agency among the Picts of Scotland and the Celts of the Emerald Isle.

Let us remember that not until A. D. 399 was Christianity established as the religion of the Roman Empire; and that not until 341 did Ulfilas begin his mission to the Goths beyond the Danube. It is not strange that the conversion of the Britons on the northern limits of the empire was not complete even when the Romans in 418 retired from the island. In spite of the Roman influence, Christianity had made some headway in Britain, but the ruling powers were against it, and its converts were outside of the legions. As

Harnack has well said, Christianity never became in Britain the religion of the camp, although it probably did win here and there the heart of some single soldier. It was the poor and not the rich, and they in no great numbers, whom the gospel won from the common people to Christ.

But I have kept you too long from Kipling's description of the wall itself. Remember that he puts his story into the mouth of the Centurion Parnesius. He is leading his cohort northward. "A legion's pace," he says, "is a long, slow stride, that never varies from sunrise to sunset. 'Rome's race—Rome's pace,' as the proverb says. Twenty-four miles in eight hours, neither more nor less. Head and spear up, shield on your back, cuirass-collar open one hand's breadth; and that's how you take the Eagles through Britain. . . Of course the farther north you go the emptier are the roads. At last you fetch clear of the forests and climb bare hills, where wolves howl in the ruins of our cities that have been. (Kipling doubtless means towns sacked and destroyed by the Picts, the painted savages of the north.) No more pretty girls; no more jolly magistrates who knew your father when he was young, and invite you to stay with them; no news at the temples and way-stations except bad news of wild beasts. There's where you meet hunters and trappers for the circuses, prodding along chained bears and muzzled wolves. Your pony shies at them, and your men laugh.

"The houses change from gardened villas to shut forts with watch-towers of gray stone, and great stone-walled sheepfolds, guarded by armed Britons of the North Shore. In the naked hills beyond the naked houses, where the shadows of the clouds play like cavalry charging, you see puffs of black smoke from the mines. The hard road goes on and on, and the wind sings through your helmet-plume, past altars to legions and generals forgotten, and broken statues of gods and heroes, and thousands of graves where the mountain foxes and hares peep at you. Red hot in summer, freezing in winter, is that big, purple heather country of broken stone. Just when you think you are at the world's end, you see a smoke from east to west as far as the eye can turn, and then under it also, as far as the eye can stretch, houses and temples, shops and theaters, barracks and granaries, trickling along like dice behind—always behind—one long, low, rising and falling, and hiding and showing line of towers. And that is the wall!

" Old men who have followed the Eagles since boyhood say nothing in the empire is more wonderful than the first sight of the wall. It is *the* wall. Along the top are towers, with guard-houses—small towers—between. Even on the narrowest part of it three men with shields can walk abreast, from guard-house to guard-house. A little curtain wall, no higher than a man's neck, runs along the top of the thick wall, so that from a distance you can see the helmets of the sentries sliding back and forth like beads. Thirty feet high is the wall,[2] and on the Pict's side, the north, is a ditch, strewn with blades of swords, and spear-heads set in wood, and tires of wheels joined by chains. The little people, the Picts, come here to steal iron for their arrow-heads.

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[2] Kipling perhaps views the wall from the bottom of the ten-foot ditch.

"But the wall itself is not more wonderful than the town behind it. Long ago there were great ramparts and ditches on the south side, and no one was allowed to build there. Now the ramparts are partly pulled down and built over, from end to end of the wall, making a thin town eighty miles long. Think of it! One roaring, rioting, cock-fighting, wolf-baiting, horse-racing town from Ituna on the west to Segedunum on the cold eastern beach! On one side heather, woods, and ruins where Picts hide; and on the other a vast town, long like a snake and wicked like a snake. Yes, a snake basking beside a warm wall!

"I would not wish my worst enemy to suffer as I suffered through my first months on the wall. Remember this: Among the officers was scarcely one, except myself, who had not done something of wrong or folly. Either he had killed a man, or taken money, or insulted the magistrates, or blasphemed the gods, and so had been sent to the wall as a hiding-place from shame or fear. And the men were as the officers. Remember also, that the wall was manned by every breed and race in the empire. No two towers spoke the same tongue or worshiped the same gods. In one thing only we were all equal. No matter what arms we had used before we came to the wall, on the wall we were all archers, like the Scythians. The Pict cannot run away from the arrow or crawl under it. He is a bowman himself. *He* knows!

"Without a horse and a dog and a friend, man would perish. The gods gave me all three, and there is no gift like friendship. Pertinax was that friend the gods sent me. He was little older than myself, commanding the Augusta Victoria Cohort on the tower next to us and the Numidians. In virtue he was far my superior. We came to know each other at a ceremony in our temple—in the dark. It was the bull-killing. Yes, in the cave we first met, and we were both raised to the degree of Gryphons together." And so Kipling brings in the worship of Mithras, that strange cult which served as a sort of Freemasonry in the Roman army, and into which one was initiated by lying naked in the darkness of a cave and at the foot of an altar upon which a bull was sacrificed in such a way that the candidate was drenched in its blood.

I think I have shown you that Rudyard Kipling puts life into his story. When I visited the wall last summer I found a new demonstration of his power. But I must be somewhat roundabout in my explanation. I had taken the rail from Newcastle to Gilsland, the point from which the Roman Wall is most easily visited. I found other things there almost equally interesting: Gilsland is the village where Dandie Dinmont met Meg Merrilies, in Sir Walter Scott's "Guy Mannering," and "Mumps Ha'" is still in full swing as a public house. Only a little way from Gilsland is the Valley of the Irthing, in which is found the sulphur well, and there too are the "Popping Stone" where Sir Walter proposed to Miss Charpentier, and the "Kissing Bush" where he sealed the compact. Taking a carriage from Gilsland, I found my way two miles to the southwest, and at Birdoswald I inspected Amboglanna, one of the largest stations of the wall. Here the circuit of the fort is perfectly preserved; the doorway is still intact, though the doors have long since perished; and the great area of a half-dozen acres is manifestly an admirable camping-ground for a Roman legion. Over hill and dale as far as the eye can reach is still to be seen the thin line of the Roman Wall, pursuing its even way in spite of the corroding of storms and man's turning its stone into a quarry.

Here was one of the most interesting incidents of my expedition. In the shadow of an old guard-chamber I found two English ladies resting and partaking of a simple lunch. They saw my embarrassment and need of information, and graciously proceeded to instruct me. They proved to be educated and cultivated women, whose study of the Roman Wall had made them genuine archæologists. The story of Rudyard Kipling had incited them to read all that had been written on the subject, and after long preparation they were now tramping from one end of the wall to the other. They had already walked through the open fields forty miles from Newcastle, and they had yet eighteen miles before them until they should reach Carlisle. Lodging at farmhouses on their way when there was no near hotel, they declared that their expedition had been a week's most enjoyable picnic. They showed me the map of the wall, made at the expense of the Duke of Northumberland, and the handbook of the wall by Doctor Bruce, of which I had previously been ignorant. I learned more from them in a half-hour than I had ever known before, and I came away with the conviction that in the combination of intellectual gifts with physical endurance English women have no superiors.

It is a pity that the Roman Wall has fallen into such a state of ruin. The preservation of national monuments is a very modern interest. So lately as the year 1746, Field Marshal Wade pulled down the wall in many places in order to build the modern military road from Newcastle to Carlisle. And many a house and barn near-by has been erected with its stones. But now there are signs of care in keeping it from further depredations. There are several museums along the way where altars to Roma Dea, and to various heathen gods, together with seal-rings and imperial coins, are preserved and shown. The Roman Wall is the monument of a mighty past—a greatness so nearly forgotten that we wonder at times whether Roman occupation left any permanent mark upon Britain, and whether any civilization is sure to be permanent.

The answer to these questions must be the closing feature of this paper. The most obvious remark is perhaps the most important, namely, that the Romans could not help leaving to Britain their roads and their bridges, their villas and their temples. Good roads are among the most indispensable evidences and means of civilization. The great thoroughfares constructed by the Romans through otherwise impenetrable forests destroyed the isolation of the ancient tribes, and prepared the way for the unification of England. The bridges over otherwise impassable rivers made possible a new commercial intercourse. The villas taught a barbarous people that there were better habitations than their thatched huts with conical roofs pierced in the center to let in light and to let out smoke. The temples, with long array of columns, gave new ideas of architecture to men whose worship hitherto had been in the open air within rough circles of druidical stone. These Roman remains doubtless came to need repair. But so many of them have lasted to our own time that we must hold them to have much to do in shaping the later development of English history.

It was an inestimable benefit to Britain, moreover, to have had for three hundred years the influence of Roman law and government. I do not wish to minimize the rapacity and selfishness of Rome. Roman rule was not primarily philanthropic. The conqueror paid little respect to the feelings of the conquered. Tribute was remorselessly exacted. Anything less than absolute submission meant extermination. But then there was a certain uniformity to the Roman claims. Regular taxation, however onerous, was far better than wholesale plunder at the hands of the Picts, or massacre by the outlaws of the forest. There was a certain justice even in the Roman oppressor, and he introduced standards of administration which could not fail to influence his successors. True, he brought slavery into Britain, and he took the strongest and best of the British youth to serve him in his continental wars. But he taught the whole British people the value of settled government, and made anarchy less popular than before. I think we cannot doubt that Roman judicial tribunals left Britain more prosperous in trade and more inclined to the arts of peace.

Let us remember too, the actual development of industry occasioned by the Roman occupation. The motive of Cæsar in his first landing was to add food-bearing lands to the empire; he sought for corn, and cattle, skins, slaves, and dogs. There were great natural and mineral resources available. Mines of iron, of lead, and of tin were opened and worked as never before, and agricultural products of every sort found sale. The Romans brought in almost as much as they took out—new varieties of trees and plants, new breeds of horses, sheep, and oxen. These sources of wealth could not fail to be handed down even to new conquerors of the soil. It is a great question whether our modern manufacturing England may not owe much of its energy and success to the impulse given to production in the days of the Romans.

The Roman conquest was confessedly incomplete. Even after three hundred years Wales and Scotland were still unsubdued. Though some have maintained that the original Britons were all slaughtered, I cannot approve that verdict. No people was ever thus exterminated. A conquered race may be enslaved, and it may lose its identity by being merged in the blood of the conqueror, but it can never be annihilated. It still remains, weakened though it may be by oppression, to add a new strain to the heredity of the coming generations, and in that way possibly to set things right which at their beginnings were foully wrong. So Greece ultimately conquered Rome, and Rome ultimately conquered the barbarians. Can we say that the barbarians in Britain similarly conquered the Romans? The answer is that the Rome that was conquered then was heathen, and not Christian, Rome. Pope Gregory had not yet seen angels in the Angles, and Augustine had not yet brought the gospel to Britain. They certainly remained in possession of their island home after the Romans had withdrawn. But they did not convert the Romans to their civil government or to their religious faith; the truth was precisely the reverse. Although Rome left its mark upon Britain, and that mark remained after the Romans had departed, still it was heathen Rome and not Christian Rome whose influence was felt in Britain, and Augustine had not yet brought England into ecclesiastical union with the papacy. British Christianity was yet rude and unorganized, and the legions probably rode over it roughshod. It was military Rome that the Britons knew, and military Rome was stern and cruel. She had no word of comfort or cheer for oppressed humanity. Her rule did not cultivate martial or even civic virtues in the conquered, or inspire loyalty and devotion to the governing power. Luxury and gain enfeebled the Britons, but it did not set them free. So they did not keep their Roman rulers when the emperor withdrew his army to protect Italy and the heart of the empire, nor were they able successfully to resist the onset of those same Teutonic nations which were bent on overwhelming all the older forms of civilization whether in the south or in the north.

If Britain had been more thoroughly Christianized, the whole situation might have been altered; the Romans might have been more beloved and the Britons more brave. It was left to a later time to undo the evil of that day and to bring new life to Britain. With the Saxons came the Cross. Ethelbert, king of the Saxons, was converted to the Christian faith, and after a time England had a better civil State than the Romans ever knew. The impermanence of the Roman rule is well described in Kipling's verse:

Cities and thrones and powers
  Stand in Time's eye
Almost as long as flowers
  Which daily die;
But, as new buds put forth
  To glad new men,
Out of the spent and unconsidered
    earth
  The cities rise again.

This season's Daffodil,
  She never hears
What change, what chance, what
    chill,
  Cut down last year's;
But with bold countenance,
  And knowledge small,
Esteems her seven days' continuance
  To be perpetual.

So Time, that is o'erkind
  To all that be,
Ordains us e'en as blind,
  As bold as she;
That, in our very death
  And burial sure,
Shadow to shadow, well-persuaded,
    saith,
"See how our works endure!"

I would amend Kipling's utterance by that of holy writ: "That nation and kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish; yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted. . . I will make thee an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations." The permanence of the nation, like the endless blessedness of the individual, is dependent upon an acceptance and fulfilment of the divine plan of giving the world to Christ.

XIX

THE CHÂTEAUX OF FRANCE[1]

A RECENT European tour has had at least one salutary result: it has set the writer to reading and reflection. More than forty years have passed since my first visit to France. I have concluded to put down my present impressions and to compare them with the impressions of long ago. The contrasts between the old and the new were apparent from the first. The little steamer City of Washington, in 1859, took twelve days to reach Liverpool; La Lorraine made the port of Hâvre in seven; and the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse brought me back in six. Twin-screws and triple-expansion engines cut my ocean passage in two. On the Lorraine each berth was provided with a telephone. On the Kaiser Wilhelm wireless telegraphy gave us news from New York in the middle of the Atlantic, though it came from another vessel of our line which we passed on our return. For two days after leaving Southampton we were in communication with the shore, and two days before we landed in New York we sent messages home. All this would have seemed incredible in 1859, when the first Atlantic cable had just been laid, but after brief use had proved a failure.

The great stairway of the French steamer was decorated with an allegorical painting, which would have had no meaning forty years ago. It represents Jeanne d'Arc as descending like an angel from heaven to rescue Lorraine from her oppressors. In the background are the smoking ruins left by the German conquest; in front the peasant forsakes his plow, and the matron her cottage, to welcome the deliverer. The picture expresses the deep sense of wrong with which the great body of Frenchmen still regard the German absorption of Alsace and the partition of Lorraine. To name this French steamer "La Lorraine" is to say: "The province belongs to us." To represent Jeanne d'Arc as coming again to drive out the invader is to say: "France shall yet come to her own, even though it cost fighting and bloodshed." The statue of Strasbourg still stands on the Place de la Concorde, in the circle of French cities, and wreaths of *immortelles* are laid every morning at its feet in token of mourning for temporary separation and of hope for ultimate reunion.

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[1] A paper read to The Club, Rochester, October 6, 1903.

In 1859 the Franco-Prussian war was yet in the future, but French and Germans alike were strengthening their forces, and there were mutterings of the coming storm. Germany was eager to avenge the incalculable havoc caused by the first Napoleon, and stood with chip on shoulder daring her antagonist to knock it off. The third Napoleon had at vast outlay cut noble avenues through the old quarters of Paris; had substituted asphalt for the cobblestones, of which barricades were so easily built; and had surrounded the city with boulevards that might be swept by cannon. But his lavish expenditure had raised up a clamorous army of favorites, and he needed to purchase internal peace by foreign war. The war with Austria ended happily for France at Solferino and Villa Franca, and I witnessed in July of 1859 a great review of sixty thousand troops on the Champs de Mars in celebration of the annexation of Savoy. The emperor and empress rode by me and were saluted with the acclamations of the people. It was a feverish and gaudy success, and even this success was but temporary. Although there followed ten years of apparent prosperity, Louis Napoleon was at last driven into war with Germany, the empire collapsed, and the emperor died in exile. When I again visited Paris, in 1872, the ruins of the Tuileries and of the Hôtel de Ville showed that the Commune could work even greater destruction than the foreign invader.

My subsequent visits to France have impressed me with the industry of the French, and the ability of that people to recover from the effects of war. The indemnity paid to the Germans was five milliards of francs, or a thousand millions of dollars. Yet the debt was soon discharged—so soon discharged that Bismarck came to wish that he had made his demands larger. It is an illustration of the fact that labor is perpetually renewing the wealth of every industrious State. The whole capital of a country is only seven times as great as its annual production. Sweep away all the wealth of a nation; a few years' labor will produce as much again. War consumes a little earlier what would soon have been consumed at any rate; a few years of increased exertion make it all up again.

The first Napoleon inflicted terrible injury upon Germany, and Germany longed for revenge. After

Germany had humbled France, France longed for revenge. She has greatly improved both her army and her navy, though the Dreyfus case shows that French administration a few years ago, however it may be since, could not be depended on for efficiency or honesty. The victory of the Germans was due to superior education and to a superior *morale*. France has bettered her system of education—it remains to be seen whether she has improved in *morale*. Will it ever be possible for France to avenge Sedan? Perhaps the more serious question is whether she will continue to desire revenge.

There are three influences at work which tend to repress the warlike spirit. One is the influence of industrialism. Capital and labor alike demand peace, for peace is the condition of prosperity. The wars of the future are more likely to be industrial wars or tariff wars, than wars of personal ambition or of national hatred. Both the war of Britain with the Boers and the war of Russia with the Japanese have been due to the conflict of commercial interests. During my recent stay in France a noted socialist in the French assembly opposed the increase in the army estimates, in a speech which poured contempt on the common eagerness to recover lost territory, and declared that no rivalry of the Germans concerned the working men of France except the rivalry of industrial production. These sentiments would have been received with execration twenty years ago—two summers ago they provoked almost no opposition.

A second influence that represses the warlike spirit is that of education. "Thanks to a noble and generous movement," says M. Fouillée, "republican France at the end of the nineteenth century has adorned herself with schools, as after the terror of the year 1000 she adorned herself with churches." It was a great day when, in 1882, the Parliament, after long and stormy discussions, voted the secularization of the common schools. Whereas, forty years ago the Catholic Church had control of French education, and the catechism was as regular a study as was arithmetic. The government schools are now free from ecclesiastical influences, and religious teaching is held to be no part of their work. The effect of this change has been twofold: On the one hand it has stirred up the Catholics to maintain by their own gifts, in the face of State-paid institutions, schools which educate one-third of the children in the primary and nearly one-half of the children in the secondary grades. But on the other hand it has also led the opponents of ecclesiasticism to a new consideration of the moral needs of the rising generation—the founding of special normal colleges to provide suitable teachers of morals; the preparation of elementary text-books of ethics by the foremost men and women in the literary and philosophical circles of France; and the giving of ethical instruction in all the French schools.

The fact that this instruction is not specifically religious does not mean that it is *anti*-religious. The official directions given are as follows: "The teacher is not to give a course of instruction *ex professo* upon the nature and attributes of God. His lessons for all must be confined to two points: First, he teaches his pupils not to pronounce lightly the name of God; he associates closely in their minds the idea of a First Cause and a Perfect Being with feelings of respect and veneration; he accustoms each of them to give to this notion of God the same respect, even though that should be different from the teacher's own convictions. Secondly, and independently from the special instructions of the different denominations, the teacher will endeavor to have the child understand and feel that the first homage which he owes to God is obedience to his laws, such as they are revealed to him by his conscience and his reason." Here is a teaching of morals with religious implications, but without sectarian bias. It may furnish a lesson, and perhaps a model, for our own public schools. However this may be, the good effect of this attention to the moral needs of the young, on the part of Catholics as well as anti-Catholics, cannot be doubted.

There is still another influence less open to observation, but even more important. It is the progress of intelligent religious opinion. The increasing opposition to clerical domination has been on the whole a salutary one. It has sought to free religion from what are real hindrances to its growth. The time has gone by when Voltaire could be regarded as only an enemy to Christianity. He was an enemy to priestcraft and to superstition, and his ridicule did much to expose the insincere and mercenary use of religion as an instrument of political tyranny. The sneer and the jest are not indeed the fittest weapons in religious controversy, and the spirit of Voltaire was far from being the love of truth for truth's sake. But France largely owes it to him that such ecclesiastics as Cardinal

Richelieu and Bishop Talleyrand are no longer possible. The number of French bishops who bear some resemblance to Victor Hugo's character of Bishop Myriel is great; and they are improving in piety, as well as in education, every day. Doctor Dorner, the great Protestant theologian, declared that there were popes of Rome whom hell had swallowed up. In this utterance he was only echoing the words of Dante, the Roman Catholic poet. But such popes belong only to the past, and I heard Bishop Weldon say in Westminster Abbey that if all the popes had been like the late lamented Leo XIII, the seamless robe of Christ might never have been rent.

We must not interpret the suppression by the French government of so many conventual schools, and the recent driving out of so many members of the religious orders, as a blow at religion. It was rather a blow at sedition. These schools refused to permit government inspection or control. They insisted upon inculcating obedience to the Roman pontiff and contempt for French legislative authority. They claimed exemption of their vast estates from all burdens of taxation, even although their manufactures came into unfair competition with those of the laboring classes of France. The French Assembly rightly regarded the question as one of life or death for the republic. A law was passed compelling all religious congregations to make public their constitutions and regulations. Such congregations as obeyed this law remained unmolested. Such as refused to obey were dissolved and driven out of the country.

Within the last few months the Assembly has taken even more radical ground, and has absolutely prohibited the conduct of schools under church control. It may well be questioned whether the decisive majority of three hundred and sixteen to two hundred and sixty-nine in the Chamber of Deputies, suppressing all forms of teaching by the religious orders, does not trench upon personal liberty and threaten even the freedom of conscience. A democratic government may well decree the secularization of its own schools. But to go farther and to prohibit religious teaching by the representatives of the Catholic Church, in schools which they themselves support, seems to violate a fundamental right—the right of expressing and of propagating conscientious convictions. Our American republic would never think of thus stifling free thought and free speech. In France we can discern a reason for this action. We must remember that the Concordat of 1801—an agreement between Napoleon I and Pope Pius VII—reestablished the Roman Catholic Church in France, and granted to the government the right of appointing archbishops and bishops who were to be confirmed by the pope. The Concordat assures to the Church vast revenues from the State. For the Church in return to teach hostility to the State is to invite revolution. Shall the State pay the expenses of the Church and then permit the Church to train up a new generation that will overthrow the republic? The recent change in the French government is all in the direction of the abrogation of the Concordat, and French suppression of religious teaching by the Roman Catholic Church has done much to reconcile the Church to the change. Thus the result may be the absolute separation of Church and State. In the matter of religion, as well as in that of education, the effect of the conflict has already been to draw attention to fundamental principles. Catholics have been incited to new ardor in defense of their faith. The anti-clerical party has been compelled to scrutinize the grounds of its own action, and to declare that ecclesiasticism and not religion is the foe which it seeks to subdue.

I am tempted to speak for a moment of the general progress of Europe during the past forty years toward disestablishment. In Great Britain the abolition of the Irish Church establishment took place in 1869; already dissenters greatly outnumber churchmen in England; the efforts of the English bishops to bring all public schools under their own control, together with the eagerness of the ritualists to escape from the control of the bishops, are greatly increasing the chances of complete separation of Church and State throughout the British Isles. Passive resistance to the new school law, even at great pecuniary sacrifice, has a multitude of able and determined representatives—such a multitude that the present government, with its additional economic perplexities, seems trembling on the verge of dissolution. In Italy the temporal power of the pope has come to an end. In France an anti-clerical deputy has just been elected in Brittany, which is often thought to be a paradise of the religious orders, and Premier Coombes was authorized to explain to the Vatican that it would be difficult to oppose the separation of Church and State unless the Roman Catholic bishops abandoned their resistance to the law. The example of America, with the extraordinary prosperity of its independent churches, has had marked influence upon Europe, and forty years more may possibly see both France and England delivered from the yoke of ecclesiasticism.

Let me emphasize once more the thought that the conflict which I have described does not indicate a drift of the people away from religion. I am persuaded on the other hand that the last forty years have witnessed what may well be described as a religious revival throughout all Europe. On my first visit I found the churches, both in England and on the Continent, very sparsely attended, and the few attendants were old women. The cathedrals were falling into decay, and I have been present at weekday choral services where, besides the choir boys and the officiating clergyman, there were but three persons present, *quorum magna pars fui.* In the Dom Kirche of Berlin, of a Sunday morning when a noted Lutheran pastor was to preach, I have seen fully two-thirds of the congregation walk out when the musical portion of the service had been rendered and the sermon was to begin. All this has now changed. At Rouen, at Amiens, at Cologne, at Notre Dame in Paris, at St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey in London, I found the audiences numbered by thousands, multitudes of them standing for an hour and a half, not fleeing from preaching, but eagerly waiting to hear it. The congregational singing of five thousand people in the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Cologne, as it sent the old Gregorian hymn rolling through the vaulted arches, was simply sublime.

Forty years ago the effort to rebuild and restore religious edifices had just begun in Great Britain. It was doubtless a consequence of the Tractarian movement. That effort has gone on with ever-growing energy until the present day. During the last twenty years £9,600,000, or $48,000,000, has been spent in building, and £10,600,000, or $53,000,000, has been spent in restoring churches. In ten years five hundred and forty churches have been built or entirely rebuilt, and two thousand eight hundred and twelve have been restored or enlarged in England alone. This zeal has extended to the Continent. I saw offerings solicited for restorations, and workmen busy in repairs, at the cathedrals of Rouen, Bayeux, Caen, Le Mans, Rennes, Angers, Tours, Orleans, Chartres, Beauvais, and Amiens. All over France, indeed, there is scaffolding inside or outside of all the great churches; rotten stone is being replaced by sound; the most intricate and beautiful carvings are being refurbished; and this at a cost which shows a new religious devotion. That greatest marvel of symmetrical Gothic architecture at Cologne would never have had $20,000,000 expended upon it, if its completion had not seemed to Germany a religious duty. The original piling up to heaven of such structures from the tenth to the fifteenth centuries can never be explained by men's love for art and architecture, and a similar but more enlightened religious spirit must be recognized as explaining the nineteenth-century impulse to restoration.

There has been religious revival outside of the Established Church of England and the Roman Catholic Church of the Continent. One of the most interesting services that I attended while abroad was that of the Rev. Charles Wagner, in the Boulevard Beaumarchais of Paris. So early as ten o'clock on a Sunday morning I made my way to the chapel of this liberal evangelical preacher, and was astonished to find the place so crowded that no sitting was obtainable. M. Wagner is an Alsatian of herculean frame, which bears the marks of early struggle with poverty. He was, indeed, a shepherd from the hill country, with a passionate fondness for nature, and a warmth of temperament which would have made him a fanatic but for a keen intellect that prompted the most critical study. His father was a hard-working Lutheran pastor, who kept soul and body together by tending literal sheep at the same time that he cared for his figurative flock. The son has a resonant and manly eloquence; he gives utterance to the aspirations of working men for a higher life; his theology recognizes as its central element the immanence of God in nature and in humanity; so he gathers about him almost every intellectual and social element in modern France, and exerts an influence that is being more and more felt in both ecclesiastical and political circles. He is a believer in Christ as the Saviour of humanity and as the Revealer of God, while yet he is bound by no rigid creed, and calls himself a liberal Evangelical. His little book, "The Simple Life," has already won for him, even in America, a large circle of friends and admirers.

That same afternoon I attended the Baptist congregation, which is under the leadership of the Rev. W. Saillens, an accomplished scholar, a brilliant orator, a devoted man. He was some years ago connected with the McCall Mission, but missing there the organization of religious activities which he deemed necessary to permanent influence, he has been of late a powerful preacher and pastor of the Baptist denomination. The audience-room where he preached was more churchly than that of M. Wagner, but it was almost equally thronged. Though I was called into the pulpit after the sermon, and compelled to make an address in English which the pastor translated sentence by sentence into French for the weal or woe of the congregation, I still had presence of mind to observe the reverent stillness of the large audience and their quick response to every religious appeal. These two congregations, worshiping in public halls, yet numerous and devout, were but illustrations of the wave of evangelical thought and conviction that is sweeping over France. There are departments in southern France where the people are becoming converts to the Protestant faith by the thousand. Yet these very losses are stimulating Catholicism to new sincerity and zeal.

Besides these industrial, educational, and religious influences which make for future peace, I wish to note an æsthetic influence which has greatly grown during the last forty years. The zeal for restoring the churches has not been purely religious. Love for art has played a considerable part in it. There has been a great revival of the antiquarian and historic spirit. To preserve memorials of the past from decay, and to build again the former desolations, England and France and Germany have expended vast amounts of money and labor. The object of my recent tour was largely to fill up certain gaps in my experience. One of my ambitions for years has been to visit Mont St. Michel, that ecclesiastical fortress perched upon a rocky islet at the vertex of the angle formed by the coasts of Brittany and Normandy. Madame de Sévigné called it the eighth wonder of the world. Here upon an isolated mass of granite, originally a mile from the shore, a thousand feet in diameter, and rising a hundred and sixty feet above the sea, druids erected their menhirs, or upright monumental stones, for worship of the sun-god; Romans established a shrine of Jupiter and called the rock Mons Jovis; and St. Aubert, bishop of Avranches in the eighth century, as the legend relates, in obedience to the commands of the Archangel Michael who appeared to him in a vision, founded a Benedictine abbey. Pilgrims resorted to the rock in great numbers, and their pious gifts greatly enriched the monastery, so that in 1066 it was able to send six ships to assist William of Normandy in the conquest of England.

The real greatness of Mont St. Michel dates back to 1017, when the Abbe Hildebert conceived the plan of turning the conical crag, by immense substructions of masonry, into a broad platform upon which might be erected a central church with a complete set of conventual buildings around it. These substructions are in places more than a hundred feet in height, while at the same time many of the lower chambers of the abbey are hewn out of the solid rock. The fortress-abbey is protected by a strong machicolated and turreted wall, which surrounds the whole and is pierced by only a single gateway. The scheme of converting a cone into a platform, and of building a church upon it, was even more difficult and daring than that of making Mount Moriah at Jerusalem the seat of the Jewish temple, for

Mont St. Michel was a lonely islet of the sea. Yet the wonder, by the labor and skill and liberality of successive generations, was actually accomplished. There is no structure in France which shows more clearly the development of Gothic architecture from its first rude beginnings to its flamboyant decadence.

It is a veritable historical museum, and the French government has properly taken it under its care as a national monument. Fifty thousand visitors from all parts of the world every year make pilgrimage to it; the artists never tire of painting it; to ascend the six hundred and sixty-two steps necessary to reach the summit and see near at hand the gilded statue of St. Michael that crowns the whole, and then to come down unspeakably fatigued and hungry to the one and only inn, and to have set before you one of the famous omelettes of Madame Poulard—this caps the climax of travel, and the world has nothing better to offer to the lover of the picturesque in architecture. As one climbs the narrow staircases up the side of the cliff, viewing the fortifications far below and the intricate tracery of the Gothic windows far above, the building up of Mont St. Michel seems as surprising a work of art as would be the construction of a cathedral on the summit of the great pyramid of Egypt.

France is the land of châteaux. The château was the Latin *castellum,* which was corrupted into *chastel, châtel,* and finally *château.* We seldom think of them as castles. But such they were of the feudal nobility of France, long before the consolidation of the monarchy. They were fortresses, with moats and bastions, drawbridges and portcullises, watch-towers and donjon-keeps. When the nobles had submitted to the crown, and they ceased to be gathering-places of feudal soldiery, these castles either fell into the hands of the king and were scenes of court display, or remained as splendid hunting-lodges of dukes and princes whose year was mainly spent at the capital. The original builders had an eye to beauty of situation, as well as to strategic values, when they located their châteaux at the confluence of rivers, or on lofty bluffs overlooking the windings of the streams. As their military importance declined, the embrasures through which cannon or arquebuses were once pointed were widened into windows which would admit air and light, and the windows were adorned with tracery that well-nigh concealed the sternness of the towers. The walls within were hung with tapestries, and the ceilings made brilliant with polychrome and gilding. Some of these châteaux, like Fontevrault, Chinon, and Blois, are the property of the State, and are kept either as prisons or as historical museums; while others, like Azay le Rideau, Langeais, Chenonceaux, Amboise, Chaumont, and Chambord, belong to people of great title or wealth. All, however, are open at reasonable times to the public, and each of these great structures is deeply interesting as furnishing illustration of some striking incident of French history.

Let me show what I mean by referring to a few important events in their historical order, and connecting each with the particular château where it occurred. Chinon, on the right bank of the Vienne, nine miles above its junction with the Loire, has three castles closely connected with each other. Of these the Château de St. Georges, of which only the foundations of the outer wall remain, was built by Henry II of England, who dwelt here and died here in 1189. The second of these castles, the Château de Milieu, contained the hall where Charles VII, in 1428, received for the first time Jeanne d'Arc, the peasant girl from Domremy. The well is still shown where she alighted from her horse, and the house of the "*bonne femme*" who sheltered her. The king was indifferent and contemptuous, and he put her powers to humiliating tests. But she stood the tests bravely, declaring that God had sent her to deliver France from its foreign oppressors. "Help yourself, and heaven will help you; the soldiers will fight, and God will give the victory," these were her mottoes. We know how she left Tours for Blois, and so on to Orleans, where she conquered the enemy as she had promised; how she led the king to his coronation at Rheims; how later on she fell by treachery, the only foe she ever feared, into English hands, and was burnt at the stake in the market-place of Rouen. It is a pity that Shakespeare's account of the Maid of Orleans was so distorted and false. But modern investigation has rehabilitated her. She certainly believed herself to have a divine mission, and the result of her enterprise was that the English lost all of their French territory except Calais. Alfred Austin well writes:

Goddess of battles, with the maiden sword
And blameless banner, when to France availed
Not all her gallant manhood, helmed and mailed,
To drive from off her soil the alien horde,
That over pasture, hamlet, vineyard poured,
You with your unarmed innocency scaled
The walls of war, and where man's might had failed,

Crowning, enthroned the anointed of the Lord.
And should France yet again be called to scare
The stranger from her gates, and hurl back thence
Feet that would violate her frontiers fair,
Not meretricious sycophants of sense,
But the pure heart and patriotic prayer,
Once more would prove her rescue and defense.

The next reign to that of Charles VII was the reign of Louis XI. It was one of the most important and valuable in French history, for the reason that this astute, hypocritical, cruel, and licentious monarch did, notwithstanding, crush feudalism and consolidate the kingdom. He attained his ends, however, by perfidies and murders so diabolical that he may well be regarded as one of the worst kings that ever sat upon a throne. Sir Walter Scott has, in "Quentin Durward," given him an immortality of infamy. The château of Loches was the scene of many horrors of his reign. The hill crowned by its towers rises above the plain watered by the "ribbon of the Indre," like Mont St. Michel above the sands of the north coast. Chinon covered ground enough to hold a small army; but Loches was almost equally extensive, and its massiveness surpassed that of Chinon. The stone for the building was taken from the great trench still to be seen between the castle and the hill. The four great walls, or rather cliffs, of stone that formed the keep, of which four stories are yet visible, were capable of housing twelve hundred men, and the stairs by which these retainers reached their quarters were cut in the thickness of the walls. Supplies for the garrison were drawn up through a dark hole sinking into the bowels of the earth, and connecting with a subterranean tunnel leading to the river.

Nowhere are there more noisome and dreadful dungeons. Yet from the midst of this hoary and half-ruined castle rise the spires of a noble church. "In France," says Viollet-le-Duc, the greatest authority on this early architecture, "exactly on the border line which separates buildings with cupolas from those with none, there is a strange and unique monument in which the influences of Oriental art are blended with the methods of construction adopted in the north at the beginning of the twelfth century. This is the Collegiate Church of Loches: a monument unique in the world, perfect in its kind, and of a savage beauty."

The dungeons and the spires of Loches seem the fit representatives of Louis XI, that strange combination of the grossest immorality and the most tyrannical severity, with the torments of an accusing conscience and the most abject and superstitious fears of divine judgment. In the crypt of the church, below ground and secret even in his devotions, the king came to pray. A ghastly den near the bottom of the northwest tower of the fortress was the torture chamber, and the iron bar is still shown which was used to turn the axle of the rack. Still lower down is a vaulted dungeon, with staples fixed into the roof above, from which once hung that famous cage of iron, so short that no one could stand upright therein, and so narrow that no one could lie down. That cage, hanging from the ceiling, held at different times many a wretched prisoner, and in the doorway opening half-way up the wall one can stand where Louis XI often stood in hiding, to watch his victims and to hear their confessions or their groans. The king is said to have carried some of his prisoners in their cages around with him in his travels that he might have them ever under his eye. Cardinal Balue, of Angers, was here confined for eleven long years, and richly deserved it, since he had rewarded the favor of the king by plotting against him. But there is still a descent *in infernos.* Many steps lower down is the cell of Ludovico Sforza, Duke of Milan. "On the wall opposite the window, which gathers through a slit in fourteen feet of rock what little light has strayed into the shadowy passages from the sunny fields of Touraine above, is a small square scratched on the stone to mark the only spot touched by daylight." So says Theodore Cook, the historian of the châteaux, and he tells us that Ludovico Sforza languished in this dungeon for nearly nine years.

I must not leave Loches without transcribing what the author I have mentioned says of Louis XI.

> This Louis, who made his servants heralds and his barbers ministers of State, whose only confidants, according to Voltaire were low-born men with hearts lower than their stations, who regained by unscrupulous cunning what he lost by the natural depravity of his character, who showed conspicuous address and bravery when a youth of twenty, died at last a cowardly old man amid despicable scenes of senile debauchery and terror. He died after having made justice secure, and strengthened France by politics and war; and yet before his death he had killed by fair means or foul more than four thousand of his subjects, and, as in the case of the family of Nemours, shown the last degree of cold and calculating cruelty, a cruelty which left but few great men worth the name in France, and ground down the nation to the tranquillity of a gang of galley slaves. In all this his only limitation was betrayed in his manner, his will never wavered; for, until his death, he was at any rate no coward. "I can easily dare," says Comines, "to give this praise to Louis—

never have I seen a man bear up so stoutly in adversity." But the contrasts go still further. The king who chained up the volumes of the Nominalists protected the first printers from Germany, and the freedom of the printing-press received its first real encouragement in France from the most tyrannical monarch on the French throne.

Louis XI was succeeded by Charles VIII, and Langeais on the right bank of the Loire was the scene of the marriage of this latter monarch to Anne of Brittany—a marriage which marked a new epoch in French history by adding Brittany to the dominions of the French crown. The château of Langeais is a masterpiece of fifteenth-century military architecture. Three massive towers are crowned with bold projecting battlements, which continuing along the connecting walls encircle the whole building. "Perhaps the strangest feature of the place is the quaint little passage beneath the roof, the guards' *chemin de ronde,* formed by the machicolations. It extends all round the château and is lighted by innumerable little windows which give an ever-changing view of the valley of the Loire, from the forest of Chinon, west and south, to the cathedral towers of Tours far off among the mist to the east." "We had seen the older forms of feudal architecture at Chinon and at Loches. Langeais seemed the connecting link between the older order and the new." "The problem was to combine a stronghold capable of defense with a house calculated for the increasing necessities of daily life." So "the only gate that opens from without into the court is flanked by two massive towers and guarded by a portcullis." But the interior, better than any other château of Touraine, shows what splendor these royal residences displayed in the olden time. All its apartments have been restored, and by the expenditure of large sums of money the present owner, a private gentleman of great wealth, has brought the place into one harmonious picture of oak carvings, tapestry, and warm tiled floors, the chimneys and the ceilings being especially beautiful. And this magnificent château, since I visited it, has been presented by its owner to the French nation, to be kept forever open to the public as a monument of the past.

The great hall where Anne of Brittany was married to King Charles VIII of France, is the most interesting of its rooms, and it suggests many facts of history. The little Breton duchess was small and delicate, but she had a firm will and she could be fiercely angry. "Once she has bethought her of anything," says Contarini, the Venetian ambassador, "she must have her way, whether by smiles or tears." She was but seventeen years of age, in 1492, when she was married. Her homely and weakly, but honest and kindly husband, was enticed into an Italian war, which began prosperously but ended in disaster. After only six years of wedded life he died. But Anne did not long remain a widow. After a single year she married Louis XII, Charles' successor, a unique instance of a woman who was the queen of two kings. Though Anne never cared for the true interests of France, she was glad to manage King Louis XII, as she had been glad to manage Charles VIII. Indeed, her second task was easier than her first, for Louis was even more easy-going in spirit and ready to follow her lead. Though he was called the father of his country, he had little independence or skill in governing it, and it was only the death of Anne, in 1514, that saved France from being drawn into a foreign policy which would have ended in making it a part of the empire of Charles V. But Louis was deeply in love with her, and the doorway of the beautiful chapel at Amboise is surmounted by statues of Anne and of himself, both kneeling before the Virgin and her child, as if in prayer for the son and heir who never came.

The Duke of Angoulême, however, had married Anne's daughter, and in default of male issue to Louis XII, he ascended the throne with the title of Francis I. He took the salamander for his device, as Louis XII had taken the porcupine. And the salamander well served to represent him, for he was exposed to many fires. He was engaged in four wars with Charles V; he recovered Milan, and then again lost it. The absolute power of the throne increased under Francis, and his reign lasted almost fifty-three years. But his chief distinction is that he was the first liberal patron of art. He naturalized in France the arts of Italy, and brought Leonardo da Vinci from Milan, though only to die. The château of Blois is the real monument of Francis. The salamander, with the crown above it, is carven upon many of its walls. But the staircase is the chief feature, jutting out and towering upward from the front of the structure in such a way that, while it seems free, it is yet a congruous and accentuating element of the whole façade. Within, the stairs wind round a central shaft in a spiral which is the exact inner curve of a seashell; indeed, it is more than probable that an actual shell was used consciously as a model. The groining and vaulting of the staircase is so astonishing a triumph of invention that it has not unreasonably been thought to be a last design of Leonardo, who was at Amboise, not far away, when the plans of the structure were required.

Many tragedies were enacted at Blois. The most terrible of them was the assassination of the Duke of Guise by order of Henry III, in 1588. He had entered Paris with an army, with a view to deposing the king. But the manner of his taking off was cowardly. In the darkness of the December morning the king sent for him. We were shown the fireplace where he was warming himself; the secret staircase which was filled by the assassins; the room in which two monks, during the assassination, remained in prayer "for the success of a great scheme"; the apartment where he met, not the king, but his murderers, only to be stabbed again and again, till he fell dead, and the king, with all the meanness of his pitiful nature, came to spurn with his heel the face of the dying man.

But I have been running ahead of my history. Three insignificant French monarchs succeeded Francis I. They were Henry II, Francis II, and Charles IX, and their reigns are specially connected with the châteaux of Chenonceaux, Azay le Rideau, and Amboise. It was really one long reign of the Medici—those Italian women whose bigotry and craft and cruelty well-nigh ruined France, and have been the execration of after times—women whose bloodthirsty persecution of heretics alternated with most shameful immoralities. Catherine de' Medici, the queen of Henry II, was the mother of Francis II, Charles IX, and Henry III. The king, her husband, dying in 1559 as the result of a wound at a tournament, just after he had seen Calais retaken from the English, Catherine became regent, and for thirty years by her intrigues and savage enmities she distracted the kingdom. She is said to have plunged her children into dissipation and licentiousness, in order, by unfitting them for mental exertion, to retain her ascendency over them, and it was she who prevailed upon her son Charles to give the order for the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Yet this was the woman who built the lovely arches on which the château of Chenonceaux spans the waters of the Cher.

It first belonged to the king's mistress, Diana of Poitiers. When King Henry II died and Catherine came into power, she turned Diana out and gave her Chaumont in exchange. The wide terraced garden which Diana had built is one of the handsomest in France. Catherine added greatly to the buildings and did much to embellish them. Here her son, the short-lived Francis II, and Mary Queen of Scots, whom he married when she was only fifteen, spent their honeymoon. There is no other château more symmetrically beautiful and more adapted for human habitation unless it is Azay le Rideau, and at Azay, among a host of priceless portraits of the monarchs and nobles of France, the greatest treasure is the picture of the youthful Mary Stuart, whose gaiety and beauty so stirred the hearts of all men, but whose morals were so corrupted by the society of that shameless court. It has been well said that debauchery of all kinds and murder in all forms were the daily matter of excitement or of jest to the brilliant circle which revolved around Queen Catherine de' Medici. The portrait of Mary shows a girlish archness combined with high spirit, keen insight only equaled by the sense of power, possibilities of passion kept under due control by dominant self-interest, raillery, mischief, wit, audacity, defiance of convention, the coquette, but at the same time the *intriguante.* It seemed pitiful that this bright picture of Mary Queen of Scots, in the days of her training under Catherine should now be offered for sale, with or without the beautiful château that contains it, by the present impecunious or discontented owner.

Amboise, however, reminds one most of Catherine de' Medici and of her terrible influence, for it was at this château that the Huguenot conspiracy was crushed which aimed to rescue King Francis II from the influence of the Guises. The plot was discovered, and twelve hundred of the conspirators are said to have been butchered at the castle in presence of the court, which included Francis and his bride, Mary Stuart, as well as Catherine and her two other sons, afterward Charles IX and Henry III. Beneath the towers of the castle, which rise to a height of one hundred and thirty feet, a long line of scaffolds had been erected. All around the square in which they stood were rows of planked seats, rising in tiers from the ground and filled with an expectant crowd. Hundreds of undistinguished adherents of the lost cause had been hanged already to the trees of the park, but now the Huguenot nobles were to suffer. Many of them came pale from the dungeons where they had been tortured. But as they marched to the place of execution they sang the psalm, "God be merciful unto us and bless us." The Duke of Guise gave the signal, and the first head fell. It was but the first of hundreds, and the sufferers were the best men of France. Mary Stuart and the young king stood there sighing, it is said, and sick at the sight of so much blood, but held to the spot by the iron will of the queen-mother, who soon carried them off to forget the slaughter of the heretics in fresh riot and debauchery at Chenonceaux.

The two great towers of Amboise have inclined planes of brickwork within, which wind upward instead of staircases. One can imagine the royal equipages, horses and all, mounting from the low ground to the chambers above; or the Emperor Charles V riding up with his royal host Francis I, always fond of display, amid such a blaze of flambeaux that a man might see as clearly as at midday. That entertaining novel and guide-book, "The Lightning Conductor," declares that the ascent has been made of late in a Panhard automobile. I have used to some extent in these descriptions the language of Theodore Cook. I wish that time permitted me to give in full his account of Chambord and Cheverney. Each of these has its wonders, especially Chambord, for upon this château eighteen hundred workmen labored incessantly for twelve years, and even then left it incomplete. The moat that once encircled it has disappeared, its four hundred rooms are empty, the stables where twelve hundred horses were once kept are no longer used; its thirteen great staircases echo only to the tramp of tourists. Like Versailles, it is the monstrous and outworn toy of a lavish and tyrannical monarch, for Francis I was as lavish and tyrannical as Louis XIV.

I fear that these pictures of the châteaux have given the impression of a chamber of horrors. To the traveler these horrors belong to the past. The beauty of the sites is perennial. It is a comfort to remember that such scenes as were enacted in them are no longer possible. The restorer, moreover, is at work. Every noble feature of the old architecture is being preserved. Even the ruins are coming to be rebuilt. The châteaux which the State has not taken in hand to care for, or restore, are being purchased and rebuilt by wealthy men. Almost equal changes have taken place in Germany. Forty years ago

> The castled crag of Drachenfels
> Frowned on the wide and winding Rhine,

and the Drachenfels, with its picturesque ruin, was the type of scores of dismantled fortresses that crowned the hilltops along the river. Now many of these fortresses have been made habitable and even beautiful. The Rhinelanders of New York, true to their name, have purchased the castle of Schönburg, above Oberwesel, with its four huge towers, erected in the twelfth century, the cradle of a mighty race which became extinct two centuries ago. The modern château which they occupy is itself a noble residence, and commands magnificent views up and down the river. The robber barons who once fortified these heights and levied toll upon the commerce of the stream are giving place to the robber barons of our own day who levy toll upon the world's wheat and coal and oil. Railroad and bank presidents have their castles within sight of others belonging to German and Russian princes. It is an era of architectural revival and of lavish expenditure. I can almost believe that the time will come when no ruins will be left, but when every coign of vantage will be put to use, and all the remaining heaps of desolate stone will blossom, not into fortresses and donjon-keeps, but into splendid towers of hospitality and peace.

I would gladly continue my tale and describe my visits to the house where Goethe was borne at Frankfort and to the house where he lived for forty years at Weimar. Both of these houses have become museums in which every book or engraving which relates to the poet is carefully preserved. Here are the portraits of all of Goethe's sixteen lady-loves, if indeed the number can be so limited; for, as was said of the objects of Chateaubriand's affections, they are like the stars of heaven, the longer you look the more there are of them; and Goethe was the last of all men to bind himself to the doctrine of sixteen to one. The dark and stuffy little room in which the poet died made it very plain why his last words should have been, *"Mehr Licht!"*

The sight in a glass case of a letter from Jane Welsh Carlyle, containing a lock of her dark hair and some accompanying verses written by her to Goethe, led me to visit in London the house of Thomas Carlyle in Cheyne Row. In all these houses nothing impressed me so much as the plainness of the surroundings amid which these men of letters did their work. Mrs. Carlyle entered no palace when she joined herself for better or for worse to that grouty husband. Sharp-tongued as both of them were, I do not wonder that she took to cigarettes; and, after Mr. Mallock's explanation that Mr. Carlyle was congenitally unfitted for matrimony while all Mrs. Carlyle's thoughts of marriage were connected with maternity, I do not wonder that there was room for disappointment and bitterness between them.

My literary pilgrimages were concluded with a delightful morning at Stoke Pogis, that home of ancient peace, where Gray wrote his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," and by a week at Sandford-on-Thames, five miles south of Oxford, in the midst of blooming roses, with a hundred gay boats of Oxford young men and women going by to the Henley races. Forty years have not changed the out-of-the-way English inn. It is the perfection of scrupulous neatness, of quiet service, and of sensible food. If any friend of mine is contemplating a wedding tour, let me recommend Sandford-on-Thames.

When I came back to America and to work, I was as one coming out of a swoon. For the first time in forty years I had put books and newspapers, students and theology absolutely behind me. Substance seemed strange after having dealt for a time with shows. But coming back was coming back to life. My incursion into the gay world convinced me fully that I had been on the right track before I went away. Work, after all, is better than play. External things are but shadows. Only theology deals with reality.

XX

GLIMPSES OF SOUTHEASTERN FRANCE[1]

Traveling would be delightful if one could only take with him a large stock of information. The eye sees only that which it brings with it the power of seeing. For this reason it is best to choose a small field for your journeying, and to do as much possible study of the field before you go. That was the method of Phillips Brooks, and he found his account in it. But, however much you may study in advance, you find when you have reached the spot that your knowledge is more hazy than you thought. Your history and archæology and art are not equal to your needs, and you cannot refer to your encyclopedias, for you have left them at home. So the halo that surrounded your subject vanishes when you reach it, and your travel leaves you with a sense of disappointment. Fortunately, this is not the end. When you reach home at last, you have the opportunity of looking up the points you had missed. Your library fills the gaps in your knowledge. You learn more after you return than you learned while you were away. The halo that glorified foreign scenes before you saw them, but which disappeared on the ground, comes back once more and becomes a possession forever. This paper is partly a reminiscence.

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[1] A paper read to the Browning Club, Rochester, March 11, 1910.

and partly a subsequent study of a narrow field of foreign travel. It deals more with history than with scenery or with personal experiences. And it was written quite as much for the education of the author as for the edification of his hearers.

I had often dreamed of a tour in the South of France. La Rochelle and Richelieu's famous siege; Lourdes and Zola's novel; Tarbes and Dumas' D'Artagnan; Bergerac and Rostand's Cyrano; Pau and Jeanne d'Albret, Montauban and Adolphe Monod's sermons to the theological students; Bordeaux with its bridge over the Garonne—all these had floated before my imagination. And they float there still, waiting for time and money to transfer them to the realm of a traveler's actual experience. But they belong to southwestern France, and it is southeastern France with which we have now to deal. That part of my dream I realized a few months ago, and it is the story of Lyons and Orange and Avignon and Arles and Nîmes and Tarascon and Montpellier and Aigues-Mortes and Cette and Carcassonne which I have to unfold to you. It is a story of old Roman splendor, of mediæval fortification, and of modern persecution. I shall try to keep these three sources of interest separate from one another, and so I shall give you no itinerary, but shall say something first of the Roman remains in southeastern France; secondly, of the mediæval and papal strongholds; and thirdly, of the sufferings of the Huguenots in the terrible dungeons of Louis XIV.

When we read Cæsar's commentaries, a half-century ago, many of the sites of his battles and his victories had yet to be identified. It has been left to an

American scholar and archæologist, Professor Dennison, of the University of Michigan, during the year just past, to go over the ground anew, and to make some valuable new discoveries. His lectures at the American School of Classical Studies, in Rome, showed how much the historical spirit is doing to give interest to Latin literature. Latin literature is derivative and imitative. Its sources and its inspiration are in the Greek. Hence, in our colleges it is much harder to find a good teacher of Latin than to find a good teacher of Greek—the bright man prefers to go to the fountain-head. That is, if he devotes himself simply to linguistics or to literature. In order to interest his pupils, the teacher of Latin must take a larger range; he must link the study of Latin with the great history of the Roman Empire. Roman organization and Roman law must supply the attraction and stimulus which Roman literature fails to furnish.

I am talking about Cæsar and about Cæsar's commentaries, for it is Cæsar who gives us some of our earliest information about southeastern France. He conquered Gaul, but he left no extensive monuments of his conquests. He only began a process of appropriation and assimilation, which went on for centuries. The Gauls had to be civilized as well as subdued. A century or two after Cæsar's time they had become Roman citizens, incorporated in the empire, possessed of its learning, and infected with its luxury. Gaul came to rival Egypt as a granary and treasure-house of Rome. The monuments that come down to us witness to a thronging population and to an artistic culture far beyond anything that modern times can show, except in the largest cities like Paris, Marseilles, Lyons, or Bordeaux.

I have put these four greatest cities of France in the order of their size; Paris, of course, with its three millions of people, coming first. Marseilles has four hundred and ninety-one thousand, Lyons four hundred and sixty-nine thousand, Bordeaux two hundred and fifty-six thousand. Lyons therefore is the third city of the republic. But it is second in industrial importance. Lyons manufactures silk and other goods to the value of $100,000,000 yearly, and it is said that half of the world's supply of silk passes through its warehouses.

I became interested in the statistics of the silk trade as I gazed at the long line of storehouses that front the river Rhone. I asked the question how far America in that trade is dependent upon France. And the answer is simply this: Lyons sends to us half of all the silks that are imported; China, Japan, and India furnishing us with a large part of the remainder. These French-imported silks, however, are all of a character of goods, as figured and brocaded for example, in which labor forms the largest constituent element in the cost. But our American manufactures of the plainer goods far exceed in value those which we import. About seventy-five per cent of the silk piece-goods sold in this country are of home production, and this production amounted in 1905 to $130,000,000, while that of France did not exceed $100,000,000. New Jersey does fully half the work, and the United States now stands first among the silk-manufacturing countries of the world. This is a remarkable showing, for in 1860, as the statistics of our Census Bureau certify, the capital invested in American silk manufactures was only $2,000,000, while in 1905 it amounted to $109,000,000. We manufacture about forty-two per cent of the world's product of silk goods.

It will not do to estimate Lyons only by its trade in silk. The city is also a fortress of the first class, an archiepiscopal See, the headquarters of the fourteenth *corps d'armée,* and the seat of a university. Its importance is due to its magnificent situation at the confluence of two navigable rivers, the Rhone and the Saône, flanked by six miles of fine quays, and on the slopes of hills which are crowned by seemingly impregnable fortifications.

But it is the old Lyons, and not the new, that most interests us. More than any other French city, Lyons goes back in its history to ancient times. It was founded by the Greeks in 560 B. C. Its importance, however, dates only from 43 B. C., when the Consul Lucius Munatius Plancus, under orders from the Roman senate, commenced here some considerable constructions. Cæsar (102-42 B. C.), as we have already seen, brought the surrounding country into subjection. Augustus (63 B. C.-A. D. 14) made Lyons, the ancient Lugdunum, the capital of Celtic Gaul, and Claudius, who himself was born in Lyons (10 B. C.-A. D. 54), gave it the rank of a Roman colony. In its modern Museum of Antiquities are preserved the Claudian bronze tablets, bearing a large part of the speech pronounced in the Roman senate by the Emperor Claudius in favor of granting to the Gauls the right of sending representatives to the Roman senate, a fine illustration of the Roman method of solidifying the empire by conferring citizenship and incorporating the conquered.

If one doubted the military power of France, he would be convinced by an inspection of the immense barracks and parade-grounds of the fourteenth army corps. And if one doubted the artistic spirit of its people, he would only need to visit the Lyons Palace of Arts, the Church of Notre Dame de Fourvière crowning a central hill which overlooks the town, the Parc de la Tête d'Or with its botanical garden and its fine collections of orchids, palms, and other exotics. Not all the Lyonnaise are self-depreciating, for the new hotel is named the "Hôtel Majestic," and its barber shop is an "Institute of Beauty." But the greatest interest of Lyons to a theologian lies in its past. The ecclesiastical history of the second century would lose half its material but for the outstanding figure of Irenæus, the great bishop of Lyons, whose life covered the period from 130-202, and who for forty-two years stood here for Christian doctrine and practice. Let it be remembered that Irenæus was born in Asia Minor; that he was a disciple of Polycarp the Christian martyr, who himself had sat at the feet of the Apostle John. Irenæus is therefore a witness, only at second-hand, to John's account of Jesus' works and words. He thus preserves the direct line of apostolic tradition, and his testimony is an important evidence of historical Christianity. But I look in vain for statue or bust that might perpetuate the memory of Lyons' earliest saint and evangelist, though there are equestrian statues of Henry IV, who published the "Edict of Nantes," securing life and liberty to the followers of the Reformation, and of Louis XIV, who revoked that edict, basely taking that life and liberty away.

It is a hundred and twenty-five miles from Lyons to Orange, now a little town of ten thousand inhabitants, but once a prosperous and important place. In the Middle Ages, Orange was the capital of an independent principality. In 1530, upon the death of the last reigning prince without issue, the estates reverted to his nephew, the German Count of Nassau. William of Orange, surnamed the Silent, the hero of the Dutch struggle for independence, derived his title from the house of Nassau, and William III, King of England, until his death, was also Prince of Orange. By the peace of Utrecht, in 1713, Orange was annexed to France, and the house of Nassau retained nothing but the title. But that still survives as the hereditary designation of the heir presumptive to the Dutch throne, and if Queen Wilhelmina is ever blessed with a son, that son will be Prince of Orange.

Orange, however, derives its chief interest from its Roman remains. Here, in a waste environ of the town, is a triumphal arch of splendid architecture, seventy-two feet in height, with richly sculptured bas-reliefs commemorating some victory of Rome over the barbarians. It consists of three arches, the central one much higher than the others, all with fine-coffered vaulting. Twelve Corinthian columns adorn the structure. Below the attic-story, on both sides, are curious carvings of trophies and captives, the helmets and the shields giving evidence of a rude but warlike foe. The name of Sacrovir on one of the shields has led to the supposition that the arch was erected after the defeat of this chieftain of the Ædui in A. D. 21, and this belief has been strengthened by the deciphering of an inscription to Tiberius, from the traces left by the letters on the architrave.

The Roman theater is the greatest attraction of Orange. It is the largest of its kind in France, and though smaller than those of Italy, it is of all remaining Roman theaters the best preserved. The French government has done well to take possession and control of it as a national monument. It is the only instance within my knowledge in which a Roman theater is now used for actual theatrical representations. The French government gives an annual subvention to five theaters: The Grand Opéra, the Comédie Française, the Théatre Français, the Odéon—all these of Paris—and then, exceptionally and last of all, to this old Roman theater of Orange. Here every year, in August, lyrical and dramatic performances are given by the greatest actors and singers from the capital. Special trains are run, and many thousands flock to the scene from all parts of the country. Some of us well remember Harry Bacon's vivid account of his experience at one of these open-air representations. The great structure has been partially restored, but the stage, which is unique, and, contrary to the usual practice, was roofed, is almost entirely preserved, and from it we may judge of the arrangement of a Roman theater. In the old time, when the uppermost tiers of seats were still intact, the theater held seven thousand spectators, yet its acoustic properties were so perfect that all could hear the actors upon the stage. And all this is at the foot of a hill whose side, with skilful economy, was excavated to make room for the semicircular ranges of seats, the front being furnished by a colossal wall, three hundred and thirty-four feet long, one hundred and eleven feet high, and thirteen feet thick, formed of huge blocks of stone fitted accurately without cement. This wall, built over against the hill, dominates the town, and is conspicuous for miles around.

A place yet more interesting than Orange is Nîmes, the ancient Nemausus. It was one of the principal Roman colonies in Gaul. The Romans took delight in embellishing it, and it had its capitol, its temples to Augustus and Apollo, its basilica, theater, amphitheater, circus, baths, and a wonderful aqueduct, of which the famous Pont du Gard is a relic. That aqueduct is eight hundred and eighty feet long and one hundred and sixty feet high, and is composed of three tiers of arches, each upper one less wide than the one below. The greatest monument remaining, however, is the amphitheater *Les Arènes*. This forms an ellipse four hundred and thirty-five feet long by three hundred and thirty-three feet wide, and the enclosing wall is sixty-nine feet in height. It is therefore smaller than the amphitheaters of Rome, Capua, Verona, and even of Arles, but its exterior is in better preservation than any of these. It is constructed of cubes of stone, from six to ten feet thick, fitted to each other without mortar. There are two stories, each of sixty arches, the lower having huge square buttresses, the upper having Doric columns, while above is an attic-story with one hundred and twenty projecting stones pierced with holes, in which the masts of the awning which covered the amphitheater were inserted. There were thirty-five rows of seats, divided into four tiers, the first intended for persons of rank, the second for knights, the third for plebeians, and the fourth for slaves. While twenty-four thousand spectators could be accommodated, one hundred and twenty-four vomitories afforded rapid egress to this multitude. The tiers and passages were so constructed as to let the rain flow off into an aqueduct at the bottom, and this was ready for use when the arena was required to be inundated for *naumachiae,* or sea-fights.

It surprised me to learn that bull-fights are frequently held here on Sundays in summer. Proximity to the Spanish frontier has had an unfortunate influence upon the amusements of southern France. Our guide-book declared that combats with wild beasts could not have been held in this amphitheater, because the wall bounding the arena is too low. The actual bull-fights of the present day make that argument seem inconclusive. But whatever may have been the sports exhibited here, there can be no doubt that they indicated a great and pleasure-loving population. An audience of twenty-four thousand must have had a city twice or three times as large as the present Nîmes from which to draw. I confess that my imagination summoned up the scenes of the past, when the Roman legions were encamped about the town, when Roman soldiers filled these seats, and when Roman consuls set up their standards and rewarded the victors in the games. And little more than a century ago this amphitheater furnished a famous place of gathering for the populace in the French Revolution. I could imagine the crowd singing the Marseillaise Hymn and gloating over the death of aristocrats, and even a lady's blunder in calling it "The Mayonnaise Hymn" did not turn the solemnity of the scene into a jest.

The amphitheater is imposing, but there is an edifice far smaller in its dimensions which is more perfectly beautiful. It goes by the somewhat vulgar name of the Maison Carrée, or the Square House—a name given in modern times by those who lived in complete ignorance of the purpose of the structure or even the names of its builders. It is perhaps the finest and best preserved of all the extant Roman temples. Eighty-two feet long, forty feet wide, and forty feet high, it has thirty Corinthian columns, twenty of which are attached to the walls of the cella. There is a portico only on the front, consisting of six columns, and it is approached by fifteen steps. The columns are fluted and surmounted by capitals of admirable workmanship. The entablature is very rich and of exquisite taste. The marks left by the nails that fastened the metal letters of the inscription to the pediment give us the only clue to the temple's history. In the eighteenth century it was supposed that the edifice was dedicated between the years one and fourteen, A. D., to Caius and Lucius Cæsar, the adopted sons of the Emperor Augustus. But recent students of epigraphy have criticized these findings. The style of the building and the profusion of ornament indicate a period much later than Augustus. More competent antiquaries, on examining the marks left by bronze nails in the frieze, have discovered three holes preceding the two to which the letter C was supposed to be fastened, so that the C is now converted into an M. This slight alteration shifts the date of the Maison Carrée from the era of Augustus to that of Antoninus, for it appears that the only two princes bearing such names who enjoyed together the title Principés Juventutis, after the sons of Agrippa, were Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus, adopted sons of Antoninus. Caius thus becomes Marcus, and the temple comes down from the first century into the second.

Excavations on either side of the Maison Carrée have laid bare the foundations of walls which show that the temple was only the center of a congeries of edifices, and that two long wings extended on either hand enclosing or marking the boundary of the ancient forum of Nemausus. Successively used as a church, a municipal hall, a warehouse, and a stable, this noble building has now been well restored, and has been converted into a museum of antiquities. A priceless collection of coins of all ages is here on exhibition, a collection bequeathed to the city by a famous numismatist, and in this collection, to my great delight, I found a complete set of American gold and silver coins, presented by Mrs. Frederick F. Thompson, of Canandaigua.

Nîmes has an ancient Fountain of the Nymphs. It must not, however, be judged of at first sight, for its limpid rills are stained with soapsuds. I looked for the nymphs, and behold, a swarm of washerwomen! *Blanchisseuses* convert it into a public washing-tub. Trace it upward, and you will find its source within a fine public garden, planted with trees, in the midst of which it bursts forth in exuberant copiousness from the foot of a hill, and is received into a large reservoir, originally a Roman bath for women. Other Roman remains of less importance go to show that Nîmes was the leading Roman colony in Gaul, and a provincial city of true magnificence. This *Jardin de la Fontaine* has lovely cascades and basins, and a statue of Antoninus Pius, who reigned from A. D. 138 to A. D. 161, and who was born at Nîmes. At the Reformation the city became Calvinistic, and to-day it has twenty thousand Protestant church-members, with two churches and a chapel. They have passed through the fires of persecution, the memory of which is still bitter, for even now Catholics and Protestants so little coalesce that each party frequents distinct cafés. The two statues of modern notables which adorn the town seem to witness this difference of faith, for the one is a monument to Guizot, once prime minister of France, though a Protestant born in Nîmes, where his father, an *avocat,* was guillotined during the Reign of Terror;[2] and the other is a monument to Daudet, the author, a literary artist worthy to be ranked with the German Goethe, but with a lightness of touch and an intensity of pathos which Goethe never equaled. Daudet also was born at Nîmes, but all the country round about, and especially Tarascon, has been made famous by his delicate humor.

I would describe my visit to Arles, on the left bank of the Rhone, where the river divides to form its delta, but for the fact that my description would seem almost a repetition of what I have said about Nîmes. Arles has now only thirty thousand people, though in Roman times it must have had one hundred thousand. Under Julius Cæsar it was the revival of Marseilles, and was called the Gallic Rome. Constantine resided here and greatly embellished the city. Christianity is supposed to have been introduced here by Trophimus, a disciple of St. Paul, and the Cathedral of St. Trophimus is one of the ornaments of the town. The amphitheater is the largest in France, though it is not so well preserved as that of Nîmes, having been used as a quarry for the erection of Christian churches. We must remember that these amphitheaters and theaters were the scene of gladiatorial combat, and of Christian martyrdoms. No wonder that the church decreed their overthrow, and thought that the pillaging of their marble columns was only compelling Satan, against his will, to bow down to Christ. Their destruction began in the fifth century, and the Venus of Arles in the Louvre, at Paris, is only one of many indications of the splendor and elegance of their decoration.

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[2] Madame Guizot, the mother of the historian, was hit by a bullet at a night service in the fields near Nîmes.

I confess that my deepest interest in Arles was connected with a mention of it by Dante. In his wonderful poem, " The Inferno," we have a description of the city of Dis, or Lucifer, in which are punished the heretics, with all their followers, of every sect. The poet gets his imagery from Aleschans, the Champs Elysées near Arles, which was noted for the tombs of Christians slain in battle against the infidels. The soldiers of Charlemagne were said to have been buried there after the rout of Roncesvalles, and the battle of Aleschans, in which William of Orange was defeated by the Saracens, must have added considerably to the number of tombs. Dante was not only a great geographer, he was also a great traveler, and many believe that he at one time visited Paris, and on his way passed through the South of France. At any rate, some of his most fearful pictures are reminiscences or reflections of the sepulchers of Arles. In the city of Dis he finds within the high walls a wide plain, all covered with flaming tombs, in which are tormented those who have denied God and the Christian faith.

> "I saw on either hand," he says, "a spacious plain full of sorrow and evil torment. As at Arles, where the Rhone stagnates, the sepulchers make all the place uneven, so did they here on every side, only the manner here was more bitter; for amongst the tombs were scattered flames, whereby they were made all over so glowing hot that iron more hot no craft requires. Their covers were all raised up, and out of them proceeded moans so grievous that they seemed indeed the moans of spirits sad and wounded. Like with like is buried here, and the monuments are more and less hot."

To Dante unbelief is the consequence of wrong action. Self-will and disobedience precede and cause the blinding of the intellect. The heat of a proud and wicked heart is punished after its kind. The burning sepulcher is only the outward symbol of the self-consuming heart.

This reference to Dante may serve us as a transition from classical to mediæval times. Let Avignon begin our second chapter. Avignon is the city of the popes, seven of whom, from Clement V to Gregory XI reigned here from 1309-1377. Let me explain how it happened that for nearly seventy years Avignon and not Rome was the seat of the papacy. It was a reaction from exaggerated papal pretensions. Boniface VIII had claimed that the temporal sword, wielded by the monarch, was borne only at the will and by the permission of the pontiff. Philip the Fair, king of France, contested this claim, and when Clement V, himself a Frenchman, was elected to the papal chair, Philip brought such pressure upon him that he transferred his court from Rome to Avignon. For Clement the change was a great relief, not only because the fertility and wealth of southern France at that time far exceeded that of dilapidated Rome, but also on account of the strife then waging between the Orsinis and the Colonnas in the ancient home of the papacy. This removal to Avignon, however, made the Roman See the mere instrument of the royal will and a submissive agent in the furtherance of Philip's political ambitions. These seventy years came to be called " the Babylonian captivity." Degraded to a state of splendid vassalage to France, the luxury, pride, rapacity, and avarice of the popes became a byword in Europe, and an important contributing element in the causes which brought about the Reformation. These seventy years were followed, indeed, by the great schism, in which two rival popes, one at Rome the other at Geneva, hurled anathemas, excommunication, and the foulest accusations at each other, so that Wycliffe compared them to " two dogs snarling over a bone." It took seventy more years to bring to completion the work of reunion, and the papacy was permanently reestablished in Rome only under Pope Nicholas V, in 1447.

One cannot inspect the palace of the popes at Avignon without feeling that it was designed first of all as a fortress, and only secondarily as a home of religion. It stretches in somber grandeur along the southern slope of a precipitous rock which rises from the edge of the river Rhone. It covers an acre and a quarter of ground, and from its colossal vastness it is impressive, in spite of the fact that a rude and arrogant spirit seems to display itself in every line of its architecture. Provincial ostentation certainly took the place of the elegance of Rome. In these halls Petrarch was a guest, and he describes in graphic and scathing language the corruption of the court. In the neighboring church of the Cordeliers, now reduced to a fragment of the tower and side walls, Petrarch's Laura was buried. Rienzi, the once formidable tribune of Rome, was a prisoner in the dungeons of the palace, and owed his life to the intercession of the poet. Above the entrance, originally defended by drawbridges, portcullis, and iron gates, now removed, is the balcony from which the popes bestowed their benediction upon the people. A wide-vaulted and finely groined stone staircase leads up to the great hall of the palace, where sat the conclave of cardinals which elected the popes. It is now being magnificently restored. Another stair, on the opposite side of the building, leads to the chamber occupied by the Inquisition, which was established here in the thirteenth century. The Chapel of the Holy Office, vaulted and groined, still retains traces of the frescoes with which it was decorated by Giotto, in the years 1324-1327. Here the Jews inhabiting Avignon were required at stated times, as in Rome, to assemble and to hear a sermon, designed to promote their conversion to Christianity.

As an additional means of moral suasion when argument failed, there is a chamber of torture adjoining, built with funnel-shaped walls, contracting upward, a form devised, it is said, to stifle the cries of the miserable victims. In the thickness of the wall, in one corner, are the remains of a furnace for heating torturing-irons, and near it are the holes to which was attached the instrument called *La Veille,* the vigil, or the watch, a pointed stake upon which the condemned was seated, suspended by cords from above, so as not only to prevent his falling, but allowing his whole weight to bear upon the point.

Avignon is still surrounded by lofty walls, surmounted by a cornice of machicolated battlements, and flanked by watch-towers, thirty-nine in number. From the terrace near the cathedral and adjoining the palace of the popes, three hundred feet above the Rhone, the view is a noble one. It is easy to see that the city is now far smaller than it once was, for within the walls there are great open spaces, unoccupied by the present population. John Stuart Mill was a great lover of Avignon. Here he lived almost exclusively in his later days, and here in a cemetery to the east of the town he is buried. In the last century, Avignon became quite an artistic center. Claude Joseph Vernet was born here, and the Rue Joseph Vernet perpetuates his memory. But before the revolution, Avignon was more ecclesiastical than artistic, for it then contained eight chapters, thirty-five convents of both sexes, ten hospitals, seven fraternities of penitents, three seminaries, a university, and sixty churches, of which only eighteen now remain; one-third of its population was dedicated to the church, and it possessed between two hundred and three hundred towers and spires. Rabelais, in consequence of the number of bells, called it *"la ville sonnante."*

Avignon is full of associations of the Dark Ages, and they are dismal enough. A somewhat brighter side of the story is found at Carcassonne, a hundred miles or so to the west of Avignon. There you have the best-preserved example of mediæval fortifications to be found in all Europe. Carcassonne is composed of two parts, the modern town on the plain and the old town on an eminence above it forming a picturesque background, with its venerable towers and commanding battlements. The lower and newer town, cheerful and industrious, consists chiefly of modern-built houses, in streets ranging at right angles with one another, surrounded by boulevards, occupying the site of its former ramparts, including squares planted with trees and furnished with marble fountains running over with fresh water. The old town, on the height beyond the river Aude, deserves the notice of the artist and the antiquarian, as retaining unchanged, to a greater extent than any other in France, or in all Europe, the aspect of a fortress of the Middle Ages. Fortunately, the French government has taken it in charge as a national monument, and has restored it under the supervision of Viollet-le-Duc. Anything more curious or unique in appearance than this town, with its double line of fortifications, furnished with fifty round towers, and dominated by a citadel, can hardly be imagined.

The fortifications of Carcassonne date back to the days of the Visigoths, in the fifth century. They built the whole of the north part, however, on the ruins of Roman ramparts, which at several points are still visible. The remainder, including the castle, with its curious postern, seems to be of the eleventh or twelfth century, while the outer circuit has been referred to the latter part of the thirteenth century. The earlier structures therefore are the same defenses which withstood for a time the assault of the army of crusaders, under the fierce Simon de Montfort and the Abbot of Citeaux. The crusading army had been raised at the call of the Catholic Church, in 1209, not to recover the Holy Sepulcher from the infidels at Jerusalem, but to exterminate the unfortunate Albigenses, who had dared to revive New Testament Christianity and to protest against the errors of Rome. They first besieged Béziers, and when the inhabitants refused to yield, the crusaders forced their way into the town. In the confusion of the assault, however, the soldiers were perplexed to distinguish the heretics from the orthodox. "Kill all!" exclaimed the abbot; "the Lord will recognize his own!" The result was the massacre of every living soul, to the number of sixty thousand according to some historians, though the Abbot of Citeaux himself, in his letter to Innocent III, humbly avows that he could slay only twenty thousand. The Viscomte of Béziers, with a great number of fugitives, had previously escaped, and had taken refuge within the strong walls of Carcassonne. Thither Simon de Montfort and the Abbot of Citeaux pursued them. At the intercession of the king of Aragon, his uncle, the papal legate, promised to spare the viscomte's life and that of twelve others with him; but the brave young warrior rejected these terms, declaring that he would sooner be flayed alive than betray one of those who had endangered themselves for his sake. Finding, however, that, owing to the number of men, women, and children who had poured in from the surrounding country, it was impossible to hold out, he managed to let them escape by a secret passage, and surrendered under a promise of safe-conduct for himself. He was, nevertheless, seized treacherously, and soon after died in prison, while of those who remained in the town, fifty were hanged and four hundred burnt alive.

Such are the fearful associations connected with this mediæval stronghold. It is somewhat remote from the lines of ordinary travel, but there is no place in all Europe more interesting or instructive. One cannot praise too highly the sagacity of the French government in thoroughly restoring and opening to the public this monument of the past. And Viollet-le-Duc has shown himself a great architect and archæologist, not only here but at Mont St. Michel, at the Abbey of St. Denis, at the Cathedral of Amiens, and at Notre Dame in Paris. The Church of St. Nazaire, in the center of the old town of Carcassonne, is an illustration of his special learning and care. Here the transept and choir are splendid erections of the fourteenth century, with magnificent stained-glass windows of great brilliancy of color, and on one side of the high altar a slab of red marble is said to mark the grave of Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, that cruel and ambitious warrior, who, steeled by the crusades against the Saracens, in the school of the Templars and Assassins, turned at the bidding of the pope the sword whetted against the infidels upon the truest Christians of that age, the hapless Albigenses.

We turn now to the last chapter of our narrative. It has to do with times more recent, but with sufferings equally great Aigues-Mortes unites the old and the new. It dates back to the year 1246, when it was founded by St. Louis, king of France. In 1248 and 1270, St. Louis embarked here for his two crusades to the Holy Land. Such an embarkation would now seem impossible, for Aigues-Mortes is three and a half miles from the sea. Some have supposed from this that the sea must have retired since the thirteenth century. Modern investigations have proved, however, the existence of a small port close to the town, in whose walls the ancient mooring rings still remain, and of a canal, now filled with sand, extending to the harbor on the Mediterranean. That harbor was doubtless the place of rendezvous for the royal fleet. It must have been a place of life in those days, for St. Louis is said to have assembled for his expedition as many as eight hundred galleys and forty thousand men.

At present Aigues-Mortes is a miserable and deserted town of forty-five hundred inhabitants, situated in the midst of unwholesome marshes, and dependent largely upon the salt won from these marshes for its trade. It is of interest, in part because, like Carcassonne, it is a perfect example of a feudal fortress. Its walls and gates illustrate the art of fortification of the thirteenth century. Its moat has been filled up on account of the malaria produced by its stagnant water. But in all other respects Aigues-Mortes is the thirteenth century risen from its grave to confront our twentieth-century inventions. Its fortifications are among the chief curiosities of France. They are, perhaps, superior to those of Carcassonne, inasmuch as they are uniform in style and date from one single epoch; but they are inferior, in being placed on level ground instead of on a conspicuous hill, while much of their picturesqueness has been ruined by restoration. The works form a rectangle eighteen hundred feet long by four hundred and fifty feet broad, twenty-five to thirty-three feet high, with twenty towers, some square and others round, and ten gates. At the northwest angle is a sort of citadel, begun by St. Louis, but finished by Philip, his son, and, on account of Philip's persistence in completing the work begun by his father, named the Tour de Constance. Together with the watch-turret surmounting it, this tower is one hundred and twenty feet high by seventy feet in diameter, and its walls are seventeen to eighteen feet thick. There are several floors, each one furnishing a single circular apartment of great size, but lighted only by narrow slits in the massive walls, and in the center of each floor is a hole communicating with a reservoir for water in the lowermost part of the structure, although some say that the so-called reservoir served at times as an *oubliette.*

It is not the mediæval picturesqueness of Aigues-Mortes which makes it so deeply interesting, but rather its modern persecutions. As one stands in the lighthouse, which soars above the Tower of Constance, the far-away blue of the Mediterranean is very attractive, but the memory of what was suffered in the dungeons beneath is more thrilling and instructive. It was truly a tower of constancy in the times of the Grand Monarch, Louis XIV. But to understand this, I must say something about the Huguenots. No one knows for certainty the derivation of the name. It was perhaps a nickname and a corruption of the German word *Eidgenossen,* meaning confederates. It originated in Geneva, and in France it was first used as a term of reproach, to designate the adherents of the Protestant Reformation. There was a great religious revival in Europe in the sixteenth century. Multitudes renounced the Church of Rome. Little congregations of true worshipers sprang up on both sides of the Rhine. Those to the east of the river were Lutherans; those to the west were Calvinists. In 1660 it is probable that there were over two millions of Huguenots in France, and they were the best and thriftiest citizens in the land.

At the close of the sixteenth century, the increasing influence of the Huguenots is shown by two notable facts: First, that King Henry IV was himself a Huguenot, though for political reasons he twice abjured the Protestant and professed the Catholic faith; and, secondly, that even after this abjuration and profession, he still issued the famous Edict of Nantes, which gave to the Huguenots a measure of liberty unknown before. Public exercise of the Huguenot faith was permitted in the houses of nobles and gentry, and in a few named towns; the sectaries were given full civil rights, and were made eligible to all civil offices. In 1598, we have a list of one hundred and fifty places granted them by Henry IV for their safety, like La Rochelle, Nîmes, and Montauban. It was the period of Huguenot prosperity and peace. They grew in piety and purity, and they made the greatest contribution ever made to the material and moral welfare of France. This was the blessing which Louis XIV so rudely cast away. The Grand Monarch, as he got hold of his power, became dissolute, and, as his conscience grew morbid under Madame de Maintenon's direction, he became eager to expiate his own crimes by punishing the heretics. Between 1657 and 1685, five hundred and twenty churches were rooted up; a competent investigator declares that seven hundred had been destroyed before 1685. All through this period, while thousands yielded to oppression or bribery, thousands also fled the land; the emigration began in 1666 and went on for fifty years; in all, it is probable that a million of French subjects escaped from their inhospitable fatherland. At last, in 1685, thinking that the Huguenots were as good as suppressed, Louis XIV revoked the Edict of Nantes. The revocation was the sentence of civil death on all Huguenots; it crushed more than half the commercial and manufacturing industry of the kingdom. It is said that, at the time of it, there were a thousand Huguenot pastors; of these over six hundred escaped from France; a hundred were slain or sent to the galleys; the remainder conformed or disappeared. No calamity so great as this expulsion of the Huguenots has ever occurred to France, unless it be the wars of Napoleon. She lost her bravest and best. And other lands profited by her loss. The

Netherlands, Germany, England, and America alike, began to resound with the looms and forges of the refugees, and some of the best talent and the noblest piety became the heritage of other lands.

"It is estimated that at least five hundred thousand Huguenots fled during these persecutions. Some found their way to South Africa, where French names are still common among the Boers. Some fled to Switzerland, the French part of which contains to-day a large Huguenot population. Others sought refuge in Germany, where we find the town of Fredericksdorf with its archaic French tongue, its French customs, and its French Protestant liturgy in the church. Still others fled to Holland, where there are yet nearly a score of French churches. Many reached England, and we find still in Bristol and Norwich unused Huguenot churches, as well as a very prosperous one in London. In the crypt of the Canterbury Cathedral, French services, inaugurated at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, have not been discontinued to this day. Not a few of these noble exiles came to America, made large settlements in the South, had churches in New York, were predominant in the settlement of Kingston, founded New Paltz, New Rochelle, settled in Massachusetts, and were numerous in Boston, where Faneuil Hall was named after one of them. Bowdoin College also bears the name of a Huguenot. The total emigration is conceded to have been half a million persons, and it is estimated that had it not been for the revocation, France would have now at least six million Protestants instead of seven hundred thousand. Those who emigrated carried everywhere a highly respected name, were thrifty, broad-minded, and progressive, God-fearing men." [2]

Only after a whole century of deprivation and disability did Louis XVI restore their civil status to the Huguenots. They now number about half a million, of whom some hundred thousand are in the North of France, while the large majority still inhabit their old quarters in the South.

It would not be fair to tell the story of Huguenot sufferings without saying one palliating word for the persecuting party. We must remember that the Huguenots became a political power just as fast as they attained numerical strength. Had they trusted simply to the truth of their doctrine and to the purity of their life, it is possible that their fate might have been different. Non-resistance has often been better than the sword for the followers of Christ, and it was non-resistance that saved the church in the early Christian centuries. But the Huguenots felt that they had rights, and that those rights must be maintained by force. They constituted a kingdom within a kingdom, at a time when the civilization of France, and even the civilization of Europe demanded the unification of the warring feudal elements, which had kept all its lands in disorder. France especially was divided against itself, and Louis XIV was doing a great and necessary work of consolidation. His maxim, *" L'état, c'est moi,"* was not only a challenge to rebels, it was also a declaration of the only visible relief from anarchy.

Perhaps we can realize the situation somewhat better if we imagine in our own land a religious sect like the Mormons gradually gathering to itself so great a number of adherents that it is enabled to master not only whole towns, but whole States, and to send to the national capital representatives who claim that all legislation shall be conducted in its interest. Imagine such a sect powerful enough to threaten the subjugation of all the remaining portions of the population, and succeeding at last in putting a president of its own in the White House at Washington. This may picture to us the alarm and opposition which were roused among the Catholics and royalists of France when Henry IV published the Edict of Nantes. The downfall of the monarchy seemed imminent. Louis XIV took advantage of that alarm and opposition to exterminate his enemies. Their defeat and sufferings were political as well as religious events, and Louis had something to say for himself when he used all the powers of his realm to put down this pestilent and ambitious party that had won such a foothold in his kingdom, and that threatened not only the religious, but the civil foundations of his throne.

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[2] J. C. Bracq, " France under the Republic," 335.

I do not justify the cold-blooded despotism that did not hesitate to crush religion at the same time that it crushed rebellion, and that regarded the will of a corrupt hierarchy of more account than the will of God. But I do see in the struggle the sad results of defending the religion of Christ by force of arms. The Huguenots made the same mistake that Louis made—the mistake of uniting Church and State. If they had conquered in the struggle they might have persecuted the Catholics as the Catholics persecuted them. That was the error of the time, and not even England was free from it, for there the Protestants put to death Sir Thomas More, the Catholic, as the Catholics put to death Hugh Latimer, the Protestant. Soul-liberty was never embodied in actual government until the Baptist, Roger Williams, put it into the constitution of Rhode Island, in America.

Aigues-Mortes was the isolated and desolate spot selected by Louis XIV for the confinement of recalcitrant Huguenots. The town had heard the preaching of Boisset, the Calvinist of Geneva, and many of its people had become converts to the new faith. The Count de Villars, the governor of Languedoc, appeared upon the scene, seized the preacher and his adherents, confined them for a time in the Tower of Constance, and finally hanged them all. The count then wrote to the king that " having, with God's help, despatched the guilty, he was on his way to the mountains to subdue a lot of that rabble (*bon nombre de cette canaille*) who had taken refuge there." But this hanging of the minister and his followers was only the beginning of sorrows for Aigues-Mortes. The blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church. The reformed faith grew to surprising dimensions, till half the inhabitants of the town became Huguenots. As they increased in number they grew bold, and for their own protection claimed political power. This only incensed the royal authorities the more against them. In Aigues-Mortes, as throughout France, the struggle was nothing less than civil war. Louis XIV was bent on unifying his kingdom. The church was using him as its tool and was persuading him that this unification could be secured only by the destruction of the heretics. When he revoked the Edict of Nantes, the Huguenots had to fight, not only for their right to worship God, but for their very lives.

It is doubtful whether human history anywhere furnishes the example of a more heroic struggle than that which ensued in the South of France. The whole power of Church and State united to exterminate the reformed doctrine. The worship of the Huguenots was prohibited, their meeting-houses were razed to the ground, their ministers were banished. When they fled to the hills, they were hunted like wild beasts by the royal soldiery, and, if surprised in their clandestine assemblies, the men were put to the sword or sent to the galleys, their wives and children were taken from them and were imprisoned for life. The Tower of Constance was the dungeon of these unhappy women for many years. At any moment they could have purchased their liberty by the denial of their faith. But they held fast to Christ and his truth, in spite of unspeakable sufferings, some of them for more than forty years. And this persecution went on at Aigues-Mortes all through the latter part of Louis XIV's reign, and a whole half-century of the reign that followed, while at the same time the odalisques of the Parc-aux-Cerfs were sharing the prodigalities and the debaucheries of Louis XV.

The day of deliverance, however, was at length to come. A man just and brave, distinguished on the field of battle, yet possessed of a sympathetic heart, was appointed governor of Languedoc. It was the Prince de Beauveau. In his inspection of the royal property along the coast he came to Aigues-Mortes. His aidede-camp tells the story of his visit to the Tower of Constance in so graphic a manner that I quote his very words:

" We found at the entrance to the tower an assiduous doorkeeper. He led us upward by dark and tortuous stairways, and at length opened for us with great noise a frightful door, over which one might almost read the inscription of Dante, 'All hope abandon, ye who enter here.' I have no colors with which to paint the horror of a spectacle to which our eyes were so little used, a picture hideous and at the same time touching, a picture of which the interest was only increased by disgust. We saw a great circular apartment, destitute of air and of daylight, and in that great room forty women languishing in misery, infection, and tears. The governor could scarcely contain his emotion, and for the first time, without doubt, those unfortunate women perceived compassion on a human face. I see them still, at our sudden entrance, like an apparition, all falling at his feet, deluging them with their tears, striving to find words, but able only to express themselves in sobs; then, when emboldened by our sympathy, recounting their common griefs. Alas! their only crime was that of having been instructed in the same religion as that of Henry IV. The youngest of these martyrs was more than fifty years old. She was only eight years old when she was arrested, because she had gone to a preaching service with her mother, and the punishment was lasting still. 'You are free!' were the words uttered by a loud voice, but a voice trembling with pity, and I was proud that it was the voice of the governor. But, as the most of them were entirely without resources, without experience, without family or friends, these poor captives, astonished by liberty, ran the risk of new misfortunes, and their deliverer at once made provision for their needs."

In this one room, so vast and dark, forty women, and some of them for more than forty years, had suffered for their faith, but without yielding one jot or tittle to the persecution. Their forty beds of straw encircled the apartment. The hole in the center of the floor served to let refuse down and smoke upward from fires below. But on the rim of that orifice was scratched with a nail the word, *"Resistez!"* It was a quotation from the Epistle of St. James, written for just such times of tribulation: "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." Marie Durand, the young girl who grew to be an old woman in that dungeon, read day by day to the inmates of the dungeon the words of holy writ, and encouraged them to resist, though every Thursday a priest came to the door and offered them liberty at the price of submission to Rome. I descended from the Tower of Constance, and on my way to the city gate I passed the statue of St. Louis, the king of France, who founded Aigues-Mortes. It is a notable work of art by the sculptor Pradier. It represents the king in coat-of-mail and with crown upon his head. One of his hands rests upon the hilt of his sword, the other upon his breast, as if he already had presentiment that he should never come back to France alive, as in truth, he died at Carthage, in Africa. The inscription on the pedestal of his statue reads thus: "To St. Louis, the city of Aigues-Mortes, wishing to perpetuate the most glorious memory of its annals, has erected this statue, in the place which witnessed the embarkation of this Christian hero for the fifth and the sixth crusade." I confess that the inscription scratched on the rim of that hole in the floor of the Tower of Constance seemed to me much the more noble. The writer of it is unknown to all but God; it may have been Marie Durand herself; but I must think her more of a saint than ever was St. Louis. And far more heroic and Christian than St. Louis' crusade against the infidels was this long endurance of holy women for conscience' sake in the Tower of Constance at Aigues-Mortes.

XXI

ROME, OLD AND NEW[1]

In the year 1859, immediately after Christmas, I left Berlin and made my way to Rome. It was a devious journey, for I took Wittenberg, Dresden, Leipzig, Prague, Nuremberg, Ratisbon, Munich, Salzburg, Vienna, and Trieste on my route—all by rail, though from Salzburg to Vienna the railway was not yet completed and I went by post. I reached Italy at last, but it was Austrian Italy. In Venice the German military band played in the afternoon in the piazza of St. Mark. When the band appeared the place was thronged. In ten minutes every auditor had disappeared and the band played in solitude. It was the rising spirit of Italian independence. The Austrians had been beaten at Solferino; under Cavour's leadership Italy was becoming conscious of her power; but Garibaldi was yet to turn the longing for Italian unity into actual fact. Looking back through the vista of these fifty years, I see changes which no one could possibly have predicted—a new German empire, a new Italian kingdom, a new republic in France, a new republic in Portugal, a new republic in China.

Verona, Mantua, Parma, Bologna—the rail brought me to all these, but at Bologna the rail came to an end, and to reach Florence I was obliged to take the diligence at three o'clock on the morning of January 23, and to ride eighteen hours over the Apennines chilled to the bone, and reaching Pistoia at nine in the evening, whence I found rail to Florence of twenty-one miles the next morning. But there was no railway from Florence to Rome, nor from Rome to Naples. So I was forced to go through Pisa to Leghorn, and from Leghorn take a steamer to Civita Vecchia, whence there was railway communication with Rome. This absence of what in our day we call the necessary arteries of commerce only represents one aspect of the segregation of States a half-century ago. Lombardy and Piedmont belonged, indeed, to Victor Emmanuel; but Venice was in the hands of the Austrians; Naples under the tyranny of King Ferdinand; Parma, Modena, Tuscany were independent dukedoms; while the pope was still a temporal ruler, and monarch of all he surveyed in the States of the Church.

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[1] A paper read to the Genesee Baptist Ministers' Conference, September 27, 1909.

Rome fifty years ago had only about one hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants, whereas it now has five hundred thousand. It is the third city of Italy for size, Naples coming first, with a population numbering five hundred and forty-seven thousand; Milan second, with five hundred and twenty thousand. In those days Rome was a sleepy and dirty town, with very little trade except in its ecclesiastical relics and works of art. Now it is a modern city, with commercial pretensions, great manufactories, splendid hotels, street railways, telephones, and electric connections, magnificent parks and gardens, public buildings that would do credit to Paris, London, or New York. But in 1859 the place seemed still a section of the Middle Ages. The cardinals sailed about with their scarlet caps and robes and coaches, these last drawn by four horses each, and the holy father drove through the Corso, or descended from his carriage and trod the sidewalk, while every knee was bowed until he passed.

There were already, however, mutterings of a distant storm. A great part of the people were discontented with the political situation and were ready for revolt. The exactions of the priesthood had indeed made life unendurable. Only the presence of French soldiers kept Pius IX upon his throne. At his accession, his great object was to bring about a confederation of the Italian States under the papal supremacy. With this object in view, he placed himself at the head of the movement for reform, proclaimed an amnesty to political offenders, reorganized the municipal government of Rome, and granted a constitution to the papal States. Frightened, however, by the increasing demands of the populace, he fled to Gaeta in November, 1848, while a republic was proclaimed at Rome. In 1850 he was restored by the aid of the French, and when I visited Rome French soldiers were everywhere in evidence, though they were hated and execrated by the people. From that time Pius IX gave up all his projects of reform, and to the end of his life was an ultra-conservative. It was only an illustration of the general principle that Roman pontiffs begin their reign energetically and hopefully, but little by little become mere wheels and cogs in a gigantic machine which is the growth of ages. Gulliver in his sleep was pinned down by the Lilliputians. Each single cord with which they bound him was no thicker than a hair, and he could easily have broken it, but a thousand of them were too much for his strength. Each new pope hopes to reform the papacy, but ends by sadly confessing that the papacy cannot be reformed. The present pope is a well-meaning man, with some desire to make his office a blessing to his people. To the astonishment of all Rome, he began immediately after his accession to preach every Sunday a little sermon in St. Peter's. Crowds began to throng the cathedral; the cardinals got wind of the innovation; they feared the outcome of such independence; there was secret consultation; and the new service was suppressed. When I saw the holy father carried in on his *sedia gestatoria* a few months ago, to the sound of trumpets, with forty cardinals and a hundred and fifty bishops in his train, to celebrate in the great basilica the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, I thought his face showed signs of distaste for this unapostolic splendor, and of disappointment at the failure of his plans.

The French occupation of Rome as I witnessed it fifty years ago, was not long to continue. The exigencies of the French government six years later compelled the withdrawal of the French troops. Rome being on the verge of revolution, Victor Emmanuel notified the pope that he should take possession of the city, as he had already annexed to his dominions the States of the Church. On the twentieth of September, 1870, General Cadorna summoned the papal garrison to surrender. A short bombardment made a breach in the old wall; a white flag was hoisted; the Sardinian troops entered amid the liveliest demonstrations of popular enthusiasm. It was the end of the pope's temporal power, and that twentieth of September is now celebrated as the day of Italian independence—the Fourth of July of united Italy. A great new thoroughfare is named the Via Venti Settembre, and the spot where the breach in the old wall was made by Italian cannon is marked by a noble tablet commemorating the event as a national deliverance.

In one important respect the Rome of to-day is the same as the Rome of a half-century ago. I refer to its relation to the Campagna. Unlike every other great capital of Europe, this city is a sort of oasis in a desert. A region around it eighty-four miles in length by twenty-four in breadth is practically without inhabitants. Here are fourteen hundred square miles of which only about one-tenth part is under cultivation, while nine-tenths are so marshy and malarious that they are habitable only in winter, and then only by herdsmen and cattle. Yet this vast plain was once dotted with a score of cities—Antemnae, Collatia, Corioli, Tellene, Politorium, Crustumerium—and filled with a dense population. Before the Christian era, however, Roman aristocrats bought up or appropriated the ground and drove out the tillers of the soil. In their eagerness to acquire great estates they allowed agriculture to dwindle. Little by little drainage ceased, mountain streams failed to find their way to the sea and spread themselves abroad. Great level areas became pestilential ponds. The Pontine marshes, ten miles by thirty in extent, are so scourged with malaria that the fertile soil attracts only here and there an occupant. Even the drier regions are shunned by all but the poorest. Emperors, princes, and popes alike have struggled with this gigantic evil, but almost wholly in vain. Ten years ago the Italian government promulgated a law which binds the landed proprietors to provide for the escape of the rain that falls in the mountains, to keep the existing canals clean and open, and to reclaim the districts exposed to inundation. A period of twenty-four years was allowed for the completion of the work, and seven million francs were granted for the purpose. But little progress has been made, and one looks out in every direction from Rome upon mile after mile of open common, desolate and without human habitation. The great city receives its supply of provisions from a distance. Of all the European capitals, Madrid is the only one similarly situated, surrounded as it is by a barren plain and depending on Valencia for its food. But the Roman Campagna is far more extensive than the plain that surrounds Madrid. Rome has no suburban population. It sits solitary in the midst of disease and death. I had hoped to find great changes for the better, but so far as the Roman Campagna is concerned I was disappointed. Rome itself is better drained and better built to-day than it was at my first visit. Hotels are in far better sanitary condition. It is no longer at the peril of catching a Roman fever that one spends even July or August under their roofs. But the Campagna, with its long lines of broken aqueduct, is still waste and sublime.

Fifty years ago Rome was thoroughly provincial, and living was cheap. Seven young men, of whom I was one, most of us recent graduates of Yale or of

Andover, occupied the whole second floor of a Roman palace. A count and countess were our landlord and landlady. They were reduced in circumstances, and they eked out their income by renting certain of their rooms. We had a great *salon,* with allegorically frescoed ceiling. Each one of us had a large sleeping apartment; a neighboring restaurant sent in our breakfasts and dinners of several courses each; a wood fire blazed in our great chimney; and the total cost to each one of us for board and lodging was one dollar and twenty-five cents a day. I doubt whether accommodations equally good could now be obtained for four times the price.

We were fortunate in reaching Rome at the same time with Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Mrs. Stowe was in the height of her fame. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had gone around the world, and had been translated into twenty foreign languages. The author was fresh from a brilliant sojourn in Great Britain, where dukes and duchesses had vied with each other in entertaining her. She brought letters of introduction to high officials of the Roman Church. In Mrs. Stowe's company we made some most interesting excursions. Father Smith, of the College of the Propaganda, a great dignitary of the church, was our guide through the Catacomb of St. Agnes. It became evident after a little that Father Smith was a genuine propagandist, for after gathering his little following together in the darksome chapels, where there was no light but that of the candles which we carried, he would give utterance to some such words as these: "Dear friends, you perceive here one of the primitive altars of our holy religion. Underneath this marble slab were laid to rest the bones of a Christian martyr. At the head of this shelf, in the soft tufa, was fastened with mortar a vial containing some precious drops of his blood. Over his remains the mass was celebrated, and in this chapel the priest administered the sacrament to the persecuted who fled hither for refuge, and with them and with the departed prayed for God's interposition to save his own. You remember the book of Revelation, and how St. John 'saw under the altar the souls of them that had been slain for the word of God and for the testimony which they held: and they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Master, the holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?' And so, whenever the mass is celebrated, even in the backwoods of America, the church has always underneath the altar some relic of a saint who suffered martyrdom for the Lord." We were good Protestants, but we could not help being impressed by these addresses. We saw clearly that Father Smith, Irish Jesuit as he was, was magnifying his office.

This leads me to contrast the religious outlook of the present day with that of fifty years ago. At that time no Protestant worship was permitted within the city walls. Even the English Church was obliged to hold its services outside the Porta del Popolo, and thither we betook ourselves on a Sunday morning. The Protestant Bible was a forbidden book, and it was confiscated when found by the customs officers in a traveler's baggage. The British consul was permitted to hold a private service at his apartments in the Via Condotti, but when the Scotch Presbyterians attempted to follow his example and hold a private service of their own, the police sent word that assembling of this sort must cease. Not until Rome shook off the last vestige of papal authority in 1870 was there freedom of conscience and of worship in the eternal city. There is such freedom now. The English establishment has two well-appointed churches within the walls; American Episcopalians, with the help of J. Pierpont Morgan, have erected a noble edifice in the Via Nazionale; the Scotch Presbyterians and the Waldenses have valuable properties in conspicuous locations; American Methodists possess a fine chapel and fine schools; last of all, American Baptists have a church and a theological seminary, which, though poorly equipped, has a larger number of students for the ministry than any other Protestant seminary in Italy. And yet Rome is still predominantly Catholic. While Protestantism has gained a foothold, the population is now almost equally divided between adherents of the Roman Church and opposers of all religion. Multitudes in leaving the church have drifted into indifferentism or skepticism. But the organization still has great power. The official guide informs us that its clerical forces number one hundred and seventy-four convents, sixty-nine confraternities, sixty-six colleges, confessional schools, and houses of education, seventy-seven clubs, twenty-five charitable institutions, twenty-eight periodicals, two banks, and three hundred and thirty-eight churches.

To appreciate the forces with which our common Protestantism opposes these formidable batteries, it will be necessary to review the history of one or two of the modern movements which the papacy most fears. First and foremost of all I put the Waldenses. They originated four centuries before the Reformation in the northwest corner of Italy, where the Alps separate it from France. Their spiritual father was Peter Waldo. He was converted by the sudden death of a companion; sold his goods and gave them to the poor; began the study of the Scriptures; and, as he learned, he preached. It was a revival of personal religion in the heart of a dead church. As it prospered it excited the jealousy and opposition of the ecclesiastical authorities. The Archbishop of Lyons formally forbade this lay preaching. Waldo appealed to Rome, only to be condemned by the pope in 1184. But the brave reformer would not be silenced. Organizing his followers, who by this time it is said numbered eight thousand, he sent them out in pairs to evangelize in all directions. Excommunication and anathema followed, but Waldo labored on until his death in 1217, and his followers persevered in their good work until tens of thousands in the South of France, Lombardy, Switzerland, and Germany had renounced the Church of Rome and had professed the evangelical faith. The dominant church could not long endure in silence. Pope Innocent III proclaimed death to the heretics, and the bloodhounds of persecution were let loose. In the South of France eighteen towns and a hundred and sixty-four villages were destroyed, and more than sixty thousand of their inhabitants were killed or banished. The consequence was that throughout a wide district those who sympathized with the new doctrine took flight and found refuge for a time in these secluded valleys of the Cottian Alps.

They were simple and godly people, great readers and memorizers of the Bible, and great sticklers for pure morals and worship. The first systematic attempt to sweep them off the face of the earth dates from the Christmas of 1400, when the monk Borelli, with a band of cutthroats, made a sudden incursion upon the valley of Pragelas. The terrified inhabitants fled to the mountains, covered though they were at that season with snow and ice. Most of them perished, and among the rest fifty mothers were found frozen to death with their dead babes in their arms. Thirty bloody persecutions followed. For four hundred years the Waldenses endured hardships never surpassed in human annals. One shudders at the long list of barbarities which these devoted people suffered for their religion—fines, exiles, imprisonments, tortures, and deaths by fire and sword. The sixteenth century has been justly described as "one long butchery, during which the apocalyptic harlot made herself drunk with the blood of the saints," and it was these sufferings which provoked the noble sonnet of John Milton:

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
  Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
  Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshiped stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
  Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
  Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
  To heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow

> O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
> The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
> A hundredfold, who, having learned thy way,
> Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

Milton's prayer has been answered. The seventeenth of February, 1848, saw the end of their bondage. The Edict of Emancipation of King Charles Albert gave them at last the rights of free citizens in their own country, abolishing the restrictive laws under which they had so long groaned and suffered. As soon as the barriers were thrown down, the Waldenses began to make use of their liberty by bringing to their fellow-countrymen the treasure handed down to them by their forefathers, their field of operations growing with the growth of Italy. In 1860 they transferred to Florence their theological seminary. In 1870, when the Italian soldiers entered Rome through the breach of Porta Pia, a Waldensian colporteur entered with them, Bible in hand, and a few days later a Waldensian pastor preached the first evangelical sermon delivered in the Eternal City after the proclamation of papal infallibility by the Vatican Council. In 1848 the Waldenses, shut up in their valleys, the only Italian spot where they could serve God according to the teaching of the gospel, numbered only fifteen parishes, with sixteen pastors. Now the pastors are one hundred and six, and the members of their churches, scattered throughout Italy, number thirteen thousand seven hundred and fifty-one. They have fourteen missionaries in other lands, with a church-membership of six thousand seven hundred and sixty-eight. They have a deeply rooted conviction that their church has been miraculously preserved to be the leaven of the religious awakening of Italy—a religious awakening which will, sooner or later, follow its political awakening. As I listened to their cultivated and eloquent pastor in Rome, in their attractive house of worship on one of Rome's finest and most crowded thoroughfares, and filled with an intelligent and reverent congregation, I felt that their conviction is well founded. The Waldensian church has lived up to its motto: A candle burning on its stand, surrounded by seven stars in a black sky, with the legend *Lux lucet in tenebris*—"the light shineth in darkness."

A few words with regard to Baptist interests in Rome. The triumphal entry of Victor Emmanuel into the city in 1870 was the signal to Baptists also to preach the gospel there. Dr. George B. Taylor may justly be called the founder of the mission. He was an accomplished gentleman and a ripe scholar, as well as a devoted pastor and missionary. For thirty-three years he gave his life and his property to the work. He secured a location in one of the most thickly populated quarters, and began to teach and to win one by one of those around him, until by long and self-sacrificing labor he had gathered a church of true believers, pure in life and organized after the simple model of the New Testament. In 1901 a Theological Seminary was founded, and from it pastors have been furnished for many churches established as offshoots from the church in Rome. The work has wonderfully grown, until the number of churches in the Italian peninsula is thirty-two, and the outstations are more than double that number. Every part of Italy has been penetrated by our doctrine, as well as Sardinia, Sicily, Austria, and North Africa. The members of our churches are for the most part poor, but nearly all of them are propagandists. Many deserve great credit, since they lose much in a material way by their profession of evangelical faith.

Our Baptist work in Rome is under the charge of the Southern Baptist Convention, and considerable contributions have been made from American sources. But it needs far more than it has yet received. Rome is a strategic center of the whole Catholic world. Baptists, for the very reason that they stand at the opposite extreme to papal sacramentalism and idolatry, are best fitted to carry to Rome the light of the true gospel. They have already largely influenced other denominations in Italy. Infant baptism and baptismal regeneration, doctrines inherited from the papacy by other evangelicals, are not so popular as formerly. Dr. George B. Taylor, the president of the Theological Seminary, who died in 1907, left behind him a delightful record of literary and social and evangelistic service, and his son-in-law and successor, Dr. D. G. Whittinghill is an able and faithful teacher. Prof. Henry Paschetto also, who recently died, was the finest Semitic scholar among Protestants in Italy. Ludivico Paschetto, his eldest son, has just won the prize of the Pontifical Archæological Academy of Rome, for his work, entitled "The History and Monuments of Ostia." When the pope learned that his prize of a thousand francs went to a Baptist minister and professor, he must have doubted the wisdom of so free a competition. Signor Milesbo, who tried in a recent book to prove that Christ never existed, has been satisfactorily answered by another of the seminary faculty, Prof. Hannibal Fiori. Signor Galassi, a member of the Rome church, is reputed to be the most popular tract writer in Italy. Prof. John Arbanisich, of Genoa, has translated the Gospel of Luke into the Sard dialect for the British and Foreign Bible Society. One of our evangelists has distinguished himself as a hymn writer and historian, while two others are graduates of the University of Rome, another of Milan, and a fourth of Florence.

All this shows that our cause in Rome deserves aid. It needs aid in large measure, because the time has arrived for us to come out into the open and make more public our claims. Much money is required for a central building which will serve as a church, a school building, a printing establishment, and a home for missionaries. A church-building fund is next in order, for we own only five church buildings in Italy, while twenty-seven of our churches are without homes. Finally, the Theological Seminary and its library cry for endowment and support. It is a critical time in the history of our work. The papacy is straining every nerve to retain its hold upon the people and to thwart the efforts of Protestant Christians. When our Waldensian friends established their orphanage, the Roman Catholics bought the ground opposite them on the street and erected there a competitive orphanage five times as large. When our Baptist brethren entered into negotiations for the purchase of a building on the Corso, suitable for a house of worship, the Roman Church intervened and the owner refused to sell at any price. Through its religious orders the church seeks to promote the comfort and convenience of strangers who visit Rome, and to gratify their desire for æsthetic and artistic enjoyment. It has a network of pensions, lodgings, refuges for the thoughtless who will suffer themselves to be entrapped. No great heiress spends a winter in Rome but the papal authorities are forewarned of her coming, and polite attentions are shown her with a view to converting her to the Roman Catholic faith. An American young man of the highest literary and social standing sought an audience with the holy father to offer himself for the priesthood. The pope persuaded him to another course—to return to America, to marry a great heiress, to set up a magnificent establishment in Rome, where the cardinals could meet unsuspecting travelers of wealth and could inveigle them into the Roman Church. The nuns of Rome pervert more Protestants in a single year than any single preacher or theologian converts during his whole life.

These are the dying struggles of the papacy, but they are resolute struggles notwithstanding. In spite of itself, the church has been forced to yield in many points. It has removed the ban which it once placed upon all who, by exercising the elective franchise, countenanced the royal government. Railways and telegraphs, like fresh breezes from the mountains, have swept away much of the miasma which infected the Rome of fifty years ago. Like China, she has been awakened from slumber by modern inventions. In 1860 the princes of the church were almost the only men of wealth; now the cardinals, by unfortunate investments in real-estate speculations, have lost much of their property; great manufacturers and railway magnates have erected palaces which far surpass in beauty their dreary and mediæval fortresses; a new society has gathered about the Quirinal; the papal court is eclipsed by the royal court; people smile when you speak of the pope as a prisoner; and it is plain that the day of blind submission to hierarchical pretensions has passed forever. And this weakening of Roman Catholic prestige and influence works to the advantage of all evangelical effort.

Let me quote a few sentences with regard to the present situation, written by a most competent observer in Rome itself. "The two nightmares which oppress the papacy are anticlericalism and modernism. The first is a redoubtable enemy from without, moving on political and social ground. As violent as it is vulgar in its attacks, it excites to a paroxysm of irritation hundreds of thousands of the proletariat, whom it then casts into the most extreme negations of unbelief, without on that account detaching their families and often even themselves from the church, which always remains the depository of the sacraments and the merciful mother who assures men of salvation. The thoroughgoing anticlerical can never be an ally of the Protestant cause; if he condescends to regard us with a little more good will to-day than before, it is because he knows that we are not in league with the Vatican; but to-morrow he will turn furiously against us, for he fights not only against papacy, but against Christianity and religion itself.

"The other enemy is working in the bosom of the church itself, and has no idea of quitting it, though it undermines at the very foundation its doctrine and discipline. Modernism has many more allies than is generally imagined, and the severe measures taken by the Vatican to prevent its progress, such as the thunders which the pontiff has launched, prove that it is the enemy which the papacy most deeply dreads. Indeed, until these last days, one of the most formidable arguments of Romanism, which has had so much influence on a mass of formal and worldly Christians, is that it alone secures the most perfect unity, while Protestantism is divided into an infinite number of fractions. Souls feeble, tired out, or inert, suffer themselves to be carried along by the prestige of an unchangeable and infallible authority. But now the building is cracking; the bark is showing threatening leaks; the citadel of orthodoxy beholds flags of revolt floating on its own bastions; and, alas, the only effectual remedy is not within reach; the secular arm no longer affords its complacent services to the ecclesiastical tribunals of the Inquisition; and the thunders of the Vatican are henceforth only noisy sounds, with no projectiles, and consequently of no avail."

The old Rome of which I have thus far spoken is the Rome of a half-century ago. I must speak now of a Rome far older, the Rome of antiquity and art. Let the modern schools of classical studies serve as transition. In a charming palazzo, with broad marble staircase, spacious salon, and beautiful garden, I found established the American school, with Jesse Benedict Carter, Ph. D., as its director. This school was founded by the Archæological Institute of America, in

1895, and therefore has been in existence for fourteen years. The American School of Classical Studies at Athens preceded it by many years, and served it for a model. It is supported by the co-operation of the corporations and alumni of a considerable number of American universities and colleges and by private generosity. All studies bearing upon classical antiquities and history come within its range, and it encourages and assists in original research and exploration. Fellowships are awarded in Roman literature and in Christian archæology. The value of such an institute can hardly be overestimated. To any teacher of Latin it furnishes the object-lessons and gives the historical bent, which are needed to rescue his work from mere grammar-grinding and to impart to it the interest of real life. Doctor and Mrs. Carter are princely entertainers, and some of the pleasantest hours of my weeks in Rome were spent at their house. But, like our foreign ambassadors, their entertaining is done mostly at their own charges, and woe be to the American who accepts such a position with a limited bank account. Letters of introduction pour in upon him by the hundred. He is beset by calls from distinguished and titled strangers. He is a representative of his country, and is expected to show courtesy to those who come. Both Director Carter and Ambassador Griscom made my winter in Rome delightful. But I grieve to say that the ambassador had no house which belonged to the embassy, and Director Carter lived in a villa which he rented from year to year. American liberality could do no better thing than to furnish both of them with quarters which they could call their own. Even the library of the

American school is not its own, but is borrowed. Our Congress has again refused to pass the bill to appropriate $500,000 for the erection or purchase of suitable buildings for the American embassies in the great capitals of Europe, and the day seems still far away that will see our representatives decently lodged. Only private generosity can be depended on to provide for our schools in Athens, Jerusalem, and Rome. That of Rome has now an endowment of $100,000, but it needs a building which would cost $100,000, a library fund of $100,000, and an addition to its general endowment of $300,000 more. An American millionaire could distinguish himself and could serve the cause of learning in no better way than to meet these needs by the gift of $500,000.

Prof. Christian Hülsen, director of the German school in Rome, is probably the greatest living authority with respect to the ancient monuments. His work on the Roman Forum is trustworthy and exhaustive. The plant of the school on the Capitoline Hill and in immediate connection with the German embassy is simply superb. It was secured eighty years ago, when Bunsen was the German ambassador in Rome, and it was projected on a noble scale. It has a priceless library, containing all the literature, ancient or modern, that bears upon classical study. Its terraces look out upon a lovely garden and command a view of all Rome. The German government supports the school by a large annual subvention, and picked students from the German universities are maintained there with annual stipends. Its plant could not now be duplicated for $1,000,000. It was my good fortune to make friends with Doctor Hülsen, and to have him and Mrs. Hülsen as companions of my return voyage to America. Doctor Hülsen came to deliver a course of lectures at Columbia University on the " Monuments of Rome," and he was also to lecture at Cambridge and at Chicago. He is a characteristic specimen of German learning, modest to a fault, yet master of his subject, quoting Latin writers with a marvelous memory, yet a polyglot in the modern languages, combining great insight with great judgment, and reaching conclusions which do not need to be revised. Professor Hülsen is a notable instance of German persistence. Through all changes of imperial and university administration, he has continued, and he has been continued, in his conspicuous and responsible post for the past twenty-seven years. And yet he is hardly more than fifty years of age. I grieve to say that after his twenty-seven years of service he has now been displaced.

My afternoon in the Roman Forum, with one of these experts for guide, is something long to be remembered. It was the more memorable to me for the reason that at my first visit, in 1860, the Italian government had not yet taken up the work of exploration, and the lower part of columns and temples was buried in rubbish. The ancient pavement, indeed, is at places forty feet below the present level of the ground. It was not until 1870 that excavations were systematically begun. Rosa, Fiorelli, Lanciani, Boni, have had charge successively, and each one has greatly added to our knowledge of ancient Rome. The whole of the Basilica Julia was laid bare; the marble balustrades of Trajan were found; the excavation of the temple of Vesta was completed; the Sacra Via was opened; two streets were removed, and all the ruins of the Forum and the Sacra Via were united in one magnificent group. The last decade, however, surpasses all those that preceded it, both in the number and the importance of the results obtained. The area laid bare by excavation has been doubled in extent; besides which, the excavations themselves have not ceased at the level of the imperial city, as was previously the case, but have been carried deeper, and have brought to light very ancient monuments of the greatest historical value. It was worth going to Rome to stand upon the spot in the Curia Julia where Cicero probably delivered his oration against Cataline.

The Forum occupies the valley between the Capitoline and the Palatine hills. It was originally deep and marshy, and the Cloaca Maxima drains it. Once used for trading purposes and lined with shops, it came to be the Comitium, or place of public assembly. As Rome grew to be great, temples, public buildings, and monuments of all sorts were erected around it. Spacious basilicas were built on its outskirts to draw the increasing traffic from the center. Five new fora adjoined each other on the north side of the old Forum, and these would have eclipsed the old, but for its glorious traditions and the wealth of bronzes and rare marbles, the columns, triumphal arches, statues, and other works of art with which it was adorned. A feeling of amazement comes over one as he contemplates the multiplicity and the vastness of these remains of Roman pride and splendor. A competent authority has declared that all the great buildings of modern London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna put together would not equal the display of

Rome at the time of the Emperor Constantine. Here in the Forum great public funerals occurred, like that of Julius Cæsar. Here were triumphal entries of victors from Gaul and from the far East, who offered sacrifice in the temple of Jupiter on the Capitoline Hill. Yet with all my feeling of amazement at the number and greatness of these remains, there was mingled a sort of disappointment to find them thrust into so narrow quarters. The little valley was too contracted for the Forum. The new edifices, gorgeous as they were, crowded out or obstructed the view of the old, so that the *tout ensemble* was not a unity. To attract attention it became necessary to perch the temples on massive substructions, and to reach the cella by a long series of steps. One marked difference between the temples of the Greeks and those of the Romans is this, that Greek temples lie flat upon the ground while Roman temples are lifted up into the air.

Even more impressive than the ruins of the Forum are those of the Palatine. Fifty years ago I wandered over the hill, sat down in the sunshine on some projecting stone, and wondered what secrets of Tiberius, Caligula, or Nero might be hid beneath. Excavation began almost immediately after I left, and nothing in all Rome gives such an impression of colossal and almost crazy grandeur as do the walls and apartments which have been dug out from the earth. If the Forum was the center of public life in Rome, here on the Palatine was the nucleus and center of authority. Here Augustus was born and here he lived. From the brow of the north spur of the hill, the mad Caligula caused a bridge to be thrown over the Forum to the capitol, in order to facilitate his intercourse with the Capitoline Jupiter, whose representative on earth he pretended to be. Here is the house of Livia, the mother of Tiberius, the best-preserved private house of all Rome. Here is a so-called stadium, five hundred and twenty-five by one hundred and fifty-six feet in dimensions, which is now regarded as only the private garden of the emperors. And here is the Paedagogium, or school for imperial slaves, who, like those of all the wealthier Romans, received a careful education. Here was found a caricature of the crucifixion: A man with the head of an ass affixed to a cross, with a figure at the side and the words underneath, "Alexamenos worships his God." It is the sarcastic wit of an imperial page at the expense of some Christian companion. But even after all these intervening centuries have passed, it witnesses that in those early days of persecution, Jesus Christ was worshiped not as human but as divine. These vast structures, piled up and served by the labor of a multitude of slaves, did yet harbor many a convert to the Christian faith, and these converts were not ashamed to tell their story to others, as the bonds of St. Paul and the Lord for whom he suffered became known throughout the whole pretorian guard. Some have thought, indeed, that the apostle had his hearing before Nero in the great Aula Regia, or throne-room, of the Palatine. But there was another place for judicial procedure, namely, the Temple of Concord in the Forum, and the Palatine was reserved as the palace and residence of the emperors.

The Colosseum presents a different appearance to-day from that of my first visit, for the reason that the arena has since then been excavated, and the chambers and dens for the wild beasts have been brought to light. The longer diameter of the elliptical structure is six hundred and fifteen feet, the shorter five hundred and ten, and the walls rise to a height of one hundred and fifty-seven; but there were seats for fifty thousand spectators, the foremost row of seats being reserved for the emperor, the senators, and the Vestal Virgins. It is the largest theater and one of the most imposing structures in the world. Completed by Titus in A. D. 80, it was inaugurated by gladiatorial combats, continued during a hundred days, in which five thousand wild animals were killed and naval contests were exhibited. From the fifteenth to the seventeenth century the stupendous pile, which had already fallen into ruin, served as a quarry for popes and princes. Building materials for many new churches and palaces were here near at hand, although some maintain that only the portions already lying in ruins on the ground were removed for this purpose. Although two-thirds of the gigantic structure have disappeared, the ruins are still stupendously impressive. The Colosseum has ever been a symbol of the greatness of Rome, and it gave rise in the eighth century to a prophetic saying of the pilgrims:

> While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand;
> When falls the Colosseum, Rome shall fall;
> And when Rome falls, with it shall fall the world.

There is a Christian church in Rome which interested me even more than St. Peter's. It is the church of Santa Prisca. Prisca is a contraction of the longer name Priscilla, and this church probably occupies the site of the house of Aquila and Priscilla, whom Paul salutes in his Epistle to the Romans. "Sojourners from Rome" were among the Jews and proselytes who were in Jerusalem at Pentecost and who were converted there. Returning to Rome, they doubtless proclaimed the gospel to their Jewish brethren, and this preaching of what seemed to many a new religion may have been one cause of the dissensions which drew upon the Jews the suspicions of the imperial government and led Claudius the emperor to issue a decree banishing from the city all who belonged to that nation. Christians at that time were only an obscure Jewish sect, and when Jews were exiled, Christians also were compelled to go. Aquila and Priscilla were tent-makers. The tents they made were not the miniature affairs which children erect in our back yards. They were rather tents for soldiers or for herdsmen, woven of haircloth or the strongest canvas, and large enough to serve a whole family for habitation, or a Roman officer for his council of war. Their manufacture required many helpers and a large amount of room. The Roman house, built around an open court, furnished admirable facilities for the work. In that court during the weekdays the artisans could ply their trades. When the week ended and the Sabbath dawned, the heavy material could be folded up and carried into one of the adjoining apartments. Benches could be brought in, and the open court could be converted into an auditorium for the preaching of the gospel.

Aquila and Priscilla, after being driven from Rome, betook themselves to Corinth. Paul finds them there, and being himself a tent-maker joins them, as it would appear, both in their secular and in their religious work. They have wonderful success; a great church is gathered; common dangers and struggles bind their hearts together. When Paul leaves Corinth he takes Aquila and Priscilla with him. But he leaves them at Ephesus and proceeds himself to Jerusalem. When he next returns to Corinth, Aquila and Priscilla are no longer there; the interdict of the emperor has been removed; they have returned to Rome. It would almost seem as if they had again taken possession of the house which they had been forced to leave. At any rate, we see them again combining the prosecution of their trade with the proclamation of the gospel, for in Paul's letter to the Romans, written from Corinth, where these two had so faithfully entertained him, the first of his salutations is: " Salute Prisca and Aquila, my fellow-workers in Christ Jesus, who for my life laid down their own necks, unto whom not only I give thanks, but also all the churches of the Gentiles; and salute the church that is in their house."

In the Middle Ages over the door of the church at Santa Prisca there was an inscription, " This is the house of Aquila." In 1776, excavation brought to light a bronze tablet, dated A. D. 227, and proving that the house owned by Aquila and Priscilla had passed into the hands of a Cornelius Pudens, possibly the descendant of that Pudens to whom Paul sends his regards in his second Epistle to Timothy. Suffice it to say, that there is a network of circumstantial evidence tending to show that the present church of St. Prisca is built upon the very spot where the earliest Christian assemblies were held in Rome; where the church to which Paul wrote held its meetings; where possibly his epistle was publicly read; and where, if Peter ever visited Rome at all, which is doubtful, the voice of that apostle to the circumcision must have been heard.

The Reverend J. Gordon Gray, D. D., the pastor of the Scottish Presbyterian Church in Rome, has made this matter a subject of prolonged study. Some years ago he obtained from the municipal government permission to make excavations, with a view to determining whether the church was built upon the foundations of a more ancient Roman house. John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, pledged the funds necessary to the work. The digging was begun, and the results attained were deemed highly encouraging. But there is a Roman Catholic convent connected with the church. When the ecclesiastics became aware that Protestants were making investigations which might affect the claims of St. Peter, they brought mighty influences to bear upon the municipal authorities; an obsolete ordinance was invoked requiring the consent of the convent; the work was stopped until the Italian legislature should repeal the obnoxious statute. Mr. Wanamaker's money is meantime held in trust and is allowed to accumulate. It is another illustration of the obstacles which papal influence interposes to any independent inquiry into the foundations of the Roman Catholic creed. Like the more recent refusal of the Italian government to permit an international excavation of buried Herculaneum, it is the old story of the dog in the manger that will neither eat nor let another eat.

And now, last of all, let us take a glance at the Baths of Caracalla. Next to the Colosseum, I regard these as the most awe-inspiring ruins of Rome. I shall not attempt to describe the construction of a great Roman bath. Let me simply say with regard to these Thermæ that they were begun in A. D. 212, by Caracalla, extended by Heliogabalus, and completed by Alexander Severus in 235. They contained sixteen hundred marble baths, but with their vast tanks for plunging and swimming they could accommodate as many as three thousand bathers at once. Their magnificence was unparalleled. Here the gilded Roman youth of both sexes met, not only for bathing, but for gymnastic exercises, conversation, and repose. Numerous statues, including the Farnese bull, Hercules, and Flora, at Naples, and numerous mosaics, such as that of the athletes in the Lateran Museum, have been found here. It gives only a slight idea of the vastness of the structure to say that the bathing establishment proper, surrounded by a wall with porticoes and including a race-course, was seven hundred and twenty feet long and three hundred and seventy-two feet in breadth, while the entire enclosure was one thousand and eighty feet long and as many broad. The massive walls, notwithstanding the destruction of the roof, still bear testimony to the technical perfection of the structure. The Roman mortar is harder than the brick or the stones which it held together, and it almost defies attempts to break it up. Two things were suggested to me as I gazed at this tremendous ruin: One is that this immense structure, a full mile out in the country south of Rome, is the witness to an ancient population far exceeding the present. This provision for three thousand bathers could not have been the provision for a country club. There must have been around these Thermæ a thronging multitude of citizens. The baths were not for slaves, but for freeborn Romans, and this was the aristocratic part of the city. The Colosseum in the old time was not as at present in the southern quarter of the metropolis, but in the northern quarter instead; and the city, with a population not of six millions, as De Quincey fabulously made out, nor even of three millions as some later writers estimate, but with a population of at least a million, and therefore twice as great as to-day, extended far to the south. In general, we may say that the city now occupying the Pincian, the Quirinal, the Viminal, and the Esquiline hills is modern; Rome on the left bank of the Tiber, with the Corso for its main thoroughfare, is the city of the Middle Ages; the quarters on the right bank, of old as now, were inhabited by the poorer classes, so that here Nero burned the Christians in his circus and Hadrian erected his gigantic tomb; but the abodes of the rich and their places of recreation and amusement were, both in republican and in imperial times, south of the Capitoline Hill. The Baths of Caracalla, supplied as they were by an aqueduct equal to the needs of a whole city, are a valuable clue to the topography and the wealth of ancient Rome.

The only remaining remark which suggests itself to me is that it is not the hand of man alone that is responsible for the overthrow of such structures as the Colosseum and the Baths of Caracalla. The earthquake has also done its work, and subsequent spoliation has been partly due to despair of ever remedying the destruction which the earthquake had previously wrought. I learned much in Italy with regard to the effects of such shocks. Though I myself in Rome was not even awakened from sleep by the recent shaking of the earth, other occupants of my hotel distinctly felt it and were alarmed. But news of the disaster came in slowly. Telegraphs and telephones were all out of order. Newspapers in Italy are fifty years behind the age, and the first clear and trustworthy accounts of the catastrophe came in the "London Times." Even a fortnight after the shock there was general incredulity as to its extent. I myself took tea with the American consul at Naples, and said to him that I supposed the reports of loss of life were greatly exaggerated; it could not be nearly so great as one hundred and twenty thousand. He replied that I was very ill informed; the loss of life had been twice as great. I asked how the facts were ascertained. He answered that the government knew how many soldiers were in the barracks in Messina, and it was found that out of several thousand only one-third survived. The ecclesiastical authorities knew the number of their priests; only one-third were living. Railway employees and school-teachers could be numbered; of each sort one-third only remained. Messina had one hundred and forty-seven thousand inhabitants, and of that number one hundred thousand perished. Reggio had forty-five thousand, and of that number thirty thousand perished.

I had a personal interview with an intelligent survivor. He was the Baptist pastor of Reggio, and he had come to Rome with wife and two daughters, almost starved, and destitute of proper clothing. His house had suddenly collapsed and he found himself in the basement unharmed, but pinned down under the arch formed by the roof. He was in utter darkness at half-past five in the morning. He heard his wife groaning at a little distance, but could not stir to reach her. When daylight came friends dug them out, but found the wife with face terribly cut and collar-bone broken. With a few boards a shack was put up in the midst of the débris. With a few handfuls of wood they kindled a little fire to protect them from the wind and a pouring rain. They had almost no food but an occasional orange for six whole days, and they were almost naked. There were no trains by which they could leave the place, until at last, wrapped in blankets instead of coats and dresses, they made their way to their Christian brethren in Rome. My son and I clothed the whole family with our second-best garments.

In the "New York Nation" a few years ago there was an inquiry: What is meant when Pepys in his diary says that he slept "in his naked bed"? The reply was: That is a condensed expression, meaning that he slept naked in his bed. Nightclothes are a very modern invention, as indeed all clothes are, if we look back far enough. It is very doubtful whether good Queen Bess, with all her gay attire for daytime, ever had a nightgown. Bed curtains were only a device to prevent exposure. What was true in England so late as the time of Pepys and Charles II, is true all over southern Europe to-day. Except among the educated and well-to-do classes, who have taken up with the customs of cultivated society, people either lie down with their clothes on or they go to their beds naked. The result, in the case of the recent earthquake, has been that thousands upon thousands of corpses have been taken from the ruins naked and often crushed beyond all recognition.

The structure of Italian houses explains in part the greatness of the fatality. While the walls facing the street were of brick or stone, the side and rear walls were generally of rubble, or of friable material like poor concrete. When the earthquake rocked and twisted the building, these side and rear walls collapsed, and the whole pile became an indiscriminate mass of débris. Photographs show front walls only partially broken down. Everything back of those front walls is a dust heap. And in those dust heaps are still hundreds of bodies, which there is no energy or organization to dig out or to bury. An American professor who was traveling in Sicily, but who was outside the range of the catastrophe, boarded a train from Messina to Palermo. There had been a meeting of Sicilian business men, a sort of commercial league in Messina, and some of the prominent merchants of Palermo lost their lives on that dreadful morning. The train was carrying to Palermo the bodies of the dead. The whole plaza in front of the railway station was filled with people waiting for news of their husbands, fathers, and friends. As one after another of the corpses was brought out from the train, the relatives, after the impulsive Italian fashion, began to weep and wail. The great crowd, to the number of thousands, as the ill news spread that such and such a one had perished, fell to weeping and wailing also, until the place seemed drowned in tears. It was a sign of human sympathy. And in Rome, when the maimed and half-naked refugees came pouring in from Sicily, duchesses and countesses served them with coffee and sandwiches at the railway station, and the most elegant young men of the city carried them in carriages to the places assigned them for shelter.

But Rome is inexhaustible. A score of things crowd into my mind at which I can only hint. Fifty years ago the population seemed to be composed of soldiers, priests, and beggars. In spite of laws which aim to suppress beggary, the traveler is still pursued at every street corner and at every church door, not by the old swarm of beggars, but by individual beggars equally bold and persistent. To the classes of soldiers, priests, and beggars, however, another class has been added, namely, that of thriving young business men, and these in time will drive out the other three. The triangular fight between pope, king, and mayor (*Sindaco*), is all the more interesting from the fact that the mayor is a Jew. Once confined to the ghetto, the Jews have broken down its wall and they now have a synagogue on the banks of the Tiber, which for sumptuousness surpasses any but the greatest churches of Rome. I have not spoken of the Castle of St. Angelo, nor of the Mausoleum of Augustus, this last now turned into a magnificent concert-room, where I heard the ninth symphony of Beethoven with its grand choral accompaniment and finale. I have not touched upon the art treasures of Rome, though the recent discoveries of antiques merit a paper by themselves, and the new arrangement of pictures and statues at the Vatican makes that collection incomparably the finest in the world. The Roman palaces are still a wonder, though many of their owners are impoverished. The great tunnel, one thousand feet long and one hundred feet wide, lined with white tile, which conducts one of Rome's greatest thoroughfares under the Quirinal hill, is unrivaled by any work of the kind in Europe. St. Peter's is still the most gorgeous of cathedrals, and St. Paul's without the walls the most gorgeous of basilicas. I was able only to scratch the surface, while I left the great mine for the most part unexplored. But I gratified the desire of a lifetime to spend a winter in Rome, and in these reminiscences I have tried simply to gather up for my own benefit, as well as for yours, the results of my experience. If any one says that I have furnished only a vast and varied mass of misinformation, I will not deny that I have mingled hearsay and statistics in about equal proportions. If I am accused of the most arrant plagiarism, I will freely confess that guide-books and encyclopedias are to be credited with a large part of my learning. When Charles Lamb was reproved for coming late in the morning to his desk at the India House, he replied that he would make up for it by going away early in the afternoon. I do better than Charles Lamb: What my paper lacks in quality I make up in length.

XXII

THE CROSS OF CHRIST: A CONFESSION OF THEOLOGICAL FAITH[1]

The General Convention of the Baptists of North America is a significant fact in Christian history. It shows that North and South are substantially one. Slavery, the old root of bitterness, has disappeared; and, as in the war with Spain, South Carolina and Massachusetts have fought side by side, so now they fight side by side in the war with the prince of darkness. It is the day of reciprocity; and, while our churches scorn the idea of any common government, we are most glad to stand in line with our brethren of the Canadian Dominion, and to join hands with them in pledging our faithfulness to a common cause. In Mexico and in all the South American republics we have the deepest interest. Baptists are friends to democratic rule. They sympathize with every effort for true freedom, whether political, social, or religious. It is a continental union that we celebrate, and we can adapt to our purpose the poet's words, and say:

> No pent-up Utica contracts our powers;
> The continent, the boundless continent, is ours.

But it is not mere geography that unites us. External unity may be a rope of sand, or an iron chain of compulsion. Such union existed in the days of Hildebrand, Pope Gregory VII, but they were days of the church's deepest moral corruption. The only unity we seek is unity of the spirit. There are various shades of belief among us, and we accord to all the right of private judgment. Some of us lay most stress on the applications of Christianity; others think it of most importance that we have a Christianity to apply. Some of us insist that doctrine without duty is a tree without fruits; others contend that duty without doctrine is a tree without roots. The treasure that is hid in these earthen vessels is precious because it is Christ in us; but only Christ for us has made that treasure ours. Christian experience is possible because there is something to be experienced, and that something is the objective work of Christ on our behalf. Thank God, this is the one fundamental truth in which we all agree. The religion of Baptists is the religion of the Cross. It is the Cross of Christ in which we glory, and this seems a proper time and place to make new profession of the faith which characterizes our churches. To Baptists, with few exceptions, the Cross has meant an eternally judging, suffering, and saving God; an historically judging, suffering, and saving Christ; and a continuously judging, suffering, and saving church.

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[1] Address delivered before the General Baptist Convention of North America at Philadelphia, June 19, 1911.

All this implies a conviction of God's holiness, man's sin, and the universal need of regeneration. We are Baptists, not principally because we hold to immersion as constituting baptism, but because we hold to regeneration as alone qualifying for baptism. Regeneration gives us the key to inspiration. Only an inspired man can understand inspired Scripture. Without the inward witness of the Holy Spirit, the study of the Bible is like the examination of a stained-glass window from the outside—you cannot see either the connection or the beauty of its parts. The Holy Spirit takes us inside the structure. From within, we see the unity, the sufficiency, and the authority of Scripture, and that central figure which from the outside seemed so earthy and opaque, so destitute of form or comeliness, transmits to us the very light of heaven, and reveals itself to us as the divine and atoning Christ.

Our first confession as Baptists, then, is the confession of sin. Apart from Christ we are sinners, separated from God and separated from one another. You cannot say "My brother" until you have said "My God," and you cannot say "My God" until you have said "My guilt." So says Doctor Forsyth, and it is an illuminating utterance. It is a sad but notable sign of religious declension in our day that the conviction of God's holiness, which was once so dominant, has too often disappeared, and that belief in an undiscriminating divine benevolence has taken its place. Fifty years ago whole systems of theology, like those of N. W. Taylor and C. G. Finney, were only expansions of the idea of moral government. Now, the very idea of government has dropped out of the theology taught in some seats of learning. In the book of Revelation, "there was a rainbow round about the throne"—a rainbow of pardon and peace, round about the throne of holiness and judgment. But much of our modern theology has so exalted the rainbow that there is left no throne.

Baptists still believe in a God of righteousness, who judges and punishes sin. They believe in man's freedom, responsibility, guilt. They refuse to accept the deterministic philosophy that weakens the sense of moral obligation. It is an excellent philosophy for the brute, but it is a very poor philosophy for man. It ought to take the testimony of consciousness to human liberty, and by this inward witness interpret the laws of nature as the habits of God and the regularities of freedom. It prefers to begin with the sequences of the outer world; it assumes these sequences to be necessary; and then interprets the inner world to correspond with the outer. I charge upon this philosophy the sentimental enfeeblement of our criminal administration and the laxity that prevails in matters of divorce and municipal corruption. If there is no alternative possible to human choice, it is vain to talk of sin or retribution. Institutions of penal justice become mere reformatories; crime entitles men to the hospital, but not to the prison or the gallows. Our generation needs to learn that righteousness and judgment are the foundations of God's throne, that his fundamental attribute is holiness, and that he will by no means clear the guilty.

I would be the last to deny that the love of God is revealed even in nature. The lilies of the field and the sparrow on the housetop are the objects of his tender care. God's providence prepares the way for his redemption. But God hates the sin, while he loves the sinner, and we shall never appreciate the greatness of his salvation until we see how infinite was its cost. Love could not redeem without the self-vindication of justice, and in the Cross we see, first of all, God's judgment upon human sin.

Christ is indeed our Example, our Helper, our Master, our Life. But before all else he is our Saviour. Of all the aspects and relations in which he appears to us, the primary one is that of the Cross. The Christ whom we see there is none other than the judging, suffering, and saving God, manifest in the flesh. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," says Christ himself. The Father has committed all judgment to the Son. Christ judges sin upon the cross, and in that judgment reveals the judgment of God. To the eye of Christ sin is crime, and not merely disease; guilt, and not merely pollution. The pain, misery, death, that follow in its train are the marks of God's displeasure. The very constitution and course of nature reflect the moral disorder of the world. To Christ the whole creation was groaning and travailing in pain together, because God had set our iniquities before him, our secret sins in the light of his countenance.

Christ was the central heart and conscience of the human race. His conscience reflected God's judgment, while his heart bowed beneath the sentence of righteousness. He felt the claims of the divine justice upon the humanity with which he had identified himself. Even our half-developed conscience demands a God who hates and punishes sin, and we can worship and respect no other. Christ's conscience went farther, and saw that he himself must suffer because he was one with the sinful race. He saw in the pain, misery, and death of mankind the marks of the divine anger, and he took that pain, misery, and death into his own bosom. He saw the wrath of God revealed from heaven against human iniquity, and he opened wide his arms to receive its shock and to shield his brethren. So our Judge became our Substitute. From the first day of man's apostasy there had been gathering a cloud of just indignation. It culminated when the heavens grew dark at Christ's crucifixion. Then the lightning-stroke of justice smote the Shepherd, who was God's fellow, and who bare our sins in his own body on the tree. It was the revelation, once for all, of the holiness of God, the ill-desert of sin, the need of atonement. In the Cross of Christ we see that God must first be just before he can justify the ungodly.

God is not subject to the law of space and time, and that one act of righteousness condemned sin forever. But it condemned sin in the person of his only Son, because he was numbered with the transgressors. Only in one who was divine as well as human could the sufferings of eternity be telescoped into the moments of time. The justice was infinite, but the love was infinite also. The age-long suffering of God for human sin was condensed and expressed in the agony of his only Son. As God's holiness gathered all the thunderbolts of his anger into one terrific fulmination, so God's love gathered into his own bosom all the darts of the divine justice. He gathered into himself all the penalties of humanity, as Winkelried gathered into his bosom at Sempach the pikes of the Austrians, and so made way for the victorious Swiss. What man could not do for himself God did for him, providing the atonement in his own eternal nature and counsel, and then offering it to man without money and without price. On Mount Moriah it was not Abraham but God who provided the ram for the burnt offering, and when that sacred place was called "Jehovah-Jireh," the name did not mean that Jehovah would provide merely temporal blessing for his people; it meant that the sacrifice for sin, which man could never furnish, would be provided by God himself.

The wonder of the Cross is then that it opens a window into heaven, through which we see the central fact of existence, the innermost secret of the universe; nay, the very heart of God. There, as in a burning-glass, are concentrated all the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, and there the God, who daily bareth our burden, took to himself our sorrow and death that we might be free. But Christ's cross did not reveal the judging, suffering, and saving God as a mere objective show. Its aim was to declare the essential principle of all true life, and to reproduce that life in us. In the Christ who was stretched upon that cross we see the pattern and beginning of a new humanity, the head of a judging, suffering, and saving church. The moral influence of the atonement is a great truth when it is regarded as a mere corollary and consequence of the eternal atonement within the heart of God. But there could be no moral influence of the atonement, if the atonement itself had not gone before. This subjective effect in human hearts was decreed and guaranteed when Christ cried, "It is finished," and by one offering perfected forever them that are sanctified. Christ's sanctification of himself, in sacrificial death, included our death to sin and devotion to his work of redemption. For Christ is Christianity. The church is only an outgrowth and expansion of his life. Christian fellowship and the evangelization of mankind are products of the Cross, and for us as for Christ there is no glory except through suffering.

" God laid a world-sin upon a world-soul," in order that the soul of the world might enter into his own divine experience and be saved with an everlasting salvation. Humanity was as necessary as deity to the atonement of Christ; while yet, without the deity, humanity could never have borne the burden nor received the blessing. Any scheme of theology which leaves out the cross of Calvary may possibly be a propædeutic to Christianity, or an application of Christianity, but it is not Christianity itself; for Christianity is essentially union with the crucified and risen Christ.

Thus the judging, suffering, and saving God, who manifested himself in a judging, suffering, and saving Redeemer, gathers to himself a judging, suffering, and saving church. He himself is the life of the church. The church is no merely human society. There is in it a transcendent element. Christ is the soul of its soul, and the life of its life. So close is the union of the Christian with his Lord that he can say with Paul, " Not I live, but Christ liveth in me "; " I am crucified with Christ "; " because we thus judge, that one died for all, therefore all died." And Christian experience witnesses to the same truth: " My sins gave sharpness to the nails, and pointed every thorn "; " My name is written on his hands." Because we have the personal Christ as the present source of our spiritual life, we know that when he who is our life shall be manifested, we also with him shall be manifested in glory.

Baptists have chosen in the past to take Christ's word for their guide, and to follow him, even though the following involves the condemnation of all error and sin, and the suffering and reproach which such condemnation involves. We have been from the beginning a judging, suffering, and saving church. We have prospered just in proportion as we have been faithful to the truth; we have declined in influence just where and as we have been unfaithful. Seven years ago I had the honor of showing to our Northern Baptists that, at our then rate of increase, we should within the next decade be the most numerous evangelical body in the United States. Recent statistics have confirmed my view,[2] and in my judgment we have now passed the mark I set, and the next census will prove my prediction to be realized. Having borne the cross for many generations, it looks as if the Lord were about to bestow upon us the crown.

But the offense of the cross has not ceased. Even now there are some among us who chafe at the restrictions of Scripture, who practically deny the deity and the atonement of Christ, and who would give up the polity and ordinances of the church. To be Protestants and Baptists seems to them a galling yoke; a judging, suffering, and saving church seems too narrow an enclosure for their ambition. It is because they have forgotten the judging, suffering, and saving God, and have ceased to see in Christ a present and divine Redeemer. It is a sad return for the favor of God in giving us the largest number of communicants in America, the most costly educational equipment in the land, and the general assent of other Christians to many of the fundamentals of our creed. After the long seven years' struggle of our war for independence, it would have been absurd for Washington to surrender to Cornwallis at Yorktown. After the long four years' struggle of our Civil War, it would have been absurd for Grant to surrender to Lee at Appomattox. And it will be treachery to Christ and base ingratitude for us now to give up the principles for which we have so long contended. We have triumphed in the past, and we shall triumph in the future only as we enter into the plan of God by being a judging, suffering, and saving church.

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[2] Methodists, 6,596,168; Baptists, 5,774,066; Disciples, 1,430,015; Baptists and Disciples together, 7,140,100.

God forbid that we should glory save in the Cross of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ! The recognition of this supreme sacrificial event is essential to the existence of a truly missionary church. The greatest need of the hour is a fresh and forcible expression of the sacrificial spirit of Christ by the church, his spiritual body on earth. As Christ's sacrificial suffering for man's redemption was the crowning characteristic of his earthly ministry, in like manner must the church, by its sacrificial service for the world's salvation, justify its claim to be the true church of Christ. Its best talent should be put at the disposal of Him who emptied himself of honor and became obedient to the death of the cross. This sacrificial spirit among business men should express itself in large offerings to him who, for our sakes, became poor that we through his poverty might be made rich. Let this great central truth of the gospel get firm hold upon the men to whom God has given worldly treasure, and then, under the constraining love of Christ, millions will be forthcoming for all our great missionary enterprises, and the church herself will attain to a position of moral dignity and power unparalleled in her history.

This is my last public address, and I am glad that I can make it before the General Convention of the Baptists of North America. It is my Confession of Faith, and I hope that it expresses the faith of the great body which we represent. The living, personal, present, Almighty Christ is the only source of pardon, of peace, of purity, of power. Space and time do not bind him. He encircles the globe, and he is the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever. His Cross is the final and complete revelation of Deity, the one significant fact of history, the one truth whose meaning successive ages will more and more fully apprehend, but to which they can never add even one ray of light, because all the light of God is concentrated in it and shines forth from it. To interpret the Cross to men is the sublimest aim of the Christian, the preacher, the church, the denomination. If we will give our little all to him, he will give his infinite all to us, and will fill us with all the fulness of God.

In Christ and his Cross we have a unifying principle deeper than life itself; a principle that can stand the shock of time; a principle that can bind together in one all these nations that are hurrying to our shores. May Christ himself be our guide and our inspiration in our deliberations; may he point out to us lines of co-operative service by which we may further his great plans; may he prosper the work of our hands in each of our several provinces and fields of labor; and may he enable us each individually at the last to say with the apostle, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith."

XXIII

ADDRESS AT THE BAPTIST WORLD ALLIANCE[1]

I REGARD it as one of the greatest honors of my life that I am permitted, on behalf of the General Convention of Baptists of North America, to welcome to our shores and to our hearts our brethren from across the sea. On this continent we have four great Baptist bands, each engaged in its distinctive work: The Baptists of Canada, the Baptists of the North and West, the Baptists of the South, and the Negro Baptists; also, a growing number of Baptists in the adjacent Spanish-speaking countries. Each of these groups has been getting together, as never before, for larger and more effective service for Christ. We are all mustered under the banner of the General Convention of Baptists of North America, in the spirit of fraternity and reciprocity, to fulfil the two great commandments of loving God supremely and our neighbor as ourselves.

But we reach out beyond our own continent to-day. We are happy to enter into the fellowship of nations, and to recognize the essential oneness of all who take Christ for their Saviour and his word for their guide. This World Alliance gives us the true type of Christian unity. It is a unity in Christ and in his truth, not a mere unity of government and organization. The Baptist World Alliance is a unity of the spirit, and it is prompted and upheld, as we trust, by the Holy Spirit of God.

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[1] Address of welcome to Baptists from other countries, delivered at the meeting of the Baptist World Alliance, by the president of the General Convention of the Baptists of North America, Philadelphia, June 19, 1911.

Our Baptist denomination in America is entering into world-relations. Our country is playing a larger part in the politics of the world than it played a decade or two ago. And though some of our distant possessions have been gained by war, that war was forced upon us, and our influence has been for peace. We would cultivate all those personal and ecclesiastical relations which would make war forever impossible. How shameful would it be that any differences between us and our brethren should be settled by the arbitrament of arms! This alliance of Christians is a guarantee that, so far as the influence of Baptists can avail, international arbitration shall in every case of dispute take the place of war.

Our hearts are stirred to-day by seeing among us some of the great leaders of the English fight against tyranny in matters of religion. We are proud of Lloyd-George because he is a Baptist. I was proud of Dann at Oxford and of Joseph at Cambridge—preachers in those university towns with whom the university preachers could not compare. But we are especially proud of the Baptist leader of the Nonconformist movement in Great Britain, Dr. John Clifford, who so fitly occupies the place of president of this alliance. He has suffered for the cause of religious freedom, and, like Paul, he bears in his body the marks of the Lord Jesus. American Baptists honor him not only as the successor of Spurgeon and McLaren in the pulpit, but as the captain of the liberal host in the struggle for disestablishment and the separation of Church from State in the British Isles.

We rejoice to have with us so many representatives of the great forward movement of evangelical Christianity in eastern Europe. We have long sympathized with our persecuted brethren in Hungary and in Russia. Their bands have galled us, and we have suffered with them. The blood of the martyrs has been the seed of the church. God has made the wrath of man to praise him. And now the wonderful outpouring of his Spirit, and the conversion of thousands to our Baptist faith, provoke our deepest gratitude. We welcome those who have led in this work of grace, and pray that what they see of American liberty and Christianity may give them new heart and courage to push the conquests of Christ in the countries from which they come.

The first Napoleon was defeated only when he ceased to attack. When a church ceases to be evangelistic, it soon ceases to be evangelical; and when it ceases to be evangelical, it soon ceases to exist. The bicycle keeps up only so long as it keeps going. Revival and ingathering are the very breath of our life. We were not created for our own salvation only, but for the salvation of others also. When we shut up our candle in a dark lantern, our light goes out. The Israel that counted itself the sole favorite of God, and treated the great outlying nations with contempt, paid the penalty by being exiled and scattered to the ends of the earth; and the seven churches of Asia, where the light of the gospel once so brightly shone, are now extinct. We cannot keep unless we impart. As we have freely received, so we must freely give.

The Baptist World Alliance cannot justify its existence except by stimulating effort for the conversion of the world. There is a new sense of community abroad in the earth. We feel for massacred Armenians, and for starving Chinese, as our fathers did not. The Hague tribunal is an answer to the cry of the great race of man for the rule of right in place of the rule of force. Japan, and India, and Persia, and Turkey have each a new national consciousness. There is a growing sense of community in the whole Eastern world. It is a movement too vast to be the product of individual leaders. The Spirit of Christ is moving upon universal humanity, as of old it moved upon the face of the waters, bringing order out of confusion, and cosmos out of chaos:

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet humanity's vast frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibers feels the gush of joy or shame;
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claim.

So says James Russell Lowell in his poem, "The Present Crisis." That title is significant to-day; it is a present crisis with us, for the spirit of evil tries to capture this mighty movement and make it subserve his interests. The solidarity of the Orient might mean to the West not peace but war. China, with her four hundred millions, has been for centuries like an enormous mollusk; there have been no nervous connections between her widely separated parts; you could slice off an outlying member and the rest would not feel the loss. All this is changing now; railways and telegraphs are furnishing the nerves; newspapers are transmitting the messages; a thrill of patriotic feeling is animating the body politic; foreign aggression gives a shock; Japanese success rouses national pride; China is arming for battle, and she will yet become one of the mightiest powers of the earth—aye, she may even threaten the existence of our Western civilization.

Can the Christian nations face a union of all heathendom? I know not what the battle of Armageddon may be which is depicted in the book of Revelation. But I know that this growing solidarity of the Orient, this self-assertion of China and India and Japan, must be met by a growing solidarity of the Western powers; not a solidarity of armies and battleships, but of friendship and of peaceful pacts—a solidarity which has behind it the Spirit of Christ, the Prince of Peace. No more exploitation of the weak for the benefit of the strong, but the helping of the weak to find their place among the strong; arbitration in place of war; the open door in trade in place of isolation; good-will in place of jealousy; love in place of hate—these are the Christian weapons, with which alone we can meet and overcome the solidarity of evil.

The new consciousness of nations is matched by a new consciousness of denominations. Our Baptist host, seven and a half millions strong, has a sense of unity that it never had before. Let this be supplemented by a new sense of our spiritual unity with the whole body of believers throughout the world. Let our World Alliance take the whole world into its heart, as it only can by planning and laboring for the world's conversion. The General Convention of the Baptists of North America welcomes its brethren from all parts of the earth, in hope that the meetings of this World Alliance may stimulate us all to new zeal and liberality and prayer for the world-wide triumph of Christ and his truth.

XXIV

MAN A LIVING SOUL: A CONFESSION OF PHILOSOPHICAL FAITH[1]

Forty-four years ago, in May, 1868, I delivered the first of what has since proved to be a long series of orations before the Society of Alumni of the Rochester Theological Seminary. I have the impression that the address then given made way for my election four years afterward to the professorship of Systematic Theology and to the presidency of this institution. The subject of that oration was "Philosophy and Religion." I claimed that philosophy was a proper and needful helper to theology; that both subjective idealism and crass realism were philosophies falsely so called; and that the light which inspired Scripture threw upon the human mind might help the development of a true philosophy.

Forty years of teaching in the seminary have confirmed my judgment that the essential points of that address were well taken. My instruction has had in it a philosophical element. I have aimed to forewarn my students of the speculative objections they were likely to meet, and to show them the deep foundations of Christianity which God has laid in the very nature of man. I have had many long conflicts with men who have come to me with materialistic or with pantheistic prepossessions. "Give me a young man in metaphysics, and I care not who has him in theology;" so said N. W. Taylor. Whether we like it or not, whether we appreciate it or not, theology and philosophy are bound up together, and neither one of these can reach perfection or even stand alone without the aid of the other. The religion of nature forms the fundamental basis of theism; conscience must interpret to us the doctrines of sin, atonement, and retribution; insight into the meaning of the universe as the revelation of a present God is needed to teach us the full meaning of the revelation in his written word. The dying words of Schleiermacher are no overdrawn expression of truth when he said: "I feel constrained to think the profoundest speculative thoughts, and they are to me identical with the deepest religious feelings."

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[1] Address at the Theological Conference, anniversary of the Rochester Theological Seminary, May 8, 1912.

This is no exaltation of reason above Scripture, but only a recognition of the fact that God's revelations in nature and Scripture do not contradict each other. Scripture rightly interpreted will help us to understand nature, and a correct philosophy will help us to understand the Bible. So long as man is sinful he needs to have his reasoning corrected by the utterances of God, and no conclusions are just which contravene the combined teachings of holy writ. Evolution builds upon the past, but does not destroy it. Progress in theology is only a fuller comprehension of truth already given in germ, whether in the discoveries of men of old or in the intuitions of the soul which have prompted these discoveries and which lie beneath them.

One year ago in an address before the General Convention of Baptists of North America, I made a confession of my faith with regard to the Cross of Christ as the central fact of theology. I wish to-day to make confession of my faith in the central fact of philosophy—that man is a living soul. I would justify, if I may, this principle of my teaching, and at the end of these forty years leave my testimony to those who are to come after. There is one fact with which a true philosophy must begin, yet a fact which current systems of thought ignore or deny. It is the existence of the self, the soul, the ego, in every one of us. I would first vindicate the claims of self-consciousness. Then I would show that in self-consciousness we have a key to knowledge of the world and of God.

" Coleridge used to declare that one chief defect in Spinoza was that the Jewish philosopher started with *It is* instead of with *I am.*" [2] The primary knowledge is the knowledge of self. No knowledge of the non-ego is possible unless there be a preceding knowledge of the ego from which the non-ego can be distinguished.

The fact that both the ego and the non-ego are apparently recognized simultaneously, makes it none the less certain that the self precedes the not-self in the order of logic, although cognition of the not-self may be the occasion upon which the knowledge of the self arises. We must not discredit the knowledge of self upon the ground that self-consciousness is a late development, and that infant consciousness and animal consciousness are without definite apprehension of the subject of all of their various states. The real nature of consciousness must be learned from its final, and not from its initial form of development; the oak must explain the acorn, and not the acorn the oak.

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[2] Moffat, in Expos. Gk. Test. on Rev. 1: 8.

With Descartes, therefore, we begin our philosophy with self-consciousness. But we claim that self-consciousness means more than thinking—it includes feeling and willing as well. Not only *cogito ergo sum,* but also *amo ergo sum* and *volo ergo sum,* are the primary facts to be accepted and to be investigated. Man knows himself to be a loving and a determining, as well as a thinking, being. There is a permanent agent, with powers of inhibition as well as of action. Even our thinking and our loving are to some extent under our control. We have powers of attention and of choice. The brain is not an æolian harp, that simply gives out the vibrations it has received, it is rather a violin which requires a player, and that player is the will. Hence our philosophy is a philosophy of freedom, and the recognition of man's self-hood and free agency is the primary knowledge and the condition of all other knowledge.

In philosophy everything depends on where we begin. Many modern thinkers have reversed our process and have begun with the non-ego. It has been assumed that the external and material things are better known, and are earlier known than is the self that knows. Even the thoughts, affections, sensations, have been regarded as more certainly given in consciousness than is the subject of those thoughts, affections, sensations. Man's inner life has been resolved into a stream of consciousness or a succession of states.

But here is no provision for unity—we have a string of beads without any string. Psychology without a soul divests man both of freedom and of personality. True, we do not see the soul as objective to our sight, but unless there is a soul all sight would be impossible. The question can always be asked, Who is it that sees? And it is vain to say that the thoughts, affections, sensations see. Cicero said long ago, "*Ut oculus, sic animus, se non videns, alia cernit* (The mind, like the eye, sees other things, but cannot see itself)." That we do not see the soul as objective is no more strange than that we do not see the eye as objective. Vision gives us objects, but never gives us itself. The mind is the eye, and it cannot be found among the objects seen. The psychologist who holds to the non-existence of the soul is like a physiologist who should so lose himself among the objects of vision as to forget or deny that in order to vision there must be an eye.

How can we explain this perversity of noble minds? Only by remembering that their beginning has been wrong. Instead of beginning with the testimony of consciousness to human liberty, and by this inward witness interpreting the ongoings of the external universe, they begin with the sequences of nature, assume these sequences to be necessary, and then interpret the inner world to correspond with the outer. Every effect in nature, it is maintained, must have a phenomenal cause; therefore every effect in the mental and moral world must have a phenomenal cause. Spirit has no power of initiative, and there is no such thing as free-will, either in man or in God. The process is essentially materialistic. It interprets spirit by matter, and the living by the not-living. It makes mind the product of inferior elements, ignoring Aristotle's dictum that the whole antedates the parts, and forgetting that the designing will which appears in the product must also be implicitly involved in the elements which compose it.

The late William James, in the early part of his "Psychology," makes a very interesting acknowledgment: "It seems," he says, "as if the elementary psychic fact were not *thought*, or *this thought*, or *that thought*, but *my thought*, every thought being owned. The universal conscious fact is not 'feelings and thoughts exist,' but 'I think' and 'I feel.'" Professor James is compelled to say this, even though he begins his "Psychology" without insisting upon the existence of a soul. He assumes the reality of a brain, but refuses to assume the reality of a soul. This is metaphysics, although the author claims to be writing a psychology without metaphysics—for any assumption of reality is metaphysical. It is essentially the position of materialism, for it gives priority to matter rather than to mind; to the impersonal rather than to the personal. In his posthumous book, entitled "Some Problems of Philosophy," he frankly avows himself an Empiricist rather than a Rationalist. I see in Professor James's physiological and diagrammatical treatment of psychology the influence of a Swedenborgian and materialistic training. Such training interprets the best known by the least known; the first known by the last known; spirit by matter; freedom by apparent necessity. Yet I have great respect for his intellectual honesty, and I value all the more his final decision in favor of human freedom. It is to his everlasting credit that in spite of his initial refusal to assume the existence of a soul, he yet at the close of his great work permits moral and religious considerations to determine his vote for liberty.

Doctor Royce likens the denier of personality to the man who goes outside of his own house and declares that no one lives there, because when he looks in at the window he sees no one inside. If consciousness never became self-conscious we might excuse such a denial. In the brute we see consciousness without self-consciousness, and determination without self-determination. There is a large part of human action which is automatic. But man is man and not brute, because at times he exercises a power of initiative and is capable of new beginnings. He does not, like the brute, act only as he is acted upon; he can deliberate, suspend action, choose between opposing motives, adopt the course that is less pleasing rather than that which is more pleasing. The brute is a balloon, driven hither and thither by every current of the air; man is a ship, whose master can trim the sails so as to steer in the very teeth of the wind. The deterministic philosophy is an excellent philosophy of the brute and for the brute, but it is a poor philosophy of man and for man.

Forty years ago I began my teaching with Jonathan Edwards' theory of the will, but I quickly gave it up when I found that it played into the hands of modern materialism and agnosticism. And I am convinced that much of the lawlessness of our American society, and much of the weakness of our preaching, is due to the subtle influence of a determinism which leaves no room for freedom, or responsibility, or sin, or guilt, or retribution. If our philosophy begins with cause and effect in nature, and then applies this rule to mind, man is involved in an endless chain of necessity, and there is no more freedom for man than for the horse. I welcome even such utterances as those of William Ernest Henley, that passionate friend of Kipling and Stevenson, whose untimely end was so greatly mourned in England. Who can deny freedom to man when even a non-Christian poet can write:

Out of the night which covers me,
  Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
  For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
  I have not winced or cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of chance
  My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
  Looms but the horror of the shade;
And yet the menace of the years
  Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
  How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
  I am the captain of my soul.

The first principle of my philosophy then is that man is essentially a self, and that a self is essentially a will. Will presupposes and involves intellect and feeling, since we cannot will what we do not desire, and we cannot desire what we do not know. I am fully aware that this postulate of a self is not matter of demonstration. There are some things which cannot be reached by mathematics, which cannot be proved by logic, because mathematics and logic rest upon them. *Notre moi qui dure* is needed in order to count or to reason. It has been well said that " Hume employs the *I* even in making denial of the self, and Kant's admissions concerning the moral consciousness solve his paradox of self-consciousness." The testimony of consciousness, before every moral act, is that we are not shut up to one course of action, but that we are agents capable of choice in either one of two directions; and the testimony of conscience, after every wrong act, is that we are guilty because we could have chosen differently.

The knowledge of the self is an implicit knowledge. Call it an intuition, or a first truth, or a primitive belief, as you will, it is yet

> The fountain light of all our day,
> The master light of all our seeing.

In the soul we get our first apprehension of reality; here we know the thing in itself, and know it in and through its images or manifestations in thought, feeling, and volition. In knowing these last we know the soul or agent which manifests itself through them. We cannot know phenomena without knowing also noumena; cannot know appearances without knowing something which appears. What are manifestations that manifest nothing? Are thoughts, feelings, and volitions merely means of concealing reality? Here is the fundamental error of Kant and of all relativism, phenomenalism, and agnosticism. When the ancient Greeks inscribed the solemn words " Know thyself " upon the front of the temple of Apollo at Delphi, they meant to teach that the knowledge of self is possible to man, and that through this we may reach outward to knowledge of the world, and upward to the knowledge of God.

Observe now the change which takes place in our conceptions of nature when our philosophy begins not with nature, but with man. Recognition of will and freedom in man prepares us to see will and freedom in the universe around us. The uniformities of nature are no longer necessary; they are the regularities of freedom. The laws of nature are only the habits of God and the revelation of an infinite personality. Modern science is tending in this direction. It despairs of interpreting the universe by atoms. A dead thing cannot act. Nature affects us only through vibrations and sensations. Vibrations mean force, and force means will. Everywhere is life, intelligent life, purposive life. We can interpret nature only in terms of spirit. As our own thoughts, feelings, and volitions manifest a thinking, feeling, and willing soul, so the wise and beneficent processes of nature manifest a soul of the world, equal to its creation and governance. Mrs. Browning has well said that

> Earth is crammed with heaven,
> And every common bush afire with God.

But the psalmist had anticipated Mrs. Browning, for "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge." Nature is not a book which the writer has published and cast aside; nature is the present voice and utterance of the living God.

Compare with this conception of nature the ideas of mechanical cosmology. Gravitation is regarded as a blind attraction of material masses, inversely proportioned to the square of the distance between them. Both small and great are within its influence; the grain of sand equally with the sun in the heavens. The earth attracts the moon, and the moon attracts the earth; what binds the two together? The horse cannot draw the cart unless there be traces to furnish a connecting link between them. Where are the traces which connect the earth and the moon? The physicist talks of an all-pervading ether, but he tells us that, to satisfy the conditions of the problem, the ether must be more tenuous than the lightest gas, yet more rigid than the hardest steel. Sir Isaac Newton wisely concluded that gravitation was not a pull from within, but a push from without. And this is the only sensible view. The push is the push of an omnipresent and omnipotent will, and the Christian may see in the force that keeps the planets in their orbits the sign of the Son of man in the heavens; the pressure on sun, and moon, and stars of the same hands that were nailed to the cross; the cosmical working of him through whom and unto whom all things have been created, and in whom all things consist.

Let us interpret the universe by life, not life by the universe. Robert Browning's " Epilogue " is a proclamation of this philosophy. Theophanies, like those given to ancient Israel, are past. The glory which once appeared in the Shekinah of the tabernacle and the temple has faded from human sight, and the face of God which was so near seems far away. But in nature and in history God still appears, though in a subtler and nobler method of manifestation:

> That one Face, far from vanish, rather grows,
> Or decomposes but to recompose,
> Become my Universe, that feels and knows.

"That face," said Browning, "is the face of Christ; that is how I feel him." We can at least perceive that the universe is Intelligence and Will, rather than blind mechanism. But what sort of intelligence, and what sort of will? Schopenhauer would answer: "Unconscious intelligence, and instinctive will." Our only refutation is found in man; in man at his best and not at his worst. The goal of creation must determine its meaning. In man we find mere instinct giving place to freedom, and arbitrariness giving place to reason. We must not interpret the Creator and Upholder of all by the beasts that perish. To do this is to regard the universe as a closed circle, and to deny causation either in God or man. Lotze's system is far better. His universe is open to the influx of divine energy. He can explain evolution and progress, because he believes in the constant injection of divine power. And this is the answer to the charge of pantheism. Pantheism regards God as conterminous with the universe, while a true philosophy holds him to be as exalted above it as man is exalted above his own ideas and purposes; pantheism denies that God is personal, while a true philosophy holds him to be the creator of true persons, and to be himself the highest type of personality. What is this but corroboration of the scriptural declaration that in the beginning God made man in his own image; that he breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life; and that man became a living soul?

If the uniformities of the outer world are only the regularities of freedom, we are delivered from that nightmare of automatism which oppresses so many minds. We refuse to let law teach us the nature of freedom; we insist that freedom must teach us the nature of law. Physiological ethics gives place to psychological ethics, and the external world becomes the revelation of a designing mind. To think of the universe as a mere machine, to which nothing can be added, and from which nothing can be subtracted, blindly working to no discoverable end, is like committing one's self to an express train that moves into darkness without headlight or engineer, and which may at any moment land us in an abyss. We prefer to say with T. H. Green: "There is a personal self which knows what to do, and has power to do it." What is true of human personality is true of the divine. God is not obliged forever to run in a rut. He does not need eternally to repeat himself. If no two blades of grass are precisely alike, so no two persons or acts are precisely alike. God is capable of unique action. He can crowd a thousand years into a single day or a single hour, and he has done this in incarnation and in resurrection. There is no presumption against miracle or special revelation, if these are required by the needs of man or the character of God. As William James has said: "We need to substitute the personal view of life for the impersonal and mechanical view.

Mechanical rationalism is narrowness and partial induction of facts; it is not science."

I have said that a true philosophy will help us to interpret the being of God as well as the nature of the world around us. If I cannot see my own soul, I may well expect that God, in whose image I am made, will be also invisible. And if I must think of God as possessed of all that constitutes perfection in man, I surely cannot omit from my induction the great moral facts of righteousness and of love. Conscience in man is the one authority to which every affection and desire must bow, and conscience must tell us of that infinite holiness which it only reflects in miniature. In man at his best there is also love—the preference of the general to the individual good, the willingness to sacrifice self for others. God then must be a God of compassion and of desire to save. The physical in man is only a means and a preparation for the moral. The universe exists for moral ends. Only as man becomes partaker of the wisdom, love, and power of God, does his personality complete itself. Since man is consciously a sinner, his greatest need is the need of God's redeeming and sanctifying grace. And over against this need is the great heart of God desiring to supply it. For "deep calleth unto deep"; the deep of man's sin and misery calling to the deep of God's pitying love.

When I see "The History of England, Vol. I," I naturally expect that there will soon appear "The History of England, Vol. II." God's revelation of himself in nature is incomplete; it argues a further revelation yet to come. Conscience knows no pardon and no Saviour. It gives proof that God is a God of holiness, but it does not give equal evidence that God is a God of love. How completely our needs are met when

> The voice that rolls the stars along
> Speaks all the promises!

Above all, how infinite is the grace when he who made the worlds through Christ reveals himself in Christ as the world's Saviour! God in himself and apart from his revelation is unknown; but in and through his Image, Christ, he is made known in history and in Scripture, as well as in nature. As every external object is perceived only through its image in the mind, and that image is one with the percipient agent, so God is known only through Christ, who is one with the Father and at the same time is one with us. He who is not under the law of space and time, but is King of the ages and is everywhere present, narrowed himself down in a historic manifestation, that we creatures of flesh and blood might understand and obey him. And this *Kenosis* was possible because it was not imposed from without, but was the self-limitation of love. The freedom of God finds its perfect demonstration only in the Cross of Calvary.

Man's selfhood and God's revelation are thus bound up together. Neither one can be fully understood without the other. We can know ourselves, only as we apprehend the divine standard of truth, beauty, and goodness. As we compare ourselves with that, we learn our weakness, our unworthiness, and our dependence on a righteousness that is not our own. Philosophy is the handmaid of religion. A true philosophy may greatly help the work of theology. It cannot itself save us, but it can point us to him who is the Way, and the Truth, and the Life. Many years ago I went to Detroit on the Michigan Southern Railway. My sleeping-car stopped on the edge of an abyss. A little push would have plunged the car into the St. Clair River. But through the morning mist there loomed up a great ferry-boat. On the boat were rails which joined our track. The ferry-boat was the end to which our track had been pointing. The boat did what our track could not—it bore us, car and all, to Detroit, our destination. Trusting to our track alone might have been our destruction. Accepting the resource to which the rails pointed was our salvation. Philosophy even of the right sort gives no explanation of sin or assurance of pardon.

Her lean hand thrust into the mists,
  Their dark portieres to part,
Holds but a moldy crust to feed
  The hungry human heart.

But, like the moral law, philosophy may be a schoolmaster to lead us to Christ. And Christ, with his revelation, will do for us what philosophy by itself never can. And so I close with the address to Christ which F. W. H. Myers puts into the mouth of his St. Paul:

Thou with strong prayer and very much entreating
  Willest be asked, and thou wilt answer then;
Show the hid heart beneath creation beating,
  Smile with kind eyes and be a man with men.

Yea, through life, death, through sorrow, and through
    sinning,
  He shall suffice me, for he hath sufficed;
Christ is the end, for Christ was the beginning;
  Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ.

Relig.
Theol.

Author Strong, A. H.

Title Miscellanies. Vol.1

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